FORGET
ME NOT
SIEGFRIED

To *Presented*

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J. Martin. Del.t

Pubd by R Ackermann London.

T. Wilder. Scul.t

TRIUMPH OF MORDECAI.

A 76/61

FORGET ME NOT.

FORGET ME NOT;

A CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTHDAY PRESENT,

FOR

MDCCCXXXII.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart, like gold.

L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN.

LONDON:

F. SHOBERL, JUN., LONG ACRE.

PREFACE.

In commencing a new series of the Forget Me Not, its conductors hope to be pardoned if they look back with some degree of pride to the time when their attempt to furnish an acceptable annual token of friendship and affection introduced a class of publications till then unknown in this country. The success of their undertaking had the natural effect of instigating numerous competitors to follow in their track. The supply soon exceeded the demand; and many of the adventurers, discouraged by the failure of their efforts, have since withdrawn from the contest. Indeed, the heavy expense attendant on what are characteristically denominated "The Annuals" cannot be reimbursed but by a very extensive circulation. If the capital involved in these

works, the number of hands employed by them, and the produce of their sale, could be accurately computed, they would present amounts of which persons not practically acquainted with the subject cannot form any idea.

On no profession, perhaps, has the creation of this class of books had so much influence as on that of the engraver. Plates for which, a few years since, first-rate artists were content to receive thirty or forty guineas, cannot now be obtained under one hundred, or one hundred and twenty; and it has been publicly asserted that one hundred and fifty, and even one hundred and eighty, have been paid for single engravings for the Annuals. Many of these performances are consequently real master-pieces of art, and possess a perfection, a delicacy, and a finish, heretofore unexampled in book-plates.

It cannot be denied that to the excellence of their embellishments the Annuals owe the greatest portion of their popularity; and it has been the singular fortune of these works to prove the truth of the paradox, that a part is more valuable than

the whole—inasmuch as sets of their engravings are regularly sold at a higher rate than the entire volumes from which they have been separated. It is well known also that single proof impressions of particular plates have obtained a price superior to that of the complete work.

While particular attention has been paid to the graphic embellishments of the Forget Me Not, the Editor can confidently appeal to the preceding portions of the work for evidence that the like vigilance has been extended to the literary department. He is persuaded that the high character which it has hitherto maintained in both these respects will be fully supported by the present volume; and that, in the minor points of typography and binding—points which nevertheless conduce materially to the elegant appearance of a publication—it has not yet been surpassed.

The Editor is as usual under the necessity of apologizing for the omission of many contributions destined for this volume, some of which have been long in his hands. Through the kindness of the authors of those which compose its contents, he has

been enabled to set before the reader a collection combining that variety which is so essential in a miscellany of this nature, and including several excellent papers illustrative of the state of society and manners in countries more or less remote, which are pregnant with instruction as well as amusement. Among these, the adventures of "The White Lynx of the Long Knives," by Colonel Stone, of New York; the "Ordeal of Toka," by James Baillie Fraser, Esq. whose recent works on India and Persia need no eulogium here; and "The White and the Black Veil," by T. M. Musgrave, Esq. demand particular acknowledgment.

The Proprietors cannot omit this occasion of paying a tribute due to the liberality of Mrs. Throckmorton for the loan of the miniature from which the plate inscribed LA PENSÉE has been engraved; and they acknowledge a similar obligation to George Morant, Esq. for permission to copy that by the late President of the Royal Academy to which the name of MARIANA is attached.

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THE TRIUMPH OF MORDECAI.

Jerusalem, thou 'rt fall'n, yet still
A living glory o'er thee gleams;
The Moslem tramples Sion's hill;
Yet still thy mystic, mighty themes,
Like echoes of a loftier sphere,
Swell the sad heart and fill the ear.

Within the royal hall, Hamān
Stood, stung with envy, hate, and ire;
Care stamped his features wild and wan:
His hollow eye shot evil fire:
Within that hall of joy he stood,
The thirster for the righteous blood.

Yet, ere his lips the words could frame,
Came from his king the high demand:

"What shall be done to him whose name
Is sword and buckler of the land?
What gold or glory shall reward
The friend of Persia and its lord?"

Vain-glory, how thy visions lure
The willing victim to the grave!
At once the satrap stood secure,
He saw his feeble king his slave.
One blow might make the world his own:
Who saved the throne should seize the throne.

The monarch marked the fiery glow
That his dark cheek with triumph dyed,
Saw loftier tower his turban'd brow,
Saw the whole lunacy of pride;
Yet, like an arrow on the string,
Kept in suspense the final sting.

No longer bow'd before the throne,
Burst from the satrap's lips the word:
"What honours shall to him be done?
Give him the royal robe and sword;
And bid upon his forehead gleam
The light of Persia's diadem:

"And let a hundred princes lead
The son of honour through Shushān;
And place him on the royal steed,
Thy banner blazing in his van;

Thy trumpet in his triumph blown;
So ride the saviour of the throne."

"Then go, Hamān;"—the glance of scorn
Flashed from the monarch with the words—
"The mandate by thyself be borne;
Take with thee twice a hundred lords:
Take with thee diadem and ring,
And tell the world—Thus doth the king!"

"They 're mine," the satrap inly cried;
"Sword, sceptre, king, and kingdom, all:
And thou, weak prince, thy head shalt hide,
And shame shall weave thy funeral pall;
And I, thy master, stamp thy brow
With the fierce heel of overthrow."

"To whom, O king, shall those be given?"
Asked, with a smile, the trusting slave.
But, sudden, as the bolt of Heaven
Smites with wild light the wintry wave,
Smote the stern words——"To Mordecai!"
His tongue was ice, his heart was clay.

He tottered from the hall; his ear
Tingled with mortal agony.
The scourge, the axe, the bloody bier,
Rose phantom-like before his eye:
And conscience, with a serpent's twine,
Stung him, and whispered—"Those are thine."

Before the gate sat Mordecai,
  Calm, holy, gazing on the heaven.
No anguish on his forehead lay,
  Though, ere that sun had sunk in even,
Shushān, upon thy towery wall,
Must spread the hero's funeral pall.

But forth rushed minstrel, prince, and vane,
  The royal courser pawed the ground;
Forth rushed the spearmen's gold-mailed train,
  The city's myriads thronged around:
On Mordecai shone robe and ring,
And heralds cried—"Thus doth the king!"

Then, Israel, swelled thy glorious hymn:
  "Thou, mightier than the might of men,
Lord of the burning seraphim;
  Thy servants, from the lion's den,
From terror, misery, the grave,
Have called—and thou hast stooped to save!"

On went the triumph. Shout and hymn
  Rose in rich thunders on the air.
But who stands fixed, with frozen limb,
  White lip, and visage of despair?
Hamān. He strains his envious eye,
Then homeward turns—and turns to die.

Εως.

THE WHITE LYNX OF THE LONG KNIVES.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

> And many a gloomy tale Tradition yet
> Saves from oblivion, of their struggles vain,
> Their prowess, and their wrongs.
>
> YAMOYDEN.

> As one escaped from cruel hands I come,
> From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
> Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
> And know no music but the groans of men.
>
> GUSTAVUS VASA.

IT was early in the evening of a clear bright night in December, 1756, that a groupe of young officers were standing upon the bleak and naked summit of the French mountain, at the distance of, perhaps, three or four furlongs, in a direct line from the British garrison of Fort William Henry, on the head waters of Lake George. The air was sharp, but, there being no wind, it was less cutting and severe than is usual at that season in such high American latitudes. Snow mantled the ground to the depth of several feet: the surface, having been moistened by a recent thaw, had subsequently been so strongly encrusted by the frost, as to afford secure footing to the huntsman, the scout, or the savage, prowling upon the war-path:

> "The moon was up, and yet it was not night,"

as Childe Harold has it;—for, in addition to the peerless queen and the countless array of stars studding

her pathway, and glittering in her train, the northern portion of the heavens was irradiated by the aurora borealis, shooting up from the horizon in streams of glory, and stretching athwart the sky, with varied beauty and unwonted magnificence.

For the purpose of viewing this sublime spectacle with greater satisfaction, Captain Thorndyke and several of his companions had left the garrison, and climbed to the summit of the mountain, from whose loftier height they could overlook, as it were, the range of hills running off in the direction of Canada, on the north-western side of the lake. Nor was the labour lost. The display of this beautiful phænomenon, the cause of which man's wisdom has hitherto found it impossible to explain, was on that evening peculiarly grand and imposing, exciting the special admiration and wonder even of those who, like our party, were accustomed to these fantastic fire-works of the sky. At one moment, a wide space of the arc of the northern hemisphere was illuminated by a rapid succession of flashes of light, quicker than the eye can wink, and soft and silvery as the fleecy moon-lit cloud. These were succeeded by sudden streams of coloured lights blazing up, and shooting in diverging tracks far into the empyrean. Then would follow a broad blaze of brighter light, bursting upward as if from a cloud of minute luminous particles. These flashes were superseded in turn by lustrous columns, shooting upward, stretching and bending like arches two-thirds

across the starry canopy, now streaming off and coruscating in a thousand glorious radii, rising and following each other in countless succession, and playing in every beautiful variety. Here and there blazes of white and red light gleamed across the sky, shooting in graceful curvatures far beyond the zenith, sometimes tinged with a rich cherry-colour, and at others displaying every hue of the iris, mingling and blending together, and presenting scenes of indescribable effulgence and ever-varying splendour. These beautiful combinations dying away for a time, left a pale white gleam resembling the reflection of light from a mountain of driven snow, or a broad silvery curtain softened at its upper edge, until its brilliancy was mingled and lost in the deep azure. Suddenly again fresh bursts of ethereal light would issue upward like myriads of rockets, chasing each other in luminous and countless volleys and in swift succession, blazing with various degrees of intensity, and again illuminating the heavens with coruscations, if possible richer and more glorious than before, from the light spangled vapour to the glowing tints of the more splendid vermilion and the yet deeper carnation.

Even Thorndyke, possessing an imagination vivid as the glowing and sparkling meteors upon which he stood gazing, was lost in admiration, and confounded, as some of the arctic navigators relate of themselves, by the brilliant chaos of cones and pryamids, columns and spires, radii, " arrows and globes of fire," burn-

ing as if the glorious brightness and magnificence of heaven were pouring forth from its windows. Every form of light and beauty, and every combination of forms which it seemed possible for Nature herself to devise, was successively presented to the rapt vision of the beholders; and they might perhaps have continued to gaze in silent awe and admiration upon the gorgeous spectacle the livelong night, had they not been startled from their celestial reveries by the crack of a carbine, followed by several irregular and scattering discharges of the same dangerous weapon, and the raising of the shrill and more unwelcome sound of the sas-sah-kwi, or Indian war-whoop. The party had no weapons but their side-arms, excepting Thorndyke, who wore his pistols in his belt. Knowing nothing of the numbers of the foe who had so suddenly disturbed their sublime contemplations, and not dreaming that an enemy was lurking in the neighbourhood, the officers fled directly down the precipitous side of the mountain, and gained the fort with the fleetness of the stag—Thorndyke having discharged his pistol at the dusky form of an Indian, who was swiftly approaching to intercept him at the moment of his flight. No other injury was received from the adventure than an unimportant flesh-wound by one of the young subalterns; and, as the assailants did not venture to tumble down the mountain in pursuit, the affair was ended almost as soon as begun—the brush being merely a matter of merriment among their compa-

nions, somewhat at the expense of the astronomers, during the remainder of the evening.

Early on the following morning, Thorndyke took a detachment of troops, and sallied forth on a visit to the scene of his evening's surprise, by way of reconnoitring the woods in the vicinage. The foe, who had, in reality, been merely a small straggling party of the Iroquois, in the service of the French commander at Ticonderoga, destined upon a predatory expedition against some border-settlement of the colonies, had fled, leaving stains of blood upon their trail, by which it was clear that Thorndyke's random-shot had taken effect. In following this trail down the western slope of the mountain, a few miles below the large pool at its base, known to this day as the "*Bloody Pond*," (from the fact of its having been the receptacle of the slain of Baron Dieskau's army, on its signal defeat at this place by Sir William Johnson's forces, and the Mohawks under old Hendrick, fifteen months before) Thorndyke and his party discovered an Indian of great stature, in a sitting posture, reclining against the trunk of a huge hemlock. On approaching the savage, he was found alive, but weakened by the loss of blood and torpid from cold. He was humanely removed into the garrison, and every attention paid to his recovery, with such care and success, that, during the same winter, when the French from Crown Point and Ticonderoga attempted to take Fort William Henry by surprise, he was nearly, if not quite recovered.

The expedition to which we have just referred was well concerted by the French commander. The design of Montcalm was, in the dead of winter to cross the lake upon the ice, and, by coming suddenly upon the works, to carry them by escalade; and it had well nigh been successful: for, notwithstanding the wonted vigilance of Major Ayers, the British commander, had it not been for an incident which few but the lynx-eyed Thorndyke would have detected, the surprise would have been complete. Ma-me-ah-jun, the captive Indian, or, to render his name in a Christian language, "He that goes," after he became able to walk about, was allowed occasionally to take a look from the top of the rampart, a proper degree of vigilance being observed to prevent his escape. On one of these occasions, coming upon the top of the wall, he was observed by the quick eye of Thorndyke to start suddenly, prick up his ears, and snuff the wind, which swept up the lake, with a distended nostril. His eye likewise gleamed with savage lustre. Although the Indian as suddenly checked his swelling emotions, and recovered his cold dissembling expression of countenance, the indication had been sufficient. The garrison was instantly summoned to arms, the sentinels were doubled with the approach of twilight, and every precaution was taken against surprise and to repel an assault. Late in the night, with the stillness of the fox, a column of troops were observed to approach, and, as they advanced nearer to the fort, they broke

into separate divisions, or were beginning that manœuvre, as though to make three simultaneous attacks, when a few brisk discharges of artillery, though not sufficiently well directed to do much execution, told the enemy that their movements had been anticipated. The consequence of such an unkind reception was an instantaneous and rapid retreat. The French expedition was composed in part of Indians, and, as Ma-me-ah-jun manifested a desire to join his friends, at the solicitation of Thorndyke, he was released.

With the departure of the "season of snows," our hero was detached to serve with the rangers of Rodgers and Putnam, in defending the frontiers of the colonies of New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, which often suffered severely from the sudden irruptions of the French and Indians. In this kind of warfare Thorndyke was unrivalled by any officer of his rank in the service, vying even with his celebrated leaders in skill and prowess, until his name, like their's, soon became a terror to the Indians along the whole border. Indeed, from the quickness of his vision, his sleepless vigilance, his wariness in guarding against ambuscade or surprise, and the fury of his onsets, he was called Wauba-kar-ka-jan, or, "The White Lynx of the Long Knives." Fortunately for himself, "the Lynx" was absent in pursuit of a marauding party of the Iroquois, on the head waters of the Quonektacut, during the memorable investment

of Fort William Henry by the French and Indians under Montcalm, in the summer of 1757. He was therefore neither a witness nor a sufferer in the horrible massacre which followed the surrender of that fortress by the brave but unfortunate Monroe; a deed, the record of which forms the bloodiest page in the annals of American history, and the remembrance of which will ever render infamous the name of Montcalm.

One evening, Thorndyke's rangers were endeavouring to snatch a little repose in a temporary encampment, near the margin of the Quonektacut, in the neighbourhood of the Coos falls. The sentinels having been posted, and every necessary precaution against surprise adopted, the captain took the opportunity to stroll along the river's brink, gazing with admiration upon the wild and fresh handiwork of Nature, at the same time that he kept an eagle eye on the watch for any traces of the wily foes of whom he was in pursuit. Straying farther and yet farther, he unconsciously perhaps followed the swift current, hurrying onward to leap the precipice at no great distance below, until he turned the spur of a rocky elevation, which came abruptly down nearly to the water, around the base of which the river took a sudden bend, and swept off in a different direction. He was at this moment startled, for an instant, by observing a little Indian boy, not exceeding eight or ten years of age, on the opposite side of the stream, amusing himself by skipping small

flat stones upon its surface. His first duty was to reconnoitre, and, taking a rapid glance in every direction, he perceived that there was a small Indian lodge on the opposite side of the river, some hundred rods below, but with his glass he could also perceive that it was occupied only by a few women and children, the warriors being absent. He again turned his eye upon the savage urchin at his sport. The little fellow, after searching for and finding such small slates as his strength could master, preparatory to each successive cast of the stone, would retire a few rods, and then dart forward swiftly to the river's brink to give greater impulse to the missiles. He had not perceived the ranger, who stood watching his motions; and, becoming more intent upon his sport, and less and less circumspect as he pursued it, he at length ran forward with a stone too heavy for his little arms to wield, and, in the act of exerting his utmost force in the cast, lost his balance, and plunged headlong into the dark and rapid waters. The little savage could swim of course; and Thorndyke in that exercise could have matched Leander or Lord Byron. Perceiving, however, that the current was too swift and strong for the boy to master, without stopping to inquire whether he might not be perilling his life to save one who might grow up, and at some future time take his own scalp, the ranger sprang forward, and, outstripping the current a short distance, plunged intrepidly into the torrent, where the dusky little hero was struggling unappalled,

though uselessly, against the stream, and happily succeeded in rescuing him from the cataract, over which he must inevitably have been swept, had he been borne along many rods further. The mother, having missed her little truant and gone in search of him, arrived upon the river's brink just in time to witness his danger and the manner of his rescue. The agony of one moment was only exceeded by the joy of the next. Her child had been saved, but the parties were hostile, and the boy was a prisoner in the hands of a foe upon whom her people had no claim for generosity or mercy. Thorndyke perceived her doubts and the struggles passing in her mind; observing, also, a canoe that lay close under the bank, at no great distance above, he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, and, waving it in the air, pointed to the bark, and beckoned her to come over and receive her child. Neither distrust nor danger weighed a feather against the natural affection of the mother. She reached the canoe with the fleetness of a fawn, and paddled across the stream, where she clasped her child in such an embrace as a she-bear might afford to a recreant cub. But it was an affectionate hug; and, for a few moments, she alternately scolded the little truant and covered him with kisses. The young savage, having been rescued from a danger of which he was not conscious, cared no more for the ducking than an otter. Fixing his eyes upon a red bandanna handkerchief upon the ranger's neck, as a part of his fatigue dress, and expressing a desire

for it, our hero readily gave it to him; and, for the further gratification of the child, he likewise disencumbered his watch-chain of a supernumerary trinket, which excited the young Indian's admiration. With these presents, mere trifles in themselves, yet of great value in the estimation of the savages, the gratified, if not grateful, mother returned to her own side of the stream, and the ranger lost no time in reaching his camp—balancing in his own mind the hazard he had run, in venturing so far from his brave companions, against the inward glow of satisfaction he felt in having been the instrument of essentially relieving the agony, and contributing to the happiness, even of a savage mother, by restoring to her bosom a child, to her as dear as though it had been cradled in the palace of St. James. The interview between our hero and the squaw had necessarily been brief. but the former was too close and accurate an observer not to remark that the latter was a woman of a superior cast of character. Her name was Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, or, The Red Light of the Morning. Her countenance exhibited more comeliness than is usual in her tawny race, and the whole expression of her features indicated energy, firmness, and personal intrepidity.

The campaign against Canada, in 1758, opened with great apparent spirit. Not only did the hostile incursions of the Canadian Indians continue very annoying to the frontier settlements, but the mother-country

and the colonies alike felt that they had much to accomplish, to repair the losses and disappointments of the two preceding years. Under these circumstances, England determined to put forth her whole energies in the three formidable expeditions this year projected; the first, against Louisburg, under General Amherst; the second, against Fort du Quesne, on the Ohio; and the third and principal division, against Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with a view of striking a blow upon Montreal. It is this latter campaign with which the progress of our story is connected.

For the prosecution of this high enterprise, an army of regular troops and provincials was assembled, unprecedented for its numbers in the annals of American warfare. Lord Loudon having been recalled, the command devolved upon General Abercrombie, who determined to lead the expedition in person. The rendezvous of the formidable army destined upon this service was at the head of Lake George, or Lake St. Sacrament, as it was called by the French, from the remarkable purity and transparency of its waters, which were for a long time transported to France, for the service of the Catholic altar. After it came indisputably into possession of the English, it was baptized anew, in honour of the Brunswick Georges. This lake is thirty-five miles long, with a mean breadth not exceeding two. Its elevation is one hundred and sixty feet above the waters of Champlain, into which it rushes through a rocky strait of two miles and a half,

at its north-eastern extremity. It is situated in the high northern region of New York, embosomed deep among the mountains. The summer landscape from its head is indescribably grand and beautiful.

The embarkation took place early on a clear and delightful morning in July. The spectacle was full of life and animation, and withal very imposing. The forces collected on this occasion numbered seven thousand British troops of the line, and upwards of ten thousand provincials, exclusive of the many hundreds of non-combatants necessarily in the train of such an army. The flotilla for their transport to Ticonderoga, at the further extremity of the lake, consisted of nine hundred bateaux, and one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, together with a sufficient number of rafts to convey the heavy stores and ammunition, and the artillery to cover the landing of the troops in the neighbourhood of the works first to be invested. The utmost confidence of success inspired both officers and men, and all was activity and gaiety in getting in motion, from the instant the *reveille* startled the armed host from their repose at the dawn, until the embarkation was complete.

The whole of this memorable passage of Lake Sacrament resembled more the pageant of a grand aquatic gala, or a dream of romance, than a chapter of real life. Stretching down the lake, the scenery partook of the same wild and glorious character, and every mile of the progress disclosed new objects of wonder,

or presented fresh sources of delight. The tops and shaggy sides of the mountains afforded new phases with every turn, while the relative positions of the boats were changing continually, as they shot forward among the islands, studding the whole distance of the lake, and hills, rocks, islands, every thing, were reflected back, fresh and beautiful as Nature had made them. It was a day of unmingled pleasure. A fine elastic breeze swept through the gorges of the mountains, serving to brace the nerves and produce a glow of good feeling, humour, and hilarity, which lasted till the setting sun. The animal spirits were often cheered and enlivened by favourite airs from the well appointed regimental bands. Wheeling aloft with untiring wing, as if moving with, and watching over, the armament, were several noble bald eagles, whose eyries hung on the beetling crags, affording to the soldier a happy omen of victory. The bagpipes of the Highlanders would thrill every soul in the armada with the pibroch, or an expert bugle-man electrify the multitude by causing the hills and the glens to echo with the stirring notes wound from his brazen instrument. The effect of the varying and shifting movements of the barges among the islands, with their different streamers fluttering in the air, now shooting in this direction and now running in that, was exceedingly fine. Taking these movements in connexion with the nodding of plumes, the dazzling glitter of polished arms, and the flashing of the oars at every

stroke, as they rose from the sparkling waters, the whole prospect was of surpassing magnificence. Gayest among the gay on this occasion was our friend, Captain Thorndyke, with his spirited company of rangers, destined to act on the right flank. Nor did the healthy buoyancy of spirits which prevailed during the voyage perceptibly diminish, until the laugh and the song, the light joke and the brisk repartee, had fairly expended themselves, and the giant shadows of the western mountains were thrown far across the lake, softening the intensity of light, and bringing with them that chastened pensiveness which loves to dwell in the shade.

The landing of the expedition was effected in good order. But the particulars of the two days' fighting that followed—the formidable obstacles which embarrassed the progress of the troops—the unexpected odds they were doomed to encounter—the repeated and furious onsets—the prodigies of valour performed to no purpose—the defeat, the overthrow, and the rout—are matters which we leave to the grave and statelier historians, who chronicle dull facts to be used as the web in weaving the romance of history. Among the higher officers slain, was the truly noble Lord Howe, the pride of the army and a universal favourite, whose remains repose in American soil, and to whose memory a cenotaph was erected in Westminster Abbey by American generosity. And many were the American mothers and daughters who had reason to mourn the catastrophe of that day.

Among the missing, as the shattered remains of the discomfited army re-embarked on their return to Fort William Henry, was Captain Thorndyke. He had been wounded early, during a smart skirmish on the edge of a wood—his leg being fractured by a musket-ball; and, in the hot haste of his troops, he was left upon the ground. Not long, however, did he remain in this situation, before he was seized by a couple of savages, and dragged off deeper into the forest, to a place of security, where he was bound to a tree; reserved, doubtless, for a death by torture when the battle should be over, otherwise his captors would have dispatched him at once. In this unenviable state he was left many hours within hearing of the strife; his companions ignorant of his fate, and himself sure of death, let the bird of victory perch on either standard. During this interval his mind was agitated by the most conflicting and powerful emotions of hope, fear, and despair—not the fear of which cowards die, but the apprehension, from the length and obstinacy of the conflict, that the confidence of success had been misplaced. At one moment he thought he could distinguish among the sounds that reached his ear an English shout of victory—and in the next breath the firing seemed to recede from the works of the enemy.

"Now wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes."

By this signal he knew well that the Scots' blood was up, and that, if they could but measure arms with their foes, they would sweep a wide column into eternity. At length, however, after many indications of a terrible conflict, it appeared but too evident that Abercrombie was defeated: and Thorndyke's spirits sunk at the thought of the discomfiture of such an army, which but two days before had descended the lake in such splendid and vaunting array. In the hour of triumph, amidst the shouts of victory, he could have laid down his life freely to add to the glory of his country; but to hear the retreating tread of his friends, and to be thus left behind wounded and helpless for the torture, was a situation affording but little consolation. Once, only, were his solitary reflections disturbed before the close of the action; but they were in no wise rendered agreeable. An Indian lad, too young to go out upon the war-path, but who was yet hovering on the skirts of the camp, and prowling about, snuffing blood in the breeze, like the tiger's whelp, came suddenly upon Thorndyke, with his little hatchet, or tomahawk, glittering in his hand. After gazing upon the wounded and pinioned soldier for a moment, a sudden thought seemed to dart upon the tawny stripling's mind, and, measuring by the eye a suitable distance from the tree to which the captive was bound, he prepared to throw his hatchet. It was an awful moment for our hero, and to his own mind the last. The youth raised his arm, and swiftly the

hatchet hurtled through the air, striking into the trunk of the tree, within a span of the prisoner's head. The young savage then advanced, and taking his hatchet repeated the throw—the instrument whizzing by his ear, and striking a spot yet nearer to the head of the victim. In this way the lad continued his fearful experiments for a considerable length of time—sometimes striking the tree further from his mark, and at others grazing the locks of the sensitive prisoner. Having at length amused himself sufficiently in this manner, or some other fancy, perhaps, striking his mind, the young Indian bounded off deeper into the forest; and the ranger afterwards learned that the lad had merely been practising in the art of throwing the tomahawk, and had wantonly selected his head for the mark in default of a better, with a view of ascertaining how near he could come to the object without striking it. Rather a perilous experiment! thought the prisoner.

After the battle-storm had rolled away, and the ranger began to expect the return of his captors, a heavier tread soon announced, as he supposed, their approach. A dark form, of gigantic mould, emerged from a thicket; but, as his snaky eye discovered the unfortunate prisoner, he was evidently surprised, having been passing that way merely by chance. A second scrutinizing look, and the recognition was mutual—it was Ma-me-ah-jun, the wounded warrior of the French mountain! The Indian stood still for an

instant, as though deliberating what he should do; then, motioning for silence, and unbinding our hero from the tree, he took him upon his shoulder as though he had been a child, and tramped off at an Indian trot. After proceeding a mile or upwards, in a direction quite different from the works of the enemy, Thorndyke perceived that they were approaching the lake, but his comrades had fled, and the last of their flotilla must have already disappeared. The Indian now entered a thick clump of alders, by the margin of the lake, in the midst of which was a small patch of tall rank grass, where he carefully deposited his burden, motioning him to remain in perfect silence. He then disappeared. Night was now drawing on, and the sufferings of Thorndyke, from hunger and thirst, the pain of an undressed wound, and the loss of blood, were almost insupportable. But he had no remedy: and several hours more passed heavily away. At last, though not till long after twilight had deepened into night, the sufferer heard a light plashing upon the lake, as of the paddle of an approaching canoe, which a moment afterwards shot up among the rushes, close in to the shore. Its navigator sprang to the land, and entered the clump of alders.

"Is it you, Ma-me-ah-jun?" feebly inquired the ranger.

"Hist!" whispered the savage, who understood and could speak a little English: "Let—white man—silent!"

At this moment a rustling among the brush-wood at a distance, and a crash of some of the dried limbs under foot, but too plainly indicated that there was ample cause both for silence and expedition. In an instant the savage had the ranger in his arms, and in the next he was placed in the canoe, into which his deliverer himself sprang, and, by a powerful and dexterous application of the paddle, the light craft shot forward like an arrow, dancing swiftly over the waters as though it disdained to touch them. A few moments more, and several random shots came whizzing past, followed by the report of half a dozen carbines; but the pitchy darkness of the night rendered it impossible that they should be discerned, at the distance they had already reached from the shore, and no farther attempt was made to interrupt their flight. Having pulled some three or four miles ahead, the Indian drew in his paddle, and administered such rude comforts as in his haste he had been able clandestinely to obtain, including a flask of rum, which, to the wounded ranger, was a cordial. Then binding up the maimed leg he resumed his voyage, but without speaking a word; and Thorndyke was too busy with his own thoughts, and too feeble withal, to care much about breaking the sullen and characteristic silence of his companion.

The heavens had become overclouded in the course of the afternoon, and the night was very dark, as we have already mentioned. But the gloom of the voyage

was in no small degree enlightened, if not enlivened, by an unexpected occurrence, which presented to the wounded soldier a spectacle of striking sublimity and grandeur. An Indian never suffers himself to betray a feeling of curiosity or wonder at anything; and Ma-me-ah-jun paddled his canoe past the scene we are about to describe, as unmoved and as steadily as though the darkness had not been dissipated by the blazing glories of a burning mountain. Some companies of the routed army, on their passage up the lake during the preceding afternoon, had landed upon the western shore, and kindled several fires to cook their provision; and, as our two voyagers now doubled Sabbath-day point, they descried immense fires flaming high upon the lofty eminences at a distance. Those heights had once before been run over, and the timber scorched and deadened, by fire: and, by a long drought, the leaves, and the fallen trees, and the scathed trunks of giant hemlocks and pines still standing, had become as combustible as tinder. From the fires kindled below by the soldiers, the consuming element had spread with great rapidity, making its way from the water's edge, and ascending from cliff to cliff to a great height. In some instances the trunks of immense trees, rearing their tops to the clouds, stood like so many huge columns, wrapped from root to crest in winding-sheets of fire. At other points the flames were running over and playing upon the broken surfaces of the rocks, and through their crevices, where-

ever combustibles offered, climbing, like chains linked along the ledges, to an elevation of from six to eight hundred feet. The whole western barrier of the lake was for a long distance clothed in living flame. All this fiery splendour was perfectly reflected from the bosom of the lake, now lying unruffled by a breath of air, while overhead the clouds were lighted up like a canopy of lurid red, imparting to the whole scene a degree of sublimity and terrific splendour, which can better be imagined than described. Never was seen a more magnificent display of the fiery element; and the pleasure, as the flames curled up towards the heavens, or were reflected like meteors streaming across the waters, was accompanied by the consolation that, for once, while the work of destruction was in progress, not a single human habitation was exposed, or the life of a human being endangered. Wild beasts and rattle-snakes, which abounded in the mountains, were the only living sufferers by the searching element, which was now so fearfully, yet so gloriously, lighting the pathway of the unfortunate Thorndyke. The latter, reclining in the stern of the canoe, and having a soul which kindled at the sublime like the dry mountain forests before him, almost forgot his pains, in contemplating the wonderful exhibition. But the rich pencilling of the clouds, the bright gleaming upon the waters, and the blazing and crackling of the fire itself upon the mountains, were alike unheeded by the Indian.

"What can be more terrific, more transcendently glorious!" exclaimed the ranger, feeble as he was, half-rising from his recumbent position. "Ugh!" grunted the Indian; and he paddled briskly forward, silent and sullen as ever.

Before noon of the ensuing day, the canoe had approached so near to the head of the lake, as to attract the attention of the discomfited army, the rear of which had but just effected a landing. The Indian thereupon pulled up to one of the little islands at a musket-shot distance from the shore, and placed the wounded ranger upon the land. As he laid him down upon the greensward, the only words he uttered were these: "There! white man—Indian—now even!" Observing, at the same instant, a couple of boats putting off from the shore, he leaped into his canoe, and was soon out of sight on his return.

Were the writer to attend too closely to the unities, in the construction of his humble tale—begging Lord Byron's pardon for the use of so vile a substantive—it would soon swell to a volume. Shifting scenes, therefore, with the abruptness of the drama, we must hasten to the catastrophe. The unfortunate termination of the expedition, the progress of which has been rapidly sketched, served to inspirit the French and Indians, as much as it disheartened the colonists. The consequence was, that the frontiers, again exposed to their irruptions, were more frequently and cruelly harassed than before. No sooner, however, had

Thorndyke recovered from his wound, than he was again in the field, sometimes with the veteran Rodgers, sometimes with the intrepid Putnam, and at others the master of his own movements, equally brave and fearless with either. And many were the savage warriors who felt the power of his arm, before the fall of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the prelude to the capture of Montreal and the conquest of all Canada, by Wolfe and Jeffery Amherst, in the following year, put an end to these distressing hostilities. This species of warfare abounded in wild adventure and daring feats of individual valour, on the part of colonial rangers, who guarded the frontiers; but the service was of the most harassing nature, and their foes full of craft and subtilty, never meeting them in the field, and in the woods only at great odds, and by ambuscade if possible. It was only to make unexpected night attacks, and then usually upon unarmed border settlements, that the savages would leave the protection of their forests.

In one of the numerous forays in which our hero was engaged, and in which several warriors had fallen by his own hand, Thorndyke was brought to the ground by an Indian leaping upon his shoulders from the thick boughs of a tree, in which he had concealed himself, while half a dozen savages sprang upon and overpowered him. His own rangers were scattered in the woods, in which there was a sort of irregular fight, and, before they were aware of it, their commander was hurried off a prisoner by a swarm of grisly

warriors, who, having obtained so great a prize by their stratagem, abandoned the contest at the top of their speed, and were soon lost in wilds, with which they were intimately acquainted. The White Lynx had not been many minutes in the possession of his dark masters, before he discovered that the warrior, who, like a tiger, had leaped upon him from the tree, was none other than the Iroquois Ma-me-ah-jun; but Thorndyke recollected the parting words of their former singular interview—"*White man—Indian—even,*" and he soon saw that he should obtain no favour from him on the present occasion. Nay, the burning glance of his eye spoke as much exultation, and shot forth rays of vengeance as fiercely, as those of his savage companions. Having, as we have seen, been a long time the most formidable foe whom the war-parties of the Iroquois had encountered, a hundred stratagems had been employed to take him off, or, what they most wished, to make him a prisoner. He had at length fallen into their hands, and they were now determined that the fault should not be their's if they did not glut their revenge to the full. His arms were pinioned by thongs and wythes during their march towards their encampment, and, when they slept, in addition to the usual security of laying slender saplings across his body, he was confined upon his back, and his arms and legs made fast to trees, to find which, standing at convenient distances, was the first object of search on coming to a halt for the night.

Their march was in the direction of St. Francis, in the wilderness between Montreal and Quebec, a place celebrated in the history of those times as the Grand Lodgment of the Indians in the French service, and the head-quarters of their feasts, executions, and sacrifices. Arrived within hearing distance of this Indian Golgotha, the warriors communicated their success by the different whoops and cries used as signals, by which a returning war-party announce the results of their expedition, and prepare the lodge for their reception. After proclaiming their own loss, which had been severe, by raising the death-cry for each of the slain, they announced by the appropriate sound that they had captured a great chief—*The White Lynx of the Long Knives.* Thus apprized of their approach, the savages poured from their lodges in many dark groupes to meet them, to obtain further particulars of the slain, and exult over and insult the captive. Passing through their dusky ranks, amid the wailings, and howlings, and menaces, of those who were now apprized of the fall of their relatives, the captive, by whose hand several of them had been slain, arrived in their camp, where a spectacle met his eyes sufficient to harrow up the soul and freeze the blood even of those most inured to war. More than a thousand scalps of his countrymen—of men, women, and children—suspended upon the branches of trees, many of them yet fresh and dripping with blood, waved in the air as trophies of their successful cruelties.

Distinguished captives, eminent for their deeds on the war-path, must atone for the blood they have shed, and the scalps they have taken, by the torture of fire, aggravated in every way that their ingenious tormentors can devise. The more refined and exquisite the torture, the more honourable to the victim who writhes under it; and arrangements were forthwith commenced for a great war-feast, at which the White Lynx was in this way to be particularly honoured, and all the Indians in the vicinity were summoned to attend the sanguinary rite. Nothing could exceed the wild and frantic expressions of joy manifested by the savages at having so notable a prisoner; and the preparations for the feast were made upon a scale corresponding with the importance of the event. The council of chiefs soon sat in judgment, and the day of execution was fixed. But to the prisoner delay was no reprieve, for the cruel method of his confinement made him look upon death as a welcome relief.

A vast number of savages had been convened on this occasion, and all those who had suffered the loss of friends and relatives by the *Yengeese Long Knife* were especially summoned to participate in the general revenge. The preparations having been completed, the warriors came forth into the camp, horribly disfigured with black and red paint, and commenced their diabolical ceremonies by singing their own exploits and those of their ancestors, gradually working themselves up into the most furious passion, by their yells

and war-whoops, and other hideous cries; assuming menacing attitudes, and brandishing their knives and war-clubs in a manner appalling to the beholder. After a sufficient degree of excitement had by these means been produced, the prisoner was brought forth from the narrow cabin in which he had been confined, amid the shouts, and taunts, and jeers, of the savage multitude, and bound to the tree left standing in the middle of the encampment for such purposes. His body had been stripped of its clothing and blackened with divers rude and grotesque figures, according to the fancy of the artists, and the skin of a raven was placed upon his head. Had the prisoner been an Indian Sachem, he would have been required to sing his own death-song. This, if really a lion-hearted chief, he would have done with alacrity, boasting at the same time of his own prowess, and not forgetting to inform his tormentors how many of their warriors he had slain. He would likewise have mocked at every species and refinement of cruelty practised, as being nothing in comparison with the tortures which he had inflicted upon some of their own tribe.

The combustibles, consisting chiefly of pitch pine-knots, and dried brush-wood, had previously been provided. The prisoner having been securely bound, the work of torture commenced: his flesh was pierced with bodkins, and sharp plugs of resinous wood were driven into the wounds. These, when the fire should take hold of them, would render his sufferings more

acute. A small troop of boys were likewise suffered to shoot showers of arrows at his body from a given distance. But neither the strength of their bows, nor the vigour of their arms, enabled the young archers to speed an arrow to a vital part. Indeed, it was only intended as an amusement for the lads, which would at once serve to try their skill and multiply the torments of the prisoner. During these inflictions, and numerous others, which it would be tedious to enumerate, hundreds of grim visages were fixed intently upon him, ready to raise the shout of exultation, and upbraid him with being "a woman," in the event of his uttering a groan, or showing any indications of pain or fear. They were disappointed. Although his flesh often quivered with agony, as their diabolical work proceeded, yet not a sigh, or a groan, escaped his lips. He had been bred to the Indian wars from his youth, and, well knowing their customs and his own fate, he had steeled himself for the trial, and bore every cruelty with such unflinching fortitude, such unshrinking and unchanging composure, as to excite the admiration of his tormentors, upon whom he looked around without any other apparent emotion than a contemptuous and scornful curl of his haughty lip.

These painful inflictions over, the wood for the sacrifice was piled round his body; and Thorndyke, having taken a last look upon the blue heavens above, and as much of this fair world as he could see beyond the dark circle of Indians of all ages and sexes by

whom he was surrounded, was calmly expecting the moment when his body should be enveloped in the fatal sheet of fire. The torch was applied, the flames were beginning to crackle, and the smoke to curl around him, when, with a wild scream, a female rushed through the crowd, which was exultingly singing, and yelling, and dancing, about the stake, and, seizing the combustibles, scattered them abroad in the twinkling of an eye. Heaving and panting with the exertion, she took from her bosom the silk handkerchief mentioned in an early part of this narrative, and, holding it aloft for an instant, drew a knife from her wampum belt, and severed the bands which bound the victim—she herself falling to the earth speechless at the same instant. The Indians, who had stood appalled at the boldness of the adventure, divined the cause at the sight of the handkerchief, well knowing its history. Their vengeance was at once disarmed, and they immediately manifested their approbation of the woman's gratitude for the preservation of her child, and the noble and resolute manner in which she had accomplished her purpose. Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, it appeared, had by some means heard that the prisoner to be executed was the generous saviour of her son at the Coos rapids, and she had run thirty miles through the woods, over brake, and bog, and fen, to save him. One moment longer, and she would have been too late. Wearied with the rapidity of her journey, and overcome with emotion, she sank exhausted to

the earth the moment she had accomplished her purpose.

The whole scene was now changed. Thorndyke was instantly taken into favour, and his wounds dressed—a transition in his fortunes rendered far easier by his noble bearing at the stake—and the ceremonies of the sacrifice were exchanged for those of a joyous festival. The Red Light of the Morning was a woman of high consideration among the tribe, from her extraordinary strength of character; the death-dance now gave way to the pipe-dance, which is performed in honour of strangers of distinction, and the proceedings of the day were concluded by a grand feast, for which purpose a stag and a moose-deer were roasted. The last course was the flesh of a dog, with which all the great feasts of the Indians are terminated.

Although thus received into favour, Thorndyke was not permitted to depart, and a new difficulty arose. The mother of one of the young warriors whom he had slain when last on the war-path, now that her brave's death was to go unrevenged, claimed the right of adopting the prisoner as a son in his place. Such, indeed, was her right by the Indian law, from which there was no appeal. To this decree, therefore, the ranger was compelled by the force of circumstances to submit for a season. Ultimately, however, a way was made for his escape by the ever grateful Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and, as it may well be supposed, the opportunity was not suffered to pass unimproved.

TO THE TEMPEST.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

Ye Winds! mysterious potentates of air,
Viewless in your most desolating hour,
Now slumbering, like the lion in his lair,
Now waking in your awfulness and power,
Whence come ye? are the caves your natal bower?
Or the high mountains, pinnacled with snow,
Whence, with the thunder, while around you lower
Darkness and clouds, ye sweep to earth below?
A birth-place, Winds! ye have, but where, ah! who
may know!

Sweep on! while Night o'er Nature spreads her veil,
And others lie entranced in downy sleep,
With awe, yet joy, the mountain's side I scale,
And gaze, enraptured, on the rolling deep:
O'er the wild crags the billows foam and leap;
The tomb-dark clouds are fringed with living fire;
Expectant silence earth and ocean keep;
Bursts, with a crash, the thunder's voice of ire,
Awful as if above the doomed world's funeral pyre.

This is to live!—thought, feeling, all awake;
Grandeur upon this hour hath set its seal.
How the far vales resound, and mountains shake!
Echoing unto the clouds that fearful peal.

The shivered oak down-crashing, and the reel
Of toppling crags, the cataract's hollow roar,
Fire, tempest, night, might bid some spirits feel
A shrinking dread—I only higher soar;
Sweep on! your rage, O storms! but makes me love
you more.

THE REPROACH AT PARTING.

I LEAVE thee! I leave thee! beloved of my soul—
The breezes arise, and the wild billows roll,
That bear me away from thee!
Mine eyelid is wet with the weight of its tears,
And my spirit shrinks back from the phantoms it fears,
Alone on the boundless sea:
Its vigour is perish'd—
It dreads to be free—
Though the hope that it cherish'd
Has vanish'd with thee!

I lose thee! I lose thee! I view thee no more—
For my form is at sea, though my heart is on shore,
Appealing to love and to thee!
It is fit that its chords should be broken for this—
I lov'd thee too well in the days of my bliss—
Yet passion spoke madness to me!
The sun, in his glory,
Goes down to the sea,

As to blush o'er my story,
While weeping for thee.

I love thee! I love thee! O faithless as fair,
And a voice seems to float on the breath of the air,
Which murmurs of beauty and thee!
Oh! would I could paint thee as fond, and as bright,
As the dove in her nest, or the star in the night—
But 't is not thy form that I see!
In the dreams of my sadness,
Grief hates to be free.
And a moment of madness
Unites me to thee.

LEONTINE.

MEMORY IN SOLITUDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

HAIL, Memory! fairy bark, that lov'st to glide
Up Time's eternal onward-rushing tide!
Importing, from the shores of vanished years,
Treasures eliciting our smiles and tears!
Ill suit thy course perturbed cities, where
Rage Passion's storms, and lurk the rocks of Care;
How beautiful, in Solitude, doth Ease
Glass the clear depths, and equalize the breeze!
Composure, thought, from every peril save,
And Peace her sunshine pours upon the wave.

J. Heath. sculp. Publ.d by R. Ackermann, Strand. W. Owen. delt.

DON JUAN.

DON JUAN AND HAIDEE.

"Oh, happy love, where love like this is found!"
So sang the Scottish bard. But what is love
In Scotland! now half-frozen, now half-drowned,
With heath and bog below, and storms above,
Compared to the enchantment on us bound
Beneath a southern sky, where every grove
Is flower, and fruit, and fragrance, the year round,
On every branch a nightingale or dove,
All purpling vines, brown olives, vermeil roses,
In short, all things on which the soul reposes?

"Oh, for a shade in some vast wilderness"—
Another cries—"to shun the sight of man!"
The bard was brainsick, neither more or less.
The law is—"All be happy when you can."
The lip of beauty, beauty's ebon tress,
Like cloud-wreaths waving in the morning's van;
The smile, that 's but the spirit's mute caress,
(A language known from England to Japan;)
The eye, that looks an eve-star newly risen—
Those he 'd forswear, and make the earth a prison.

Here are again Don Juan and fair Haidee,
Faithful and fond as ever, in their Isle;
Around them the Levant's sun-tinted sea,
Above them the same heaven's unclouded smile,

Around them the same mermaid melody,
Before them the same rocks' moss-covered pile,
The cave embowered with the same blossomed tree;
As if the Don had never roved the while,
And the sweet Greek had on that spot remained,
Her heart unwrung, her brilliant eye unstained.

Now listen, all who love to hear the truth:
Don Juan, (whom his bard so often wedded,)
Having been somewhat truant from his youth,
A genius too, which makes all youth lightheaded;
And, having spent some years upon his travels,
Seen how the Germans smoked, the Gentoos bedded,
How cup or steel a Sultan's fate unravels,
How Frenchwomen get husbands, English credit,
Flew homewards, like an arrow to the targe,
Beating, some lengths, a Hyde-park hussar's charge,

Britchkaing it through Europe, in a style
That made ev'n English lords and valets stare,
Driving o'er frostnipt Russians by the mile,
Those compounds of the stock-fish and the bear;
Scattering beneath his horse-shoes, rank and file,
That continental pest, the Douanier,
The vilest of the tools, where all are vile:
Leaving kings, queens, and operas, in the rear;
In spite of foreign roads, and steeds, and springs,
Dashing along, as if his wheels had wings.

And Juan now has reached the well-known strand,
And told his island beauty all his tale,
And pressed the coral lip, and hand in hand
Has wandered o'er the well-known hill and vale.
Greece! of all lands thou saddest, loveliest land,
Mother of purple mount and dewy vale,
Of waves, like sleeping rainbows, on thy sand,
Or the rich ruby of the dolphin's scale,
Who e'er has seen, but loved thee, or but weeps,
To think that anguish still thy coronet steeps.

Now, in his bower, reverting to old times,
Of courts, and camps, and masks, and ladies fair;
The Don flings out those gay, fantastic rhymes,
That seem but echoes of the summer air.
Now, with a wizard hand, the string sublimes
To the high accents of his grand despair;
And glorious visions of all years and climes,
King, hero, beauty, bard, are crouding there;
And lo! the Genii of the lyre and sword,
Like stooping stars, do homage to their lord.

And do they live? and in the self-same isle,
A model to all modern loves and lovers?
Above the bay of Chios is a hill,
A marble beacon to the Greek sea-rovers;
And, on its brow, an old, romantic, pile,
Which every flower of Greece and Asia covers,

Scenting the glassy waters many a mile,
When evening's saffron wing above them hovers.
Reader, I wish the same to thine and thee—
There Juan 's *settled* with his fair Haidee.

Αοὶδος.

RETIREMENT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

This grove—among its crowded trees
A ruined fane revealing,
Is dedicate to holy thoughts,
And reverential feeling!

No tumult ever enters here,
No voice of human chiding;
One only murmur fills the air—
The peaceful river's gliding!

'T is pleasant, when the day goes down,
To watch his sun-bright glory
Enrich, as with a glittering crown,
The chapel, calm and hoary!

But sweeter still, on sabbath nights,
Beneath its walls to linger,
Its dim walls touch'd with silver lights
By the moon's hallowed finger!

A VISION OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

About the year 1306, the most afflicting gloom hung over Scotland. The country had been almost utterly wasted by a long series of wars, and the inhabitants reduced to the utmost want, while their inveterate enemies, the English, lorded it over them with a bloody tyranny. In addition to this, their great champion, Robert the Bruce, notwithstanding his astonishing valour and military skill, had lost several battles—having been defeated at Methven by Aymer de Valence, and at Teyndrum by his inveterate enemy, the Lord of Lorn. In consequence of these and other misfortunes, this great prince was compelled, with a few followers, to seek refuge in the small island of Rathlin, or Rath-Erin, off the Irish coast. Here he remained for some time, and so completely was all trace of his movements lost by his enemies that they believed him dead, till his sudden reappearance in Scotland convinced them to their cost that he still existed, and was abler than ever to work them mischief and dismay. During his residence at Rath-Erin, the following singular adventure is recorded by tradition to have occurred to him.

Three nights after arriving at this lonely spot, he was sitting alone in the Gothic hall of the ancient castle, where he had taken up his residence. Several

pieces of wood blazed on the hearth, and cast a brilliant light over the otherwise cold and cheerless chamber. A huge oaken table stood before him, on which he placed both elbows, and sat with his face buried in his hands, in the attitude of deep meditation. He was clothed in complete armour; and his tall, massive, and athletic frame was so motionless, that it might have been mistaken for a statue of iron. A ponderous mace, which no one in the Scottish army, save himself, could wield, lay beside him; and the cuts with which it was disfigured bore testimony that ere now it had been tried in battle against the chivalry of England. The royal stranger continued long in this posture: at length he heaved a deep sigh, and shook his head bitterly.

"Scotland, my beloved country, I have done for thee what man can do, but my efforts have been in vain. I must leave thee to the victor, and not sacrifice thy sons in a struggle which Heaven hath doomed to be bootless."

He had scarcely pronounced these words when he raised his head, and lo! a knight in black armour sat opposite to him. He was astonished, but his astonishment soon gave way to resentment against the warrior, who had thus entered his private chamber without notice, and seated himself so unceremoniously in the presence of his prince.

"Who art thou, Sir Knight?" was his first question to the stranger. The latter made no reply, but

sat like a fixture without the slightest motion. The king looked at him again attentively, and then at the door, which stood wide open.

"I ask thee, who thou art," repeated the Bruce. The figure remained as before mute and motionless. No one ever treated this warlike monarch disrespectfully without sorely ruing it. His soul was roused to indignation, and in an instant the mace was grasped in both his Herculean hands, and laid over his right shoulder to give greater momentum to the meditated blow.

"Caitiff," he cried in a voice of thunder, "I again demand who thou art, and what thou wantest here. Answer me and live; refuse to answer and die!"

The warrior was as motionless as at first, and in a moment the mace descended with terrific force upon his head. The weapon was shivered to pieces in the king's hand. The sound of the blow rang through the large apartment. A bull must have sunk beneath it; but, strange to say, he on whom it fell sat as undisturbed as before. It did not even shake or convulse his frame. Sparks of fire flew from his helmet, showing that he had received the blow in its full force: but there he sat as if he had been struck by a feather. Bruce recoiled with amazement; the remnant of the shattered mace dropped from his hands, and, overcome with surprise and shame, he laid hold of his redoubted battle-axe. His first thought was to renew the assault, but, struck with the strangeness of the

event, he made a sudden pause. He knew that the force laid upon the blow would have destroyed any knight in Christendom; and the idea swept across his mind, that the personage whom he had so fruitlessly assailed was either a dæmon or wore a charmed life.

"Sir Knight, I know not who thou art, but certain I am, that wert thou as other men thou wouldst not now be living in my presence. May it please thee to exhibit the face that lurketh behind that iron front of thine."

The stranger here gave the first sign of motion; he raised his gauntleted hand, and pushed up the visor which covered his face. Bruce gazed at him with astonishment: his heart beat quick; his breath came fast; and the bravest spirit that ever shone on his native land acknowledged for once the influence of fear. Before him he saw the face of his brother Nigel, who had been cruelly put to death by Edward the First. He looked sad, but as beautiful as ever, for he was the fairest of the race of Bruce, a line renowned for manly beauty. His blue eyes rolled affectionately on his warlike brother, who stood aloof, astonished and confounded at the spectacle. In vain did the king collect his ideas, and try to make himself believe the whole a vision: it was impossible. Here he stood, broad awake in the great hall of Rath-Erin castle, and there, opposite to him, sat his brother who had been long dead. An apparition was the only thing which could have shaken Robert's lion-heart.

Human foes he held in small account, but he inherited a portion of the superstitions of his age, and dreaded supernatural appearances in common with the weakest of mankind.

"Can the grave give up its dead? Nigel, why comest thou to me? Have I done aught that requireth this visitation? Speak, spirit of my beloved brother!"

The spectre broke silence. "Thou hast done that which thou shouldst not have done—thou hast despaired. But a moment ago, and the idea passed thy mind that Scotland might not be saved. Wallace would not have thought so. Was that idea worthy of Robert Bruce?"

"It came," said the monarch, "but as a fleeting thought across my imagination, but, brother, it shall come no more. I am now all for Scotland."

At these words Nigel's countenance brightened up with joy, and he eyed Robert with the same pride as, when victor in the tournament, the latter bore away the prize before the eyes of ladies and warriors, and exalted so high the name of Bruce. He spoke no more, but rising, waved upon the king to follow him. The latter obeyed the signal, and both slowly left the apartment. Bruce felt an awe come over his spirit. It was not fear, but a sort of sublime feeling, on knowing that he was led along by the dead, and perhaps about to witness their dark and awful mysteries. On getting clear of the gloomy corridor into

which the hall led, he felt the ground give way beneath him, and sunk downwards with an inconceivably rapid yet gentle motion. He saw his brother no longer, having been forsaken by him the moment he got into darkness. His brain whirled round, his breath was hurried, and his senses confused by the impetuosity of the descent. At length he alighted upon the floor of an apparently subterraneous vault.

As soon as his ideas were somewhat rallied, he began to explore the strange world into which he had dropped. The place seemed of vast extent, but its limits could not be guessed, in consequence of volumes of mist which floated within it. The atmosphere was cold, damp, and obscure, like that of the twilight of a winter day. There was no wind, but the fogs propelled themselves along, as if they possessed an innate power of moving. They rolled in huge sluggish masses, and when two bodies of them came in contact, they were dissolved together with a sort of drizzling sound —and thin snowy flakes, like the finest gossamer, were emitted from their junction and scattered over the ground. Dark clouds seemed to hang overhead, and there was nothing like sun, or moon, or stars, visible in the firmament. As far as he could discern, the region was a perfect flat, covered with impenetrable mists, and destitute alike of brute animals and human beings.

After being here for some time, the king found it difficult to make himself believe that what he saw

was real. He still thought all that had passed a dream, and yet no vision had ever such an intense aspect of reality. In his perplexity he paced the cavern in all directions; it seemed to be boundless. At length, on looking stedfastly onward, he discovered something moving slowly through the mist and advancing towards him. The form came gradually nearer, and at length stood before him. It was a man, whose stature was majestic but somewhat bent by years. His forehead was high and noble, and the few locks that still clung to it were white as the driven snow. A long silvery beard, which descended to the girdle, gave an imposing reverence to his look; but his eye of fire bespoke any thing but age, and showed that the spirit which lay enshrined in this august and venerable exterior was still green with the energy of youthful years.

"Welcome, king of Scotland, to the land of shadows! Thy high destiny is recorded here, and it is the will of Heaven that thou behold it."

"Who art thou, old man?" said the king.

"Sire, I am Thomas of Ercildoune, whilome a sojourner in the land, of which thou and thy posterity shall be sovereigns to the end of time. I am deputed to conduct thee where thou wilt see thy doom set down in the Book of Fate."

"Lead on," said the monarch: "I will follow thee."

The seer accordingly proceeded forward, and Bruce followed with impatient footsteps. After walking

some time, they arrived at what seemed a vast wall of granite. It was perfectly perpendicular, but so high that its top mingled above with the clouds. Neither could its termination be seen. It stretched illimitably along to the right and left, and was lost at both sides in the mist. A door in front of them opened spontaneously at their approach, and they entered.

The sight which now burst upon Robert's eye was glorious beyond description. He saw mountains and valleys lighted up with a divine splendour, and watered by rivers which swept over their beds with a sound like that of sweet music. There were multitudes of groves and bowers in all directions; beneath them walked the forms of heroes. He recognized many whom he had seen before; among others his warlike grandsire, with Sir John the Grahame, and Sir Simon Fraser. These stood under the shade of an elm-tree, and seemed to converse together. Their looks still beamed with the patriotism and heroic daring which characterised them during life; and their whole bearing bespoke souls formed for lofty and devoted deeds. Nigel Bruce was also there. He was clothed in armour, but it was more rich and gorgeous than that in which he lately appeared to his brother. Beside him stood the majestic form of Wallace.

The divinest music floated over this fairy region. Sounds of harps and female voices, as if from the sky,

steeped all Nature in the inspiration of melody. It seemed formed exclusively for the habitation of heroes. He looked in vain to find out any one who had disgraced himself or his country. Every illustrious name from the foundation of the Scottish monarchy was pointed out to him by his conductor. Gregory the Great, William the Lion, and Alexander the Third, with many others, walked over the enchanted soil in the costume of their respective ranks and times. Comyn was not present; and the king grieved to see that his own father also was excluded. They had both sullied their honour, when they turned their arms against their native land at the fight of Falkirk.

Having surveyed this magnificent place, the king was led by the seer to a flight of steps, which descended into the earth, and terminated at a great depth in a door of polished ebony. They went down together, and, on arriving at the bottom, the door opened of its own accord, and admitted them into a beautiful sylvan grotto. It was of considerable extent, and completely overgrown with moss and ivy, interspersed with the most fragrant flowers. The roof was studded over with spar, rock-crystal, and various precious stones, that shone like stars, from the deep verdure in which they were embossed. At one side of the grotto was a couch, and at the extremity an altar of white marble reared its head, surmounted by a silver crucifix.

Here the king was instructed in a multitude of things regarding the state of his country. He was

allowed deep and mysterious glimpses into the vista of time, and, with the knowledge of the past,which he had already acquired, he combined that of the future, through the communications of the prophet of Ercildoune. It is alleged that the battle of Bannockburn, the Union of the two kingdoms, and many other events of high importance, were pointed out in the pages of the Book of Fate, which Thomas placed before him.

" King of Scotland," said the seer, after these revelations were concluded, " thou hast laboured much since morning and art fatigued. It is meet thou shouldst take repose, but, first of all, duty requireth thee to kneel before this altar." The king obeyed. Having said many *aves*, and performed his devotions like a Christian soldier, he rose up. " Now," said his instructor, " but one thing remaineth to do. The mark of the cross is not upon thy body. Thou art a man of strife and war, and it is becoming that this most sacred symbol should shine upon thy bosom, to sanctify the cause in which thou art engaged, and preserve thee from the knife of the assassin." The king accordingly loosened his cuirass and exposed his breast to the old man, who took a small dagger and drew upon it a cross. The blood flowed from the slight wounds which were made, and trickled down the Bruce's armour. Having submitted to this ceremony and received the *benedicite* of Thomas, he threw himself upon the couch and dropped asleep.

He was awakened by a heavy hand laid upon him. He opened his eyes, but the place was so obscure that he could not distinguish to whom it belonged. "Who art thou?" was his first question to this unwelcome visiter.

"I have come to waken thee, my liege, as I was desired."

"Thomas, methinks thou art early with thy awakenings," said the Bruce. "I have need of sleep: disturb me not, I pray, at the present time."

"My lord, I am not Thomas," answered the other. "He hath been gone these two hours collecting the barges which are to convey us from this infernal island."

"Barges!—infernal island! Pray, friend, what Thomas dost thou speak of?"

"Why, of Thomas Randolph, my liege. Whom else could I allude to? Didst thou not yesternight order him to set off before daybreak to collect the boats to carry us to Scotland?"

"Thomas Randolph!" said Robert, with some surprise. "I am thinking of Thomas of Ercildoune. Art thou not he?"

"I Thomas of Ercildoune, brother! Surely thou art dreaming, or at least jesting. That man hath been for years in his grave."

"Thou callest me brother, friend," said the Bruce, still more perplexed. "Pray, who art thou that claimest such a relationship?" The other hereupon

burst into a loud laugh, at which the king was so enraged that he sprung out of his bed, collared him roughly, and threatened to lay him dead at his feet if he did not instantly say who he was and what he wanted.

"Zounds, my lord," replied the intruder, half laughing and half angry, "is it thus thou treatest thy loving subjects? Nay, Robert, relax thy hold. Positively I shall get into a passion if thou dost not. Thou art the first man that ever laid hands on Edward Bruce."

"Edward Bruce!" cried the astounded monarch. "Am I asleep, or am I awake? Is it thou? Give me thy hand, my noble brother, and pardon me! I knew thee not. Even yet I cannot trust my senses. But it is at present so dark that I can scarcely recognize the outline of thy form standing before me."

"Nay, an 't please my liege," said the other, "it cannot well be otherwise, seeing that the shutters are upon the windows. I shall open one of them, and thou wilt behold as lovely a morning as ever burst from the gates of heaven."

The king's senses were utterly bewildered, and the words of the speaker made them more so than ever. "He talketh of opening the shutters of a window. Either he or I have lost our judgments. A window in this grotto, and shutters to boot! Ha, this is superb!" Meanwhile he heard Edward treading to the opposite side, when all at once he seemed to come in

contact with something, and tumbled with a loud noise upon the ground.

"What, in the name of Heaven, meaneth this accursed din?" cried the king at the strange annoyance. "By Saint Andrew, I believe all the fiends of hell are let loose!"

"The vile caitiff!" cried the other angrily, "he hath thought fit to sleep upon the floor. I have fallen over him, and cut my wrist with the gauntlet. Up with thee, knave! I shall teach thee so to dose over thy cups, especially in thy master's chamber." So saying, he gave several hearty kicks to some one who seemed to be in a profound sleep. He mindeth me not, but I shall let in the light, and see what sort of animal it is." He accordingly threw open the huge folding-shutters of a capacious Gothic window, and, a flood of light rushing in, revealed every corner of the hall of Rath-Erin castle. The floor for several yards round was covered with blood.

"What is all this? How came that light so suddenly? Where, in Heaven's name, am I at this moment?" cried the king.

"Thou mayst well ask what it is. It passeth my understanding. Thou hast nathless, brother, done the knave soundly. Ah, Robert, all the danger and all the honour are thine; none falleth to thy poor followers. The fellow's helmet is a true Milan, and it is dashed to pieces like a hazel-nut. How the brain is forced out! Well, that must have been an infernal

stroke. His face hath the appearance of nothing human."

"Whose face, in Heaven's name?" thundered the king, starting from the side of his couch and coming up to Edward.

"Why the poor devil's whose brains thou hast beat out. And here is the handle of thy mace. The weapon is actually broken in pieces, and the fragments smeared with blood. Talk to me of English Richard's strength! Psha—his strokes were mere baby's play to this. Upon mine honour this goeth beyond any thing. A blow to break in pieces a Milan helmet, dash out the brains of its wearer, and splinter a mace! Why that is a feat which I believe never was equalled."

The king was so utterly amazed at what he heard and saw, that he stood transfixed like one in a dream. He could do nothing but repeat the words of his brother—"Break a Milan helmet, dash out the brains of its wearer, and splinter a mace!" They at first fell upon his ear without any sort of meaning being attached to them, but in a short time they were connected with a dark and mysterious event, which floated dream-like over his imagination. As for the brave Edward, he was naturally of so careless a disposition that he observed nothing of what was passing in the king's mind. He was so closely employed gazing at the dead body, and admiring the stroke which made it so, that he never once looked to his brother.

"Holy Mother of God!" he continued, "a stroke worthy of a true knight. The English boast of Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristrem, and the French of Amadis de Gaul, but thou promisest to tower over the whole of them. The Troubadours may cease when they please to extol the chivalry of the Round Table, and the iron-limbed Paladins of Charlemagne, above the knighthood of the present day. Here, for once, have they met with their peer. I myself have given many a good blow, but never one like this. Pray, how came the vile knave into thy chamber? Who is he?"

A groan burst from Robert's breast. "Dost thou ask who he is, seeing before thee our brother Nigel, whom I have murdered?"

The unusual tone in which this was said, and still more the mention of Nigel's name, arrested at once the thoughtless Edward. He looked upon the king suspiciously, shook his head, and forced a sort of sorrowful smile. "My brother," said he to himself, "hath certainly lost his senses. I must go and call Keith and Kirkpatrick. Here is some mystery which I cannot unravel." He was upon the point of moving off for this purpose when he saw the king's breast covered with blood, and remarked a cut through his jerkin to the extent of two inches.

"My brother, thou art wounded. The knave hath struck thee, but I trust not dangerously. However, thou hast repaid him well. He will never venture again into the sleeping apartment of brave knight."

"Edward," said the king, "thou art pleased to jest, and I forgive thee—knowing thy natural levity of heart; but learn that he whom thou callest knave is the holy seer of Ercildoune, and this slight scratch the sign of the cross made by his sacred hands." The younger Bruce was more and more amazed. He concluded with certainty that his brother's head was turned, and, without venturing any further remark, he sighed deeply and left the room.

Meanwhile, the king, being left to himself, began to reflect upon the strange situation in which he was placed. He rubbed his forehead, and walked to and fro, in the hope of recalling his ideas: at length, seeing a vessel of water, he plunged his face into it and bathed his temples. This had the desired effect: his thoughts became clearer, and he proceeded to examine tranquilly all that had occurred. His first care was to look at the face of the corpse. Though utterly disfigured, he found no difficulty in discovering that it bore no resemblance to that of Nigel Bruce. It was dark and savage; while enormous whiskers and a black bushy beard added to its natural ferocity. His youthful brother, on the contrary, had been smooth and fair of countenance, with beautiful blue eyes and locks of a pale chesnut colour. He then examined the mace, which was shivered in pieces. On looking attentively, he saw a dagger closed in the deadly grasp of the warrior. His next care was to look at the sign of the cross on his own bosom; but, instead of this, he saw

nothing but a slanting cut, which had penetrated about half an inch into the flesh immediately over the breast-bone. The wire jerkin which, for the sake of safety, he wore close to his body, was at this point ripped up or pierced. Having done this, he calmly disengaged the weapon from the hand of the corpse, and applied its point and edge to the wound; they fitted it exactly. He attempted to account for all these things, but in vain. How the slain warrior came into his chamber—how he himself was wounded—and how the veil of time had been so mysteriously opened before his eyes—he found it impossible to tell. His powerful mind soon became calm and collected, and he resolved to abstain from attempting to penetrate into the inscrutable secrets of eternity.

Edward returned shortly with his two friends, whom he had alarmed with the report of the state in which he found the king; but the latter was now altered, and his god-like countenance wore the wisdom and sedateness which became his high destiny. They said nothing to him, for Bruce, though full of human kindness, was not one of those characters who could be tampered with or idly interrogated; and they felt themselves overawed, noble and valiant as they were, by the presence of a master spirit. He calmly commanded the body to be carried away and interred. He never spoke to any one on this mysterious subject, save latterly to his own private confessor, and neither his brother nor his friends inquired farther into a

theme, over which he apparently wished the veil of secrecy to be thrown. Nothing ever transpired as to who the person might be who was found slain in the king's apartment: but the man who buried him was heard to declare, that he thought he bore a resemblance to the henchman of Bruce's mortal enemy, the Lord of Lorn.

ROUSSEAU.

Oh, thou, Geneva's honour, yet her shame,
Exiled, oppressed, and robbed of all but—fame!
Whose cherished friends were murderers in disguise,
Whose cup was gall, whose hopes bred agonies!
Thou wert, Rousseau, warm Fancy's veriest child,
Teeming with dreams, the beautiful and wild,
And, still t'enjoy thy visionary mood,
As to a sister, fledd'st to Solitude.

Where the steep Alps first catch the blush of day,
Unfriended man! I view thee mutely stray.
There, as the clouds, like glories, wander by,
Thy fancy with them floateth through the sky;
The murmuring gale, the cataract's dash below,
Whisper of love, and melt thy heart to woe:
Now lightnings flash, and echoing thunders roll,
And with their might thou mixest thy rapt soul.

OLD MASTER GREEN.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

A PARTICULAR sort of mould, which in this county is scarcely to be found except in the tract of land called Chittling Moor, being wanted to form a compost for that very dear part of myself, my geraniums, we determined to accompany, or rather to follow, in our pretty pony phaeton, the kind and elegant *cadeau* of that kindest of persons, Mr. W., and by far the prettiest equipage within twenty miles, the less aristocratic *cortège*, consisting of two boys with wheelbarrows, and old Master Green with a donkey-cart, who had been dispatched to collect it some two hours before.

The day was one of the latest in August, and the weather splendidly beautiful, clear, bright, breezy, sunny. It would have been called too warm by one half of the world, and by the other too cold, which I take to be as near an approach to perfection as our climate, or any climate, can well compass. We had been sitting in our large parlour-like greenhouse; a suberb fuchsia, bending with the weight of its own blossoms, reaching almost to the top of the house, on one side of the door, and a splendid campanula, with five distinct stems, covered with large yet delicate lilac bells, on the other; the rich balmy scent of the campa-

nula blending with the exquisite odours of tuberoses, jessamine, mignonette, full blown myrtles, and the honey-sweet clematis, and looking out on gay beds of the latest flowers, china asters, dahlias, hydrangeas blue and pink, phlox white and purple, the scarlet lobellia, and the scarlet geranium. In short, all within my little garden was autumn, beautiful autumn.

On the other side of our cottage the season seemed to have changed. The china roses and honeysuckles, with which it is nearly covered, were in the profuse bloom of early June, and the old monthly rose by the door-way, (the sweetest of roses!) together with a cluster of sweet peas that grew among its branches, were literally smelling of summer. The quantity of rain that had fallen had preserved the trees in their most vivid freshness, and the herbage by the road-side and the shorter turf on the common had all the tender verdure of spring.

As we advanced, however, through the narrow lanes, autumn and harvest reasserted their rights. Every here and there, at the corners where branches jutted out, and in the straights where the hedges closed in together, loose straws of oats and barley, torn from their different waggons, hung dangling from the boughs, mixed with straggling locks of hay, the relics of the after-crop. We ourselves were fain to drive into a ditch, to take shelter from a dingy procession of bean-carriers. My companion, provoked at the ditchy indignity, which his horse relished no better than him-

self, asserted that the beans could not be fit to carry; but, to judge from the rattling and crackling which the huge black sheaves made in their transit, especially when the loaded wain was jerked a little on one side, to avoid entirely driving over our light and graceful open carriage, which it overtopped, and threatened to crush, as the giant in the fairy tale threatens Tom Thumb—to judge by that noisy indication of ripeness, ripe they were. The hedgerows, too, gave abundant proofs in their own vegetation of the advancing season. The fragrant hazel-nuts were hardening in their shells, and tempting the schoolboy's hand by their swelling clusters; the dewberries were colouring; the yellow St. John's wort, and the tall mealy leaved-mollein, had succeeded the blushing bells of the foxglove, which, despoiled of its crimson beauty, now brandished its long spike of seed-vessels upon the bank, above which the mountain-ash waved its scarlet berries in all the glory of autumn; whilst, as we emerged from the close narrow lanes into the open tract of Hartley Common, patches of purple heath just bursting into flower, and the gorse and broom pushing forth fresh blossom under the influence of the late rainy weather, waved over the light harebell, the fragrant thyme, and the springing fungi of the season. In short, the whole of our Berkshire world, as well as that very dear and very tiny bit of it called my garden, spoke of autumn, beautiful autumn, the best if not the only time for a visit to the Chittling Moors.

These Moors were pretty much what the word commonly indicates, a long level tract of somewhat swampy pasture land, extending along the margin of the Kennett, which rolled heavily and lazily through its abundant, but somewhat coarse, herbage; a dreary and desolate place when compared with the general scenery of our richly-wooded and thickly-peopled country, and one where the eye, wandering over the dull expanse, unbroken by hill, or hedge, or timber-tree, conveyed, as is often the case in flat, barren, and desolate scenes, an idea of space more than commensurate with the actual extent.

The divisions of this large piece of ground are formed of wide ditches, which at once serve to drain and to irrigate these marshy moors, so frequently overflowed by the river in spring and winter, and sometimes even in summer; it being no unusual catastrophe for the coarse and heavy crops to be carried away by a sudden flood, disappointing the hopes of the farmer, and baffling the efforts of the haymaker. A weary thing was a wet summer in the Chittling Moor, with the hayfield one day a swamp and the next a lake; and the hay, or rather the poor drowned grass, that should have been hay, choking the ditches or sailing down the stream! The best that could befall it was to be carried off in waggons in its grassy shape, and made comfortably and snugly on dry ground, in some upland meadow; but people cannot always find room for the outer integuments of three hundred acres

of grass land, and, besides that difficulty, the intersecting ditches, with their clattering hollow-sounding wooden bridges, presented no ordinary peril to the heavy wains, so that the landlord was fain to put up with little rent, and the farmer with small profits—too happy if the subsequent grazing paid the charge or the loss of the prolonged and often fruitless hay-harvest.

A dreary scene was the Chittling Moor; a few old willow pollards, the most melancholy of trees, formed the sole break to its dull uniformity, and one small dwelling, whose curling smoke rose in the distance above a clustering orchard, was the only sign of human habitation. This small cottage had been built chiefly to suit the circumstances of the Moor, which rendered a public-house necessary during the long hay-making; and it was kept by a widow, who contrived to make the profits of that watery but droughty season pay for the want of custom during the rest of the year. Not that the Widow Knight was absolutely without customers at any period; the excellence and celebrity of her homebrewed having ensured to her a certain number of customers, who, especially on Sundays, used to walk down to the Chittling Gate (so was her domicile entitled) to partake of the luxuries of a pipe and a pot of ale, scream to the deaf widow, gossip with her comely daughter, or flirt with her pretty grandchild, (for the whole establishment was female) as their several ages or dispositions might prompt.

Of this number, none was more constant than our present attendant, old Master Green, and it is by no means certain, whether his familiarity with the banks and pollards which afforded the fine geranium mould may not have been acquired by his hebdomadal visits to the Widow Knight's snug and solitary ale-house.

Old George Green was indeed a veteran of the tap-room, one to whom strong beer had been for nearly seventy years the best friend and the worst enemy, making him happy and keeping him poor. He called himself eighty-five, and I presume, from the report of other people, as well as his own, (for, when approaching that age, vanity generally takes the turn of making itself older) that he might really be past fourscore. A wonderful man he was of his years, both in appearance and constitution. Hard work had counteracted the ill effects of hard drinking, as an equal quantity of labour, under the form of hard riding, sometimes used to do by a jovial fox-hunting squire of former times, and had kept him light, vigorous, and active, as little bent or stiffened by age as the two boys who were delving out the earth under his direction. The only visible mark which age had set upon him—mark did I say? a brand, a fire-brand—was in his nose, which was of the true Bardolphian size and colour, and a certain roll of the eye, which might perhaps, under any circumstances, have belonged to the man and his humour, but which much resembled that of a toper, when half-tipsy and fancing himself particularly wise.

The very Nestor of village topers was Master Green, hearty, good-humoured, merry, and jolly, very civil, and a little sly. He was quite patriarchal in the number of his descendants, having had the Mahommedan allowance of four wives, although, after the Christian fashion, successively, and more children and grandchildren than he could conveniently count. Indeed, his computation varied a little, according as he happened to be drunk or sober; for he was proud of his long train of descendants, just as his betters may be proud of a long line of ancestry; and, being no disciple of the Malthusian doctrine, thought he "had done the state" (that is the parish) "some service," in rearing up a goodly tribe of sons and daughters, many of them in their turn grandfathers and grandmothers, and most of whom had conducted themselves passably in the world, as times go—thanks probably to a circumstance which he sometimes lamented, their being, men and women, but puny tipplers compared with their jolly progenitor. Even his favourite grandson and namesake, only son and heir of the most prosperous of his innumerous family, Master Stephen Green, the thriving carpenter of East Hartley, who, like a dutiful lad, came every Sunday afternoon to Chittling Gate to meet his grandfather, abandoning for that purpose the cricket-ground at Hartley, where he, a singularly fine young man, had long been accounted the best player—even this favourite grandson was, he declared, little better than a milk-sop, a swallower

of tea and soda-water. "I verily believe," said Master Green, "that a pot of double X would upset him!"

A friend and a promoter of matrimony in all its shapes, especially in the guise of a love-match, was our worthy great-grandfather, whether in his own person, or in the persons of his descendants. Four wives had he had of happy memory, and he spoke of them all with mingled affection and philosophy, as good sort of women in the main, though the first was somewhat of a slut, the second ugly, the third silly, and the last a scold, which, as he observed, "might be one reason that he missed her so much, poor woman! the house seemed so quiet and *unked*;"—whereupon he sighed, and then, with a roll of his eye and a knowing twist of his Bardolphian nose, began to talk of the necessity of his looking out for a fifth helpmate.

By this time the operation of collecting the geranium mould was in full activity; and the conversation of the old man and the two lively boys, to which we were authorized listeners, and in which my companion soon became an interlocutor, gave us to understand that they were in possession of some farther information respecting Master Green's matrimonial intentions.

"We all know why he goes to the Chittling Gate every Sunday," said Ben, an arch lad of fourteen.

"Any child may know that," responded Master Green, trying to look demure and innocent, like a

young lady when rallied on her admirers; "any child can tell that. The Widow Knight brews the best ale in the parish."

"Ay, but that's not the only reason," said John, a modest youth of sixteen: "is it, Ben?"

"It's reason enough," rejoined Master Green.

"But not *the* reason," retorted Ben.

"What! the widow herself?" quoth my companion.

"Lord, no, sir," interrupted Ben.

"'T would be a very suitable match, and snug resting-place, only I'm afraid he would drink up all the ale in the cellar;" pursued the interrogator.

"Lord, no, sir!" again exclaimed Ben. "Master Green thinks the widow too old."

"Too old! Why she's a score of years younger than himself, but I suppose he prefers the daughter?"

"No, no, sir," rejoined Ben; "the granddaughter, the granddaughter!"

"What! the young pretty girl, Susan Parker, a girl of eighteen, marry a man of eighty! nonsense, Ben."

"They've been asked in church, sir;" said John quietly.

"Asked in church! But I thought the young carpenter was after Susan? Asked in church! Master Green, are you rivalling your own grandson?"

"The carpenter would not hear of that match," cried Ben, "because Susan had no money."

"And what does he say to this match, Ben?"

"Sir, he says he likes it worse than 't other, but that he can't help this; that his father is an old fool and must answer for his own folly."

"Well, but Susan! she never can be such a goose. It must be a mistake. Have you really been asked in church, Master Green? Have the banns actually been published?"

"Twice, sir, in full form," answered the old man gravely. "I wonder your honour did not hear them."

"And is the match really to take place?"

"Next Monday, your honour, God willing."

"Pshaw! nonsense! the thing's impossible! you are all joking."

"Time will prove, sir," rejoined Master Green, still more gravely; and, the geranium mould being now fairly collected, we parted.

And on the next Monday the marriage did take place, though not exactly in the way anticipated, George Green the younger proving to be the bridegroom, to the surprise of bridemaid, parson, and clerk, whilst the rich carpenter, unable to resist the double pleadings of his father and his son, and somewhat pleased to be spared the scandal of so youthful a stepmother, forgave the trick and the stolen match; and old George Green, in the fullness of his delight, got tipsier than ever in honour of his success, and toasted the Widow Knight so often and so heartily in her own home-brewed, that it's odds but he becomes the landlord of that snug alehouse, the Chittling Gate, after all.

UNCLE TOBY & THE WIDOW

UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW.

" I protest, madam," said my uncle Toby, " I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

" It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil. TRISTRAM SHANDY.

'T is noon, delicious summer noon,
The month, that month of Cupid, June;
When all the world are on the wing;
When every poet *tries* to sing;
When the moss-rose, as Easterns tell us,
Of every shrub and star grows jealous,
And, though the most demure of flowers,
Makes love at fashionable hours.
While buds with no pretence to blushes
Are calmly slumbering in their bushes,
Like a true princess of romance,
She waits the crescent's rising glance,
Expands her bosom to the skies,
Exhales her little soul in sighs,
Till stoops the Bull-bull from his height,
And all is fragrance, love, and light;
(You know, in every Eastern tale,
That two *Bulls* make one nightingale)
And listening woods and vales prolong
The raptures of the lover's song.

The world may reason as it will,
In June no bachelor sits still,

And, whether man, or bird, or flower,
Goes seeking what it may devour.
The Exquisite, whose languid soul
For months was frozen as the pole,
Feels even through his well-bred clay
The spirit of the hour make way:
Again his dinner-cards unpacks,
Does double duty at Almack's,
Recruits his compliments and curls,
From three to five through Bond Street whirls
Unrivalled whip, extorts the praise
Of blonde and brunette for his greys;
Shines for a week the glass of fashion,
The *grand monde's* wonder, gaze, and passion;
Till, finding that the stocks run low,
That even the dinner-cards come slow,
He feels the dread alternative,
To cut the West-end world—or wive;
Takes his solicitor's advice,
Finds it not wise to be too nice,
And, filled with visions of self-slaughter,
Looks out some dowager's plump daughter:
Such as in country pastures grows,
Sweet emblem of the cabbage-rose,
Broad, blooming, bouncing, fresh from school,
A prize-sheep in the native wool.
Disdaining hypocritic glances,
The lady makes no coy advances,
But, following up her blow with vigour,
Disarming him of ball and trigger,

For all accomplishments compounds
With twenty thousand solid pounds.
(Time whispering in the lover's ear
That London life grows rather dear.)
In short, howe'er the history varies,
He bows his head to fate—and marries.

'T was in this most lovemaking season,
When single-blessedness is treason;
When Cupid summons all his lieges;
When ceased my Uncle Toby's sieges;
When even to name a ravelin
Had been a kind of mortal sin;
When mines lay slumbering in the ditch;
When trumpets lost their concert-pitch;
When, lounging on the breach, the mortar
Had even a look of giving quarter;
When mankind's nuisance, ball and bomb,
Gun, musket, bayonet, all were dumb,
All fast asleep—those royal tools,
With which our heroes slice our fools.
Even that true warrior, Corporal Trim,
Reposed his proud remaining limb:
In short, all looked and breathed of June,
Dame Nature's genuine honeymoon.

My Uncle Toby, with his pipe,
Of the meek veteran's soul the type,
Calm, mellow, warm, with just a spark,
That fire had once been there, to mark;

Beneath his old o'erarching bower,
With every branch, in leaf and flower,
(Your true position, when the sun
Tells you his June assault 's begun)
Was gently whiffing time away,
Like a true captain on half-pay.
For though your warriors, in the battle,
As Homer says, like running cattle,
(The simile is quite sublime)
Race neck and neck with panting Time;
And the bold soldier, stifling in it,
Feels every hour at most a minute;
While he who must be shot to night
Thinks Time wears double wings, for spite.
Yet, when the grand affair is over,
And the maimed hero 's sent to clover,
When to the chest the scarlet goes,
(Ah, Fortune! why inflict *such* blows!)
No more to shine amid the bevy
That grumbles at a Horseguards' levee;
No more on thy parade, St. James',
To set the female world in flames.
When, just a hundred miles from town,
His studies take the hue called brown:
When over Moore's or Nelson's bust
The dangling sword is left to rust,
And, underneath, the hat and feather,
Old friends, are doomed to moths together;
And whiskers grey, and forehead bald,
(Time's card, to tell you he has called)

And certain tinglings of the toes,
(Gifts of the genuine juice of sloes,)
Remind him, that in fireside quarrels
Must fructify his future laurels,
Remind him that his share of brains
Must be knocked out in home-campaigns.

'T was just in noontide's glowing hour,
'T was just beneath the old rose-bower,
When on the spirit seems to creep
A slumber, yet which is not sleep,
When life seems only not a dream,
When sunshine softens to a gleam,
When rush of rill and song of bird
Come blending, only just *not* heard;
And something mixed of light and gloom,
And steamings of unknown perfume,
And sounds, as dropt from Zephyr's wing,
Seem o'er the heart their spell to fling.
'T was at that hour, my Uncle Toby—
(Tough work, in my soft rhymes to robe ye,
While Belmont, Belmore, Montreville,
Had flowed like honey from my quill;
While every sempstress's new novel
Disdains in British names to grovel;
And, seeing high life from Whitechapel,
Trims all the world in *gros de Naples*,
Picks up a title for her *blue*,
And, " Juliet weds a Montague."

But Sterne, what was he but a parson,
A name foredoomed to Swing and Arson;
A Tramontane, a black *barbare*,
Whose ears heard things but as they are,
And looking, like a *parson*, round him,
Left things—the blunderer!—as he found them.)

But, to digress from this digression—
Now for my Uncle's new profession!
Behind the smoke, before his eyes,
Came something 'twixt him and the skies,
A female, much the same has stood
'Twixt skies and captains since the flood.
The widow, that soft morn, by chance,
Had lain three minutes in a trance.
(Queen Mab, the trotting of thy steeds
O'er wearers of a twelvemonth's weeds;
Queen Mab, who, as Dan Shakspeare tells,
Plays tricks of all sorts with our belles;
Nay, gives all living fools their wishes,
Feasts vanity on golden dishes;
Spreads roses, where a nation's scorn
Had spread a premier's couch with thorn;
Gives every flirt a dozen lovers,
Gives every gourmand fifty covers,
Gives every gamester lucky dice,
Gives every place-hunter his price,
Gives my lord mayor a star and garter,
Frees every husband from his Tartar,

Nay, thrills the poet's worn-out wire,
With Phœbus' newest-patent fire).
Queen Mab, who, spite of all the schools,
Delights to find, or make us, fools,
That morn had driven her silk-wing'd team
Full gallop through the widow's dream;
Who, coming to the true decision
That wisdom 's in a morning vision;
That single blessedness, at best,
Like *toujours perdrix*, grows a pest;
That, if this world is but a bubble,
The best must bear their share of trouble:
On the sweet fairy queen's suggestion,
Had come full-dressed—to pop *the* question.

She found, like all his race, the Captain
The charms of woman quickly trapt in,
The Israelite devoid of guile,
The ready victim of a smile.
There blushed the lady, soft as May,
There blushed the hero on half-pay.
The lark above them waved his wings,
(So every licensed poet sings)
Above them doubly glowed the sun,
My Uncle's chain, of course, was spun.
His heart before her feet was laid,
The awful declaration made,
To take for better or for worse
The ruler of his soul and purse.

To shun his ancient martial sins,
His crown-works, bombs, and culverins,
From that auspicious hour to quench
His love of pikestaff, gun, and trench;
No more his lofty soul to fret
With longings for the new brevet,
Nor care how many yards of lacing
Are on the Fusileers' new facing,
Nor if the Coldstream grenadiers
Are in Jamaica or Algiers,
Nor if the Horseguards' sages fleece
The Lancers in a new pelisse:
The hero read his destiny
For life within the widow's eye.

Oh, happiest of all happy states!
Where half-pay Captains find such mates—
New Paradise! as Milton sings,
Where all the birds wear golden wings,
And Cupid hoists the purple pinion,
Sole standard of his soft dominion,
And, circling his enchanted land
With matrimony's awful band,
Prohibits all its flowery passes
To all your single-pannier'd asses—
A sea unshook by storms or tides,
Where life at double anchor rides:
Where summer days are not too long
To "list to reason," right or wrong;

Where winter asks no nine-months' gout,
To help its lonely evenings out;
Where every moment has its duty,
To kiss the sovereign lady's shoe-tie;
To worship her, like mother Church,
Train up young candidates for birch,
Prepare through thick and thin to rub,
Forswear the army-list and club;
Nor dare to call your soul your own,
Before the lady on the throne.

Φωνη.

TO SLEEP.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Spirit of many mysteries! thou who makest
  Thy way through regions of unearthly things,
  Giving to fluttering Fancy boundless wings—
Sleep! that in visions and in dreams awakest
  The marvellous music of ethereal strings,
From which a solemn harmony thou shakest;
  While Memory—made imaginative—brings
Throng'd images to track the course thou takest,
Whether in distant, desolate abysses,
  Or flower-adorning sunshine—or the time
  The past hath gathered to its lap—the prime
Of earth and all its youth—or midst the blisses
Of a more grand futurity—thy rule
Is ever mighty, vast, and wonderful.

ON A WEDDING RING.

BY LEONTINE.

Declare my race, my birth, my name—
  Commencement, end, I do not know;
From Earth's secluded depths I came,
  Yet human veins within me flow:
My form was chang'd by mortal art,
  Ungentle hands around me prest,
Yet still I play'd my lofty part,
  And still I wore my splendid vest.

In being pure, in aspect bright,
  My presence sheds a sacred grace
On happy Love's secure delight,
  And leads him to his dwelling-place!
Unseen within his train I stand,
  Mute witness of his secret sigh—
And dare to press that plighted hand,
  Whose touch to him is ecstacy.

Through holy aisles uncheck'd I go,
  Nor ling'ring do I rest apart,
But sanctify the dearest vow
  That heart can ever breathe to heart!
O then my birth, my name, declare;
  Yet do not tear me from my shrine,
Or nought but the inconstant air
  Shall fill this slighted form of mine.

THE WHITE AND THE BLACK VEIL.

BY T. M. MUSGRAVE, ESQ.

The merit of conventual seclusion must be estimated by the motive which induces the religionist to retire from the world. If a convent be regarded solely as an asylum, into which the temporal cares and anxieties of life are not permitted to gain admission, it is only a refuge for the timid, not a sanctuary for the devout. To fly from the apprehended evils of existence to the retirement of the cloister is rather reprehensible than meritorious. But, if none but the truly pious resolved to abandon the world, in order to devote themselves entirely to God, who could presume to question the sanctity of their decision?

It would be uncharitable, in numerous instances, to doubt the influence of this pure conception of religious duty. Abhorring the pollution of vice, dreading the commission of sin, and fearful of contaminating the purity of the soul by unavoidable collision with those who "walk in darkness," some there are who voluntarily become dead to this world, that they may live solely in communion with their Creator.

If none but the pure in spirit had become the inmates of monastic institutions, these establishments would have equally escaped the just and the unmerited censure to which they have been exposed. But they have too often been receptacles, in which the

passions least conducive to human happiness have found a local habitation. Veiled, in part, by the hood and the cowl, pride, ambition, intrigue, with "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," have too frequently desecrated the cloister, and made the holy offices of religion subservient to the profane purposes of temporal and criminal gratification.

But this charge, which will always admit of abundant qualification, is chiefly applicable to those monasteries which, only to a limited extent, restrain without prohibiting occasional intercourse with social life. This indeed is, in a great measure, the cause why the spirit of the external world enters into the convent, and forms within its walls a little world of its own, in which, modified by the general character of the monastic order and the particular character of each individual, the restless passions that prevail without disturb the serenity that should reign within.

The introduction and influence of these unholy dispositions are more restricted where the discipline of the order requires more seclusion. The perpetual occupation of the mind, in the constantly recurring discharge of religious offices, leaves it less exposed to the varying and disturbing excitement of secular concerns. Little can arise to disturb the soul and withdraw it from the contemplation of things eternal, in comparison with which all sublunary matters appear as nothing—as dust cast into the balance. Here, without doubt, frailty and infirmity—from which there is no

perfect exemption—interrupt at times the serenity of spiritual and fraternal intercourse; but the shade thus cast upon it is only like a transient cloud: swiftly it passes, and the atmosphere of the sanctuary is soon calm and bright again.

Still less of human passion intrudes itself into those institutions, which become the ultimate retreat of the female religionist. Obvious reasons imposed on nuns, at all times, a stricter system of regulations. They are necessarily more secluded from the world, and are therefore less accessible to secular influence. The desire of restoration to the enjoyment of social pleasures gradually fades away, in proportion as new habits and solemn associations supply the place of the waning attachment to the former frivolities of life. The finer sensibility of the sex disposes them more to religious impressions; and when, from an elevated strain of devotional feeling, they voluntarily embrace a life of conventual seclusion, they surrender themselves with more pious enthusiasm to the sacred cause which they have espoused. The affections, which in society would have been divided among the proper objects of love and esteem, are then concentrated in one sublime feeling of adoration. In this state of exaltation they live; in this state of exaltation they die.

If the spirit be thus purified and sanctified by a life of devout seclusion, voluntarily chosen and voluntarily continued, and if the fruits of a life thus passed be happiness here and an assured hope of happiness

hereafter, why should such retirement be censured and condemned? Is society injured by a few of its members being thus withdrawn from a sphere of useful activity? Small, indeed, would be the prejudice sustained, if none but the pure in heart thus consecrated their lives to Heaven; and thinly peopled would be the numerous edifices, which every where abound in Catholic countries for the reception of those who *profess* —with hearts and minds too often unprepared and unfit to become members of the conventual order into which they are admitted.

These cursory reflections have presented themselves to my mind, upon recalling to remembrance a ceremony of initiation at which I was present, shortly after my arrival in Lisbon, in the year 1816. I had then an opportunity of seeing five interesting females—natives too, of my own country—take the white veil, upon entering on their noviciate; and, in the following year, I saw the same nuns assume the black veil. As the completion of the two ceremonies, in which the profession is made by the same individual, has, I believe, been seldom described, I shall endeavour, with the assistance of a few hastily written memoranda committed to paper on each occasion, circumstantially to narrate what passed, both upon their initiation and at that last melancholy scene, when between them and the world the black, the fatal veil was interposed for ever.

On the 7th November, I went to the small English convent, called the Inglesinhas, to witness this pain-

fully interesting ceremony; but, in my way thither, I was induced by the harmonious sounds which struck my ear as I passed the church of the Paulistas to enter that fine edifice, and remain there till the conclusion of a funeral mass, which was then performing for the queen of Portugal, Doña Maria Primeira. Her majesty died at Rio de Janeiro, and her mortal remains had been recently conveyed to her native country, to be deposited in the same vault with those of her royal predecessors.

The church was hung with black cloth, and was splendidly illuminated. The numerous altars were also lighted with abundance of wax-tapers, and a profusion of them encircled a magnificent temporary cenotaph, which was erected in the centre of the principal aisle for this lugubrious ceremony. The music was grand and impressive—the composition of the celebrated Jomelli.

Upon reaching the convent of the Inglesinhas, the mass which preceded the initiation of the nuns was just concluded. The five novices were seated on a form in a chapel of the convent, which was separated by a *grille* from the church; but, being level with it, all that passed within might be, and was intended to be, distinctly seen. Four of them were very neatly, indeed tastefully, dressed in white; their hair was gracefully arranged, and, as if they intended that their last personal impression should strongly interest their parting friends and the assembled spectators of the

scene, roses were interwoven with their tresses, to heighten the attractions of the devotees, and excite feelings of deeper regret at their being withdrawn from their proper sphere.

The fifth was a faithful, humble attendant of one of these recluses. Personal attachment, blended possibly with some vaguely romantic notions of the happy seclusion of a conventual life, had induced this affectionate girl to accompany her mistress to a foreign country, and immure herself with her in perpetual imprisonment. Rather than sever the bonds which mutually united them, this lowly, warm-hearted dependent resolved, with her and for her, to abandon the world. Sacrificing all the hopes which take possession of the youthful mind, and flatter it even in the humblest ranks with visionary dreams of future happiness, she sought only to share the lot, whatever it might be, of her mistress and her friend. By this devotedness she gained no elevation above the class to which she belonged. A menial when at liberty, she remained a menial in seclusion. In the capacity of a lay sister she was admitted, and her offices in the convent would be rather those of labour than devotion. Yet who could witness without emotion such an example of warm and affectionate attachment? Her home, her relations, her friends, her liberty—all she sacrificed, to be inseparably united with her, who, in the language of affection, might well be called the mistress of her heart. What virtues were here con-

demned to exert themselves within the narrow precincts of a nunnery! What exemplary worth and excellence, had the circumstances of social life and the expanding influence of education developed them, might the character of this simple-hearted maiden have displayed! The humble being who acted thus was indeed not formed of ordinary clay. It was etherially tempered and of pleasing mould; but its intrinsic worth was in great part concealed even from its possessor.

I now return, from this digression in justice to lowly worth, to the ceremony of the day.

The next proceeding after the conclusion of the mass was an address to the nuns by an English Roman Catholic priest. It was, indeed, a sermon adapted to the occasion, from the text, "But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that better part which shall not be taken away from her." St. Luke, x. 42. He dwelt on the sacrifices which the nuns would be called upon to make in the performance of their vows, and rather commanded than exhorted them to strip off their tawdry ornaments of vanity, and assume the sober religious habit. He extolled their heroic virtue and pious resolution, and impressed on them the duty of fervent prayer and supplication for divine aid, to support them in their renunciation of personal liberty and all the allurements of the world. "They would soon feel," said the priest, "that they had wisely exchanged corporeal slavery for freedom of the soul—the

bondage of sin for emancipation from guilt—a life of bitterness, anxiety, and woe, for a state of blessedness and peace. The fetters of vice and impiety would no longer bind them to the earth, and the devout exercises of each succeeding day would spiritualize their mortal frame, and progressively purify and prepare the soul for the mansions of eternal bliss."

After the address, the lady abbess, dressed in black, read to each of the novices a statement, in Latin, of the various duties and obligations which they would be required to fulfil; to which, at certain intervals, they sung, or rather chanted, responses in the same language. The first, who appeared to be the oldest, chanted her responses in a tremulous but expressive voice. The tones of her companions were more firm and more musical. When it came to the turn of the humble, but faithful, friend and attendant, the bead-roll of her religious duties was read to her in English, and her responses were given in the same language, but without being chanted or sung.

Preparation was then made for exchanging the vain ornaments of worldly attire for the grave and simple garb of the convent. The new garments were consecrated and sprinkled with holy water. The flowers which adorned their heads were cast upon the ground, and their graceful tresses unsparingly sacrificed. Their robes were exchanged for a plain white garment, and a white veil was placed upon the head. During this transformation each of the novices knelt in succession,

and a Portuguese priest read, in a most barbarous tone and accent, several short prayers in Latin, which seemed to be appropriated to the assumption of each part of the conventual attire.

When the whole of them were thus habited in the sober garb of the sisterhood—when they had thus thrown off the vestments which had till then appeared to link them with social life—they knelt and received the benediction of the priest. The lady abbess afterwards saluted them, and they withdrew.

Being informed that they would be permitted to go into another apartment, separated by a *grille* from that into which the spectators might be admitted, we entered the room, and shortly afterwards the novices appeared, together with the lady abbess, and seated themselves in a semicircle near the barred communication between the two chambers. The religious impressions by which they were animated, and the feeling that they had that day gained a victory over the vanities of human life, gave to each of them an expression of countenance which indicated that all within the breast was calm and serene. Every earthly wish appeared to be suppressed. Nothing seemed to betray a lurking aspiration after worldly happiness. The tumultuous agitations of a temporal career had subsided into a perfect calm, and the new world into which they had gained admission closed upon them the old and sinful world which they had quitted, and opened to them through the portals of the convent a prospect of

those celestial regions, where dwell in endless bliss the spirits of the just.

Several of the visiters congratulated them on the accomplishment of this first step towards their final solemn separation from the world. My congratulations were limited to a sincere wish that they might be happy; but, apprehensive that they might not be so, I could not help expressing to one of the principal lay attendants of the convent an earnest hope that, before the period of the noviciate should expire, they would all of them change their determination. "Why so?" enquired this portly dame, who appeared to have had her full share of the good things of this world, unstinted by the mortifications of conventual penance. "They will," she added, "be very happy." My reply was simply to the effect, that these novices were made to live in the world and not in seclusion; that they might otherwise become useful and graceful members of society, instead of being withdrawn from their proper sphere.

If my scanty knowledge of the Portuguese language had not checked the current of my expostulation, I might probably have been tempted indiscreetly to illustrate the pains of seclusion and the sweets of liberty by a personal allusion to my fair disputant. She could not have denied that her election fully corresponded with my view of the preferable choice. Her vigils had not diminished the vivid lustre of her sparkling black eyes; her abstinence had never impaired

the vigour of her health; and the general vivacity of her character seemed to exhibit a perfect contrast to that solemn composure, which is acquired and confirmed by a sequestered life of devout contemplation. If the fast or the feast had been the object of her voluntary choice, this lay sister of the convent would not certainly have appeared in the character of a recluse. Indeed, I asked her unceremoniously if she herself had any inclination to take the veil? With a smile of frankness and good-temper, she answered, *No!*

But if, as I have before intimated, the resolution to retire from the world be adopted after due and solemn deliberation, it is scarcely a generous act to quarrel with so pious a resolution. The busy world can spare the devotee, and the devotee can equally spare the busy world, and all that train of idle gratifications, which mostly blend with a small portion of real happiness a large share of disquieting regret. Still, however, the cloister should separate from active life none but those who in heart and soul are wholly devoted to the purest offices of spotless piety; and it is the fear that the thoughts may revert to scenes less sanctified, and that they may be perturbed by unavailing longings for a return to social life, that excites a painful distrust in the steady continuance of the resolution, to live as it were intombed within a convent's walls.

But, to revert to the ceremony itself: it was not conducted with the solemnity which the occasion ought

to have inspired. The English priest who read the address was evidently occasionally affected; but his discourse was common-place and unimpressive. The Portuguese priest, who performed the most important part of the ceremony, acquitted himself in a most slovenly manner, and without a single trait, or the slightest emotion, of sympathy with the poor novices. Truth compels me to add, that some of the spectators of their own sex, of what country I shall not mention, manifested no further interest on this occasion, than if they had simply been present at one of the ordinary ceremonies of the Catholic church. Not a single tear dimmed the lustre of the eye of beauty—not a single compassionate sigh escaped from the bosom of the fair; the scene was viewed as a mere spectacle by the greater part (not by all I hope) of those who witnessed it, and appeared to be considered as a simple ceremony to which no important consequences would be attached. It was apparently not once remembered that the portal of the convent was vibrating on its hinges, and that in one short hour it would close upon the nuns, perhaps for ever.

Refreshments were offered to the spectators, and, after a short interval they withdrew, leaving to their destiny, to which they appeared to be cheerfully resigned, the poor nuns, who had then witnessed for the last time the exhibition of a scene of social life.

Here I shall not pause to ponder on the impressions which had been made on my feelings, or the various

meditations to which they gave rise; but shall make at once a transition to the last act of this solemn renunciation.

On the 9th November, 1817, a year and two days after the nuns had entered on their noviciate, this irrevocable determination was finally accomplished. On that memorable day they *professed* and assumed the "black veil."

At this lugubrious ceremony, nearly all the same persons officiated as before. When the novices had assembled in the chapel separated from the church by a double *grille*, the English Catholic priest and other ecclesiastics formed a procession from the chief altar, preceded by the cross, and a banner, with the sacred image of Christ on one side and that of the Virgin on the other; and, taking their station immediately in front of the *grille*, the English priest addressed the nuns in a discourse analogous to the occasion, taking his text from the last verse of the 15th Psalm, "Whoso doeth these things shall never fall."

He alluded to the former discourse which he addressed to them when they entered on their probationary initiation—congratulated them on the successful trial which had been made of the constancy of their religious resolution—pointed out the sacrifices they were called upon to make, and the austerity they were required to practise, in the vigilant discharge of their conventual obligations; the error that prevails, that a life of religious seclusion is a life of indolence; the

happiness they would enjoy undisturbed by the temptations which assail the virtuous, and destroy the felicity of those who are engaged in the occupations of a worldly life; the high destiny which awaited their marriage with the Church, and their mystic union with Christ, by whom they were about to be espoused; and, finally, the ultimate reward which was to crown their abandonment of this world, in order to fit themselves for the enjoyment of eternal happiness in the next. After the termination of this discourse, the nuns proceeded to profess.

The act of profession was drawn up in Latin, and occupied part of a folio sheet of paper, or parchment, with the first letter illuminated. Certain questions were then put by an Italian priest, to which the act of profession contained the answers. The purport of the questions was to ascertain, whether the determination of the nuns to seclude themselves from the world was the effect of constraint, or had been produced by grief, disappointment, disgust, or an intention to elude the payment of just debts. The answers to these questions declared, that they were influenced by none of these motives, but only by a deep sense of religion and the love of Christ.

The banner was then shewn them, and they were exhorted to imitate the patience and poverty of Christ, and the humility and purity of the Virgin. To this they replied, that they freely renounced the world to devote themselves entirely to God; and they made a

solemn vow of chastity, and pledged themselves to live in strict observance of the regulations of the convent, and in conformity to the rules of St. Augustin and St. Bridget. This part of the ceremony being concluded, a ring, blessed by the priest, and sprinkled with holy water, was given to each of the nuns, in token of their mystic marriage with the Church.

The mass, accompanied with solemn music, then proceeded; and, after the elevation of the host, each of the nuns received from the officiating priest a consecrated wafer, with the sacramental intimation that it was the real body of Christ.

The *White Veil* was then exchanged for the *Black Veil*, each having received the priest's benediction, and having been sprinkled with holy water. Each veil was surmounted by a small white crown, with five crimson signs or bezants, similar to those on the royal arms of Portugal, in commemoration of the wounds of Christ. Before the seat on which they sat was a small funeral bier decorated with flowers.

The nuns were then required to prostrate themselves on the floor of the chapel, and a black pall was spread over them, thus counterfeiting death by this emblematic representation of their being thenceforth dead to the world.

During this figurative act of solemn renunciation, some other nuns who had participated in the ceremony, and who only a few days before had commenced their noviciate, in a tone of recitation chanted the "*Ora pro*

nobis," a form of invocation addressed to a large proportion of the saints in the Romish calendar; but, before its conclusion, a white-veiled nun entered the chamber with a basket of flowers, and sprinkled them over the prostrate sisters, who still remained beneath the gloomy pall. The bier was then taken away, the pall removed, and the *professed* arose from the floor. The banner before described was brought into the chapel where the act of profession was celebrated, and in solemn processional order they slowly withdrew, singing the Psalm that is usually chanted in Lisbon when the sacrament is publicly carried in procession. To me this sacred music sounded like a dirge, not for the lamented dead, but for the regretted living, who thus voluntarily retired from the world and consigned themselves to a tomb. The black curtain of the *grille* then descended like a funeral pall, and closed upon the poor nuns—for ever.

THE WORLD OF CHANGE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! trust not, cling not, to the hope
  Of constancy below,
Earth's fragile blossoms smile and droop,
  Her waters ebb and flow:
Yon flow'ret withers as it springs,
  Yon bird is on the range,

Ay, even in Life's meanest things
This is a World of Change.

The friends of thy secluded youth,
Who cheer thy tranquil hours,
Will they retain their boasted truth,
Far from these peaceful bowers?
No! glittering scenes their faith shall try,
Their tenderness estrange,
And thou in bitterness shalt sigh
O'er a false World of Change.

Thou too wilt change in after-years,
Thy spirit's noble ken
Will share the sordid hopes and fears
Of calculating men;
And Nature's charms will fail to please,
And Music's notes seem strange,
And Poesy's sweet spell will cease
To bless a World of Change.

Yet, though stern Time some joys may blight,
Some finer feelings chill,
Oh may'st thou hold one hope of light,
Unchanged, unclouded still—
The hope to win, in realms above,
Of bright and boundless range,
A World of Constancy and Love,
A World that cannot change!

THE HAREBELL.

BY DELTA.

Simplest of blossoms! to mine eye
Thou bring'st the summer's painted sky;
The maythorn greening in the nook;
The minnows sporting in the brook;
The bleat of flocks; the breath of flowers;
The song of birds amid the bowers;
The crystal of the azure seas;
The music of the southern breeze;
And, over all, the blessed sun,
Telling of halcyon days begun.

Blue-bell of Scotland, to my gaze,
As wanders Memory through the maze
Of silent, half-forgotten things,
A thousand sweet imaginings
Thou conjurest up—again return
Emotions in my heart to burn,
Which have been long estranged; the sky
Brightens upon my languid eye;
And, for a while, the world I see,
As when my heart first turned to thee,
Lifting thy cup, a lucid gem,
Upon its slender emerald stem.
Again I feel a careless boy,
Roaming the daisied wold in joy;

At noontide, tracking in delight
The butterfly's erratic flight;
Or watching, 'neath the evening star,
The moonrise, brightening from afar;
As boomed the beetle o'er the ground,
And shrieked the bat lone flitting round.

Yet though it be, that now thou art
But as a memory to my heart,
Though years have flown, and, in their flight,
Turned hope to sadness, bloom to blight,
And I am changed, yet thou art still
The same bright blossom of the hill,
Catching within thy cup of blue
The summer light and evening dew.

Yes! though the wizard Time hath wrought
Strange alteration in my lot,
Though what unto my youthful sight
Appeared most beautiful and bright—
(The morning star, the silver dew,
Heaven's circling arch of cloudless blue,
And setting suns, above the head
Of ragged mountains blazing red)
Have of their glory lost a part,
As worldly thoughts o'erran the heart;
Still, what of yore thou wert to me,
Blithe Boyhood seeks and finds in thee.

As, on the sward reclined he lies,
Shading the sunshine from his eyes,
He sees the lark, with twinkling wings,
For ever soaring as she sings,
And listens to the tiny rill,
Amid its hazels murmuring still,
The while thou bloomest by his knee—
Ah! who more blest on earth than he!

Ah! when in hours by thought o'ercast,
We mete the present with the past,
Seems not this life so full of change,
That we have to ourselves grown strange?
For, differs less the noon from night,
Than what we be from what we might?
The feelings all have known decay;
Our youthful friendships, where are they?
The glories of the earth and sky
Less touch the heart, less charm the eye;
Yet, as if Nature would not part,
In silent beauty to my heart,
Sweet floweret of the pastoral glen,
Amid the stir, the strife of men,
Thou speakest of all gentle things,
Of bees, and birds, and gushing springs,
The azure lake, the mossy fount,
The plaided shepherd on the mount,
The silence of the vale profound,
And flocks in quiet feeding round!

THE OLD LIEUTENANT.

Death, who is no respecter of persons, never deprived society of a more kind and simple-hearted creature than old Lieutenant L——, of the line. During the whole course of his long life, he had never suffered a day's illness; and his death—by a cannon-ball on the field of Waterloo—was so sudden, that it might with truth be said, not an hour of corporal pain had ever fallen to his lot.

Health, and the care of it, were the incessant topic of his conversation: often would he vauntingly exclaim, "I am a man of a thousand: I never had a head-ache, a tooth-ache, a toe-ache, or any ache at all, during the whole of my existence; and it is the main pleasure of my life to hear that my friends have been equally fortunate."

In his deportment he was extremely pompous and unbending, except when under the influence of his predominating foible; but withal, his manner and address were those of the polished gentleman. His little out-of-the-way whims could hardly be said to amount to actual eccentricity; still there was a peculiarity about them, which rendered them at once both troublesome and amusing.

If it was your chance to meet the old Sub twice or even three times, in one day, he made it a point to inquire each time after your health: and if it happened

that you were blessed with a partner for life, you had a double response to make.

The lieutenant-colonel, who had not long joined the corps in which our lieutenant was serving, was particularly annoyed by him, and, being unacquainted with L——'s peculiarity, he appeared, upon more than one occasion, to be offended: no notice, however, was taken of this by the old Sub, for, whether he met the colonel on the morning duty, afternoon inspection, or evening parade, his Monsieur Tonson-like questions were sure to be put to our not very even-tempered commandant—"How do ye find your health, Curnal A——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Curnal A——?" Then, stalking through the corps of officers, he would repeat the like question to all he met: "How do you find your health Major B——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Major B——?" "And how do you find *your* health, Captain C——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Captain C——?" and so on down the different grades of rank, sometimes even so low as "How do you find your health Drummer D——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Drummer D——?"

To the colonel and the senior officers he was particularly persevering in his annoying inquiries; but the kindness of his nature, his affable demeanour, and his sincere solicitude concerning the health of his friends, induced all who knew him to bear with his strange and whimsical interrogatories. The colonel, for the first week after joining the regiment, thinking

that L——'s reiterated inquiries were either intended as a molestation or a joke, treated him in a cool and distant manner: but, on becoming better acquainted with him, and finding that his enquiries after the health of the "Curnal and Mrs. Curnal" were sincere, he treated him with that attention and politeness which one officer has a right to expect from another. It happened, however, that in the course of one day the old Sub inquired no less than three times of the colonel, "How Curnal A—— found his health, and how the health of Mrs. Curnal A—— stood affected?" which so ruffled the temper of the colonel, that the remnant of his nearly worn-out patience at once gave way, and the old lieutenant was ordered, with the command of a relief-detachment, into the interior, where poor L—— could meet none but Monkeys and their Mrs. Monkeys to waste his humane inquiries upon.

The month's detached duty having expired, L—— once more returned to the corps and the "Curnal:" their first meeting was at morning parade for guard-mounting, when the lieutenant attacked him with his everlasting question, "How do you find your health, Curnal A——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Curnal A——?" The astounded colonel looked aghast, and, checking his rising choler, politely answered, "Pretty well, thank ye," and gave the word "Fall in!" The "pretty well, thank ye," was not an answer sufficiently satisfactory to the anxious old Sub; for, on the duty being dispatched to their different charges, he

approached the colonel, repeating his everlasting question, "How do you find your health, Curnal A——, and how stands the health of Mrs. Curnal A?"

On this occasion the colonel met him with "a countenance more in sorrow than in anger," and solemnly answering with a sigh the interrogating lieutenant, said, "For myself, Lieutenant L——, thank Providence I enjoy excellent health; but, as for Mrs. A——, whom you so kindly enquire after, she, sir, drinks, and lies, and thinks it no crime to commit idolatry"—the colonel purposely pronouncing the last word quick and short.

"She drinks, and lies, and commits adultery!" exclaimed the lieutenant in a breath. "Good God!" continued the kind-hearted Sub, "who could have believed that a lady of such rare accomplishments, and apparent virtue and modesty, could lose every sense of propriety, and become a drunkard, a liar, and a ——"

"Hold, sir," cried the colonel, in a well-counterfeited rage; "how dare you accuse my wife of being a drunkard and a liar! I will permit no man living, sir, to do so, without receiving ample reparation on the spot."

"How!" cried the astonished lieutenant; "did you not this moment say, Curnal, that Mrs. Curnal A—— drinks, lies, and so forth?"

"Yes, sir," replied the colonel, "I did say so, and so she does, sir; and pray, sir, what lady of your ac-

quaintance does not both eat, and drink, and lie, and sit also; and every good wife and mother will idolize her husband and her children: but I plainly see that you and I are at cross-purposes, which has arisen from your inquiries after the health of Mrs. A——; no such misunderstanding can possibly again take place between us, if you refrain in future from such inquiries."

The poor old lieutenant bowed and retired in silent sorrow, and under the deepest mortification, for having unwittingly accused a virtuous and modest lady of being "a drunkard, a liar, and so forth;" nor from that period would he have enquired, by a direct question, after the health of the mother that bore him.

SONG.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

When the pale moon is shining
  From her blue vault of ether,
And fairies are twining
  Their garlands beneath her—
When the heaven above is
  Divine with her power,
On the pinions of love, I
  Shall fly to thy bower.

The gift, could I bear it,
  (And for thee alone)

To live like a spirit
  Unseen and unknown—
In the shade of thy presence
  I 'd glory to be,
And pass my existence
  Attendant on thee.

A DREAM OF THE HILLS.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

I have spied unrighteousness and strife in the city.
PSALMS, lv. 9.

OH! my heart panteth to be far away
  Amid the hills—the everlasting hills!
  For, in my dreams last night, a thousand rills
And mountain torrents held resistless sway
O'er my hush'd spirit—and the silent play
  Of golden lights and gleamy shadowings
  Chequer'd my veiled eyes, like seraph wings
That fan the crimson light of fading day!
I woke—the hum of traffic, and the din
  Of mercenary crowds, filled the calm air;
  I heard the voice of mendicant Despair
Echo the hollow laugh of reckless Sin,
And Love was not—nor Peace! Oh, let me win
  The hills—th' eternal hills!—for Peace dwells
    there!

LA SOURDE-MUETTE.

BY E. L. SWIFT, ESQ.

A PALE, solitary girl,
Whose only voice was in her eye:—and there
Was set the intellectual light, as on
A throne of starry purple sits a queen
In inward majesty; or as the depth
Of Ocean's blue is blended on its surge
With lines of silvery brightness.
For within
The radiance of its darkness were enshrined
Imagination and deep memory,
And thought, which never vocal eloquence
Could have unveiled. These in her secret heart
Were most severely prisoned: for the lip,
Whose earnest smile might well have syllabled
Words of sweet gentleness, was charmed to silence,
Even from its opening hour.
Yet the twin rose
And fair enfolded lilies, which there grew,
Had in their innocent breathings pulse and life
Almost of utterance. Not the garden flowers
Move to the whisper'd perfume of the West
So lightly.
From the variable cheek
Sweet language went and came along the brow,
Sometimes suffused with momentary tinge

Of bright intelligence, then pale again
As Dian's marble.
And the deep dark eye
Beneath it, in whose calm devotion dwelt
Conceivings not of earth—it gazed upon you,
As if the auricular sense were in its orb,
And the blest power of answering. Then it fell,
" In sorrow more than anger," at the dread
Nothing which shrouded it.
For mortal sound
Had never way to her forbidden ear.
The music of Creation touched her not,
Nor pipe of shepherd-youth, nor sabbath bell,
Nor evening gale, nor fountain of sweet fall,
Nor choral song of birds. Wonder not then,
That in her secret self she sate retired,
Holding her communings apart with Heaven.

One night I sate beside the lovely girl,
Imaging the ineffable thoughts which passed
Along her brow. I knew she was in pain,
Severer for its silence.
Then she took
My passive hand: and raising it toward heaven—
The while her bosom laboured with a sense
Too mighty for its weakness—in a tone
Unlike all human voice she uttered, " God!"
(Or on mine ear so sounded it). Perhaps
The chain was rended then. Ere long she died.

S.T. Lawrence P.R.A. pinxt. *Publd by R. Ackermann, London.* *R. Graves sculp.*

MARIANA.

THE BEAUTY LESSONED INTO LOVE.

MARIANA, Princess de Caranza, is still celebrated among the wits and beauties of the golden age of Spain, the time of the Emperor Charles. She was the daughter of an Italian of high birth, who, after distinguishing himself in the command of the Italian cavalry, followed Charles to Spain; where his talents and services obtained for him a principality, and placed him in the first rank of imperial favour. The fall of the Cortes had collected all the grandees round the court, and the hand of the lovely Mariana was sought, from the double motive of her personal attractions and her family alliance.

"Of what are you thinking, Mariana?" said Caranza to her one day, as they sat together at a table covered with letters and proposals from some of the highest names of Spain. "I have observed your eyes ready to weep, and your lips to laugh, at the same time."

"I have been looking at Jacinta milking her cows," said the lady, pointing to a meadow that stretched away under the casements of the magnificent mansion, "and I could weep with envy at her quiet life. She is old, and ugly, and poor, three things for which she should bless Heaven, for she will never have grandees of Spain torturing her with their ridiculous proposals. — No, Jacinta," said she, with a smile, "you are in paradise

already, for in paradise they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

"And what was so near provoking your laughter?"

"My lovers. Every absurdity of the human form and the human mind seems to have put on its gala dress, and come to ask me to be its wedded wife."

"And how are you to spend your days?"

"Not in prison, for I shall not live in the castle of a Spanish grandee; nor in terror, for I shall not live liable to his jealousy; nor in dulness, for I shall not be exposed to a moment of his presence."

"Then you must determine to lead a single life; for the line of the Prince de Caranza must not be degraded by an inferior alliance. But, Mariana, let me propose one suitor—the Conde de Montellanos."

"No, of all suitors on earth. I should be an eternal ridicule to the world. I remember him too well, at Milan. His air was sheepishness itself. I tried to discover whether the creature had a tongue; and, though he certainly made some attempt to speak, I am not convinced to this hour that he has one. I tried to dance a *rondelette* with him: but the whole art of machinery never produced such an automaton. I should have absolutely decided that he was a Venetian doll, indebted for his existence to the milliner, but for the perpetual blushes that turned his innocent face into one enormous pink, and the occasional opening of his lips with some strange apology for some inconceivable

awkwardness. No, of all men, save me from the Conde de Montellanos!"

"But he is opulent."

"Then let him endow an hospital for fools, and make himself the president."

"He is young."

"Yes, and, like my monkey, if he should live to the age of Methuselah, he will never be an atom more human."

"He is acknowledged to be handsome."

"Possibly, but I can see no beauty without mind. Or, if yonder bronze be beautiful, am I to take it for my lord and master. But a thought has just struck me. You are embarrassed by the perpetual advances of those grandees. Let me relieve you and them at once by flying from the court."

"And turning nun?"

"No; but learning from Jacinta how to milk cows, rear flowers, feed chickens, and be good for something on this troublesome earth; a point, which I shall never be able to accomplish in this land of loving cavaliers and beloved donnas, in this serenading, ball-giving, banqueting, and very stately and absurd court of the most stately and absurd of all nations. I ask but for an experiment of six months."

"You will be tired of it in six days."

"Well, I shall be forgotten here in as many hours. By the time of my return, if I ever return, the old grandees will be dead; the young ones married; and I

shall be no longer in fear of being poisoned by my rivals, persecuted by my adorers, or married by any body."

A Spanish father would have deemed all this the most unpardonable rebellion, have sent for the confessor, the alcalde, and the notary, and have given his daughter the choice of the convent or the jail. But Caranza was born under a gentler clime, where women were the sovereigns; and the mixture of earnest enthusiasm and brilliant playfulness in his daughter's countenance finished the contest in the way in which every contest with woman ought to finish—by perfect submission.

Mariana gave him no time to recover; and in a few days she took her farewell of the towers of Seville, gave a parting sigh to the balls and banquets that she had till then so much scorned, and, with some natural tears for the past, and some shapeless anxieties for the new world on which she was entering, gave a last look of her bright eyes to the hills that caught the evening sun above the city. In three days she reached the frontier of Murcia, then the most beautiful and still the most solitary province of Spain. Her caleche and suite whirled through Hornillo with a rapidity unheard of in the tardy travelling of the province. Half repentant of her rash determination, she had now no resource against *ennui* but in the rapidity of her movements. She flew through the showy suburbs of Rotana, long since in ruins, but then famous for the richest

rose-gardens in all Spain, and making otto that rivalled the finest of Damascus.

To learn the arts of domestic life, she had taken Jacinta into the caleche, and was soon tired to death of her. The old woman could talk of nothing but making cheeses and feeding poultry. The old secretary, whom the prince had dispatched to attend her on her journey, was more intolerable still. He had been so long in the "confidential department," that he had nothing to talk of but court scandal; and after having told all those secrets, which in courts are secrets to no one, he was as monotonous as a clock, and came again to the same chime every half hour. But, while Mariana was on the point of braving the world's opinion by turning back to Seville, and marrying the first grandee that offered, provided, however, he were the oldest, the sudden stoppage of the caleche put an end to her resolutions. The cause was instantly discovered by the screams of the women and by the opening of the caleche doors, which exhibited to the beautiful lady a troop of the most atrocious-looking figures conceivable—savages covered with mustaches, goat-skins, and iron caps. Pistols, carbines, and lances, were in abundance in their hands, and the declaration that they were *not* banditti, but gentlemen of birth and fortune, only a little unlucky in life, showed that they added a courtly contempt for fact to their other qualities.

Mariana, in infinite terror, asked for nothing but her personal safety and that of her people. And,

to do them justice, they gave her all that she asked, and nothing more. They proceeded to examine the contents of the carriage, regularly plundered it of every thing, cut the harness, and then, placing the lady and her female attendants on the mules, ordered the old confidential secretary to act as driver and walk behind. The secretary had been too long in public life to think any office too humble, and he accordingly complied, with the submission of a thorough diplomatist. The lady remonstrated strongly; but, as in her treaty she had forgotten to stipulate for her freedom, the unanimous opinion of the gentlemen of the road was, that the article could not now be introduced; and the march to their *château* in the mountains was instantly resolved on.

The fair Mariana's heart sank within her; but where was the use of resistance? She therefore adopted the wiser plan of trying to soften the barbarians about her. She instantly became the most popular of all prisoners. Her wit, which nothing could subdue, delighted the gang, some of whom had been accustomed to the world, while all had the never-failing instinct of the Spaniard for vivacity. Mariana's ransom was soon agreed upon, and her fears were at an end. Her beauty, too, rapidly felt the difference between the close air of the caleche and the light breezes of the mountain-tops, and, in spite of fatigue, her cheeks began to glow like the flowers that covered every cliff and ridge around her. The eccentricity and

adventure of the life almost amused her. She asked herself involuntarily, whether the bold bandit were not as useful to society as the lazy grandee; whether the violences of the one were not even less mischievous than the vices of the other; and whether the daring qualities of the mountaineer were not calculated to give a higher standard of human nature, than the dreary indolence and effeminate indulgences of the man of courts.

She had never before made so long a journey in the open air; she had never seen so much of the magnificence of the Spanish landscape; she had never seen the glories of sun-rise with such charmed wonder; she had never watched the lingering colours of the twilight with so keen a sense of their beauty. She even found new sources of pleasure in the simple enjoyments of rest after fatigue, and food after hunger. She had never felt the delights of repose till now; for she had never been exposed to exertion long enough for fatigue. Water, fruits, and mountain bread, were now incomparable luxuries; for a rapid succession of banquets was not the regimen among the banditti. She felt that sensation which, to the self-indulgent, is as incomprehensible as light to the blind—the sensation of complete health, the buoyancy of spirits, the perpetual enjoyment which transpires even in the brighter images of dreams, and fills the heart with unconscious joy. Mariana was never so lovely, so smiling, and so overflowing with uncontrollable and delighted vivacity.

The change in her from the pale and terrified prisoner had communicated itself to others; for the robbers were undergoing a sudden transformation into cavaliers, and many an homage was offered, and many a guitar unslung, in honour of "*La mas hermosa del mundo.*" But this triumph was not without its evils. The captain, a gigantic ruffian, with a scar that had laid open his cheek to the bone, the present of a German trooper, when he served in the campaigns against the Lutherans, felt the tender passion budding about his rough heart. His proposals were brief:—If the lady desired to be commander in chief of him and the castle, she was welcome. Nay, if she required it, he should probably be induced to marry her. If she preferred living in a town, she might chuse any on earth, Carthagena alone excepted, where he was better known by the alcalde than he desired; and where, besides, he had three wives already: but a dispensation would settle all that part of the difficulty. He would then blow up the *château*, and give up the gang to their own pleasure; or, if she thought a little more money necessary to begin housekeeping, he would sell them to the Captain General of Murcia, who would give him his own price, and thenceforth he might live like an hidalgo, as he was; or, if the lady preferred it, he might turn contrabandist or pirate, just as she pleased, and fill her lap with jewels, plucked from the ears of every countess who ventured half a mile from shore between Genoa and Trapani. The

lady first laughed at the singularity of this wooing, then remonstrated, and then offered to double the ransom. But her lover was too much in love to hear of any terms but his own, and, in a fit of bandit tenderness, he drew his sabre, and swore upon its bright edge that, unless she rewarded his admiration, never should she reward that of any other.

The lady was frightened at this determined shape of the universal passion, but she had no resource; and she glanced at the massive gates of the *château* with a trembling heart, and many a bitter thought on the unlucky propensity of mankind to marry.

Jacinta and the old secretary found her in an agony of tears; but they could give her neither counsel nor comfort. Jacinta wrung her withered hands, and declared herself the principal victim. "Victim!" exclaimed her mistress, tossing back the fine hair that had covered her face like a veil, and shooting a glance of irresistible mirth from eyes full of tears, like the gleam of sunshine through a shower—"victim! Santa Maria defend us! has any one offered to marry *you?*" But the secretary had seen so many prime-ministers turned out and turned in again, so many raised from the royal kitchen to the royal closet, and so many flung down into the kitchen once more, that he always relied upon fortune, and now consoled himself by the doctrine that chance was every thing, and every thing was chance; and, thankful that his head was still on his shoulders, he applied himself philosophically to a bottle of calcavella.

The captain soon returned: he was not a man of many words, and he informed Mariana that, as his time for remaining in the *château* was short, he having received intelligence of a company of travellers going to the fair of Carthagena with well loaded mules, he had fixed the marriage-ceremony for that evening. The lady was now thoroughly alarmed. She remonstrated, threatened, and implored, and all equally in vain. The captain laughed at her, swore that the news had improved her beauty a hundred per cent.; that a fine woman in tears was well enough, but a fine woman in a fury was infinitely more to his taste, and that, if he had never liked her before, he was totally captivated now. Jacinta ventured to interpose. The captain gave her his opinion of her interference with the flat of his sabre; told her that she was too old to understand anything about love, and too ugly even for a duenna, and turned her out of the room. The secretary only shrugged his shoulders, an offence which however was repaid by a kick from the captain's boot, which sent him down the stairs after Jacinta. He then left the chamber, locking the door, and directing Mariana to wipe her eyes, look as fond and pretty as she could, and prepare to be the wife of "Señor Don Borradin de Almorante, captain-general of the Mountains, and minister of finance to her majesty the Moon."

The princess was in despair. But, after a burst of tears and exclamations at a fate which she dreaded worse

than death, her native spirit returned, and she looked round for the possibilities of escape. Never seemed hope more cheering than she found in the state of the chamber, for every one of its four walls was rent from top to bottom, every window was shaking in its frame, every bar seemed rusted to its core, and its three doors shook to the touch like so many sheets of paper. This was the history of every castle from the Tagus to the Ebro, and of course had no novelty for her; but unluckily just enough of their original strength remained to baffle that of her slight and beautiful figure. In double disappointment she was relinquishing her task, when the door seemed to give way under her hand. It flew back, but there stood a shape, that startled her only less than the sight of her bridegroom would have done. It was a bold-looking woman in the peasant dress, whose showy features had been bronzed and hardened by exposure to the weather. The woman looked at Mariana with a contemptuous smile. "So you are to be the new wife?—the sixth, by my reckoning, within the last year! And you expect with that bullrush figure to be able to follow the captain? Why, he might as well marry a butterfly. They tell me that you are to be married this evening."—"Never, no never, while I have life!" exclaimed the disconsolate lady. The woman had evidently been unsheathing a weapon under her cloak, which she now grasped in her hand. "Do you speak that truly or falsely?" said she in a stern tone. "As truly as I hope for heaven.

Rather let me die on this spot than be the wife of that horrible being!" The woman, with something of a grim smile, returned the knife into its sheath. "Horrible being!" said she: "I wish Borradin could hear that, for he thinks that all Murcia has not his equal for beauty. But he shall hear it yet. You may thank your stars, girl, that you hate him; for, if you had made up your mind to marry him, you should have said the last prayer that ever crossed your lips. The woman shall not live whom Borradin marries before me. Villain as he was, and will be, he shall not go down to the plains to bring back his pretty fools and get rid of his lawful wife. Do you wish to leave the castle?"

"Help me to escape this instant, and you shall have whatever ransom you demand." The woman stepped back hastily, listened for a moment, closed the door, and was gone.

Evening came, the sun went down in glory, and the heaven was coloured like a peacock's train, but Mariana had no eyes for its display. She sat weeping, and watching the quivering of the door, which shook with every rustle of the wind. But the silence which had for some hours told that the banditti were, like true Spaniards, enjoying their *siesta*, now gave way to loud acclamations; and, from the casement to which she climbed, she could see, to her boundless terror, the captain mustering his men in the court-yard, all in their best costume, to fire a *feu de joye* in honour of his

nuptials. It was now nearly dark, and the blaze of the carbines burst like falling stars round the battlements. The moment was come. The door opened, and the captain appeared. He had evidently been carousing; and his look, as he stood in the doorway, was a mixture of drunken admiration and natural ferocity. Mariana gazed fearfully on him, as the bird gazes on the snake, but, as he advanced, she saw something sparkle suddenly behind him, his countenance writhed, he staggered forward, and drew his stiletto. Her eyes closed in terror; she heard the clashing of weapons, shots, and screams, and heard no more.

When she recovered, she found herself lying under the shelter of a thicket, with the moon broad and bright above her, and the bandit's mistress sitting at her side. "I have made good my promise," said she, "and more than my promise. You will never see the captain again. He has paid all his debts. You have now nothing to do but to follow this fisherman, who will take you down the bay in his boat, and land you safe in Carthagena." The fisherman appeared: a tall fellow covered with goat-skins, as is the custom of the mountaineers; and well adapted to startle a traveller by his mere look of savageness. Mariana was unresisting. She was placed on the mule, and the party rapidly descended the mountains. Towards noon, next day, they stopped to dine under a grove of cork-trees, and the story of the escape was briefly explained. The captain had added threats to injuries, and his bandit

wife had learned that she was not merely to see herself cast off, but flung into the castle dungeon, there to perish, or be sold to the first Algerine that appeared off the coast, as it might happen. The captain was thenceforth plied with wine. The wife's friends were privately brought into the castle, some of the gang changed sides, and, in the scuffle, the captain fell. "But come," said she, "let us forget the scoundrel. I shall have half a dozen masses said for him in Hornillo, and he will be washed as clean as a sheep at midsummer. Now, Gomez, give us something better to think of, and sing us a *seguidilla*."

Gomez, like every Spaniard, whether tiller of the ground, traveller, or thief, was a minstrel, and he played one or two *seguidillas*, much to the approbation of his fierce friend. Even Mariana, accustomed as she was to polished performance, acknowledged her pleasure at the fisherman's skill; for, though he played only those wild melodies made by the peasants and monteneros, who seem to have borrowed the echoes of the mountain trees and winds; still there was something of nature in their wildness, that charmed her ear. She had certainly often heard the finest music with less interest, and she expressed her eloquent satisfaction. The fisherman was delighted with such praise; made an abundance of rude gambols and gestures of gratitude, and went on playing and singing. Mariana's few words of praise fell upon him like rain on the dry ground. The savage's heart seemed to be in sudden

flower and leaf; his rough voice softened, and even his common attendance on her was gradually offered in a more willing and gentle manner. In this way they travelled two days, until they reached a gorge of the hills, and the bandit's wife and the fisherman changed their dresses, that they might not be seized as monteneros by the troops set to watch the contrabandists on their descent to the plains; the goat-skin coat was put up in the mule's panniers; the woman became a quiet-looking Murcian grape-gatherer; but her friend, putting on the picturesque clothing of the Carthagenian boatmen, showed a slight and not inelegant figure. His black beard and brown visage, however, were as wild as ever; and Mariana could not help laughing at the idea of being seen by any of her former admirers, escorted by such an extraordinary pair. But the fisherman had thrown off more than his goat-skins, for Mariana's bright eyes had palpably turned his brain, and she laughed still more at his awkward attempts to attract her notice. He sang, and told the stories familiar among the hills, some of which were romantic enough; and his voice, which was naturally tuneable and sweet, obviously laboured to become softer and sweeter whenever he sang to her.

But they had now reached the shore. The lovely waters of the bay spread out before her like a sheet of blue silk, fringed with silver wherever the little surges broke before the wind. At the distance of scarcely more than a mile, lay the superb city, glit-

tering in the evening sun. "You are now near your journey's end," said the fisherman, as he led her down to the boat. He said no more. But the tone of his voice told what he thought. To Mariana's utter surprise, she felt no delight at the intelligence; and she almost regretted that the journey had been so suddenly brought to a close. The bandit's wife asked to what quarter of the city she wished to go; she was on the point of answering To none, but at length pronounced the words, Calle de Calvados. This sudden dejection seemed strange to the woman, but it was ten times more strange to Mariana herself. Yet, with the quickwittedness of her nature, she suspected the cause, and a blush covered her cheek. She suddenly glanced up, saw the boatman's eyes fixed on her, and blushed deeper still, as if she had been caught in a crime; but, even in that glance, she thought the boatman handsomer than before. He took the guitar; he now excelled himself: and the effect of the song was heightened by an accidental allusion to the strange fate of a peasant girl, who, after a life of coldness, had lately died for love.

The moon was lying on the waters like a ship of pearl, giving just light enough for them to trace their course, and touching the shore with a tender illumination. Mariana listened to the softened sounds of the city, and floated on with an insensible motion over the waters, studded with the reflected stars, as if she were floating in the skies. Her reverie was deep

and delightful. But she was suddenly roused from it by the boatman's starting up with a loud cry, and then dashing his oars into the water, and rowing away with all speed.

But what could two oars do against the twenty that were sweeping after him, in the hands of as muscular and swarthy a set of Mussulmans as ever robbed on the waters of the bluest of all seas! He was overtaken in a moment, and half stifled with a cloak flung over him. Mariana's final view of her guide was, to see him struggling in the grasp of a mob of Moors, who soon succeeded in throwing him overboard. She felt her heart sink as she saw him go down, and instinctively darted to the side of the boat to save him. But the strong arm of one of the captors prevented this effort; she was held fast, carried into the *sparonaro* of the Moors, discovered by the moonlight to be worth making a prize of; and in ten minutes she gave her last look to the lighthouse of Carthagena.

The voyage continued a mortal fortnight: Mariana wept over the singular fate that seemed determined to punish her for the capricious rejection of her suitors; and in her despair she vowed that the first man who asked her hand, let him be as old, ugly, and odd, as he might, should have it. She had scarcely uttered the words before the cabin-door opened, and showed her the captain, Muley Ahmed, who announced that Algiers was in sight, and that in

three hours more she should be the ornament of his harem. Muley had all the qualifications of the suitor whom she had invoked. His visage was one of the ugliest links between the physiognomy of man and the baboon, and he was old enough to have been her grandfather. She screamed with fright at being thus taken at her word. But Muley's arguments were strong: "If I take you on shore as you are," said he, "the first thing that will happen will be your seizure as the pasha's slave, and you may spend your days in lighting his pipe, warming his bath, feeding his falcons, and being flogged by his women. With me, on the contrary, you will be as happy as a peri, beloved as a maid of paradise, and chew tobacco, and comb my beard twelve hours a day. But, to prevent your seizure by the pasha's officers, you must instantly be made my wife, and you will be the first female who has enjoyed that honour."

Mariana murmured the word "marriage" with a bitterness of tone that told the depth of her despair. She cordially wished that love, marriage, and ugly old men, were all extinguished together. But the captain, in the course of his address, had dropped his hand so significantly upon the glittering hilt of the poniard in his sash, that her soliloquy began and ended with the single word; which Muley unhesitatingly took for the bashful consent of maiden beauty. That evening was announced to the crew for their captain's nuptials on shore; and Muley proceeded up the harbour in his boat

in the pomp of a youthful bridegroom; while Mariana was carried, veiled and muffled, through a long range of streets to a sumptuous house, which the captain had fitted up with luxury, purchased by a long course of plunder. Night came, and she made up her mind to jump out of the window on the first vision of her future husband. But no husband appeared; and in his absence the household was a scene of the most boisterous merriment. The women danced, sang, fought, kissed, and kicked each other, with the delightful variety of the sex. Still Muley was unheard of. On the third day the chief of the harem announced that the usual fate of the rich was the old captain's; that the dey had sent for him, and sent him home without his head; and that one of the chief officers of the court would come in half an hour to take possession in the prince's name. Within the half-hour the officer came.

But nothing could be less like the grim representative of the dey. He was the perfection of a Turkish beau. His green turban hung over his left eye in the most bewitching manner; his caftan was dazzling with precious stones; his pipe was amber; his robe was of Venetian tissue; and his perfumes were so exquisite, that all the women were in love with him from his first step into the supper-room.

Mariana's proud spirit was forced to submit to the degradation of marching in the grand procession of beauties before this new inspector. But, stubborn as her scorn was, she could not deny that the Turkish

costume threw the Andalusian into utter eclipse, and even that its present wearer was well-looking. In the march, she discovered that the infidel's eyes were caught by her; and she further acknowledged that their glance was respectful, and their owner handsome —for a Turk. The supper was sumptuous. The Turk had travelled, and even Mariana's brief answers to his gallant yet searching questions evidently made him distinguish her superiority over the crowd of the harem. Songs followed, and little as Turkish education affects science in anything, his attention to the melody that Mariana reluctantly sang, showed that he could feel European music. In return, he ordered the chief of the harem to bring in a theorbo, which he touched with a dexterity, that made the women all clap their hands and extol him to the skies, and surprised even Mariana. But she listened with still more pleasure to his history of the means that had made him a lover of music—his residence in Naples, in the suite of the Turkish *chargé-d'affaires*. He spoke Italian tolerably: and the complimentary style in which he alluded to the treasures of Italy in nature and art fell on Mariana's ear with almost the spell of personal praise; for the very weeds of her native land were richer to her than the roses of Spain.

This scene was repeated for three evenings. On the fourth the young Moslem looked sad. His dress was richer than ever; his touch on the theorbo was still more skilful; his canzonetti were more exquisite:

but there was a melancholy in his face that strangely disturbed Mariana. For the first time, she was forced to confess that a Turk might be one of the handsomest men in the world. But her chief interest was excited by the power of mind by which such a being must have conquered his national ignorance, by his various knowledge, and by his susceptibility of the delights of song. His praise of her own acquirements of course was passed by; but she, with a scarcely suppressed sigh, wished, if it must be her misfortune to be married to a Turk, that the misfortune might be palliated as much as possible, by coming in the shape of the young Effendi.

On this evening, the supper was served in an apartment which overlooked the sea. The moon was broad and serene; the waters were without a ripple; the dying air along the shore was filled with the odour of fruits and flowers. The Effendi descended to the terrace, leading Mariana. The crowd of slaves were about to follow him, but a gesture to the chief of the harem instantly sent them back. After a few turns along the terrace, the Turk pointed to a small barge that came struggling against the current, round a projection of the bay.

"There," said he, taking her hand and pressing it to his lips, "there comes your joy and my misery. That barge is for your escape from this land of slaves." Mariana's heart throbbed with mixed emotion. "I must this moment bid you farewell," said he; "but

must I say, for ever?" Mariana could trust her tongue with but some imperfect expressions of gratitude. The Turk led her to the barge, placed her, half reluctant, in it, and, throwing over her his mantle of sables, to screen her from the night-dews, continued long upon the terrace gazing on the course of the vessel.

Mariana, as the shore receded, felt relieved; yet pain was mingled with her pleasure. She would have scorned herself for thinking of a son of Mahomet as an object of attraction. Yet she instinctively regretted that this handsome and comparatively accomplished being was condemned to pass his existence in the heartlessness and hazard of Moorish life. "Santa Maria!" she exclaimed, in full recollection of her vow, "how lucky it would be for me, if the first grandee who comes to solicit the hand of the unfortunate Mariana possessed half the gifts of this noble-minded barbarian!" The silence of the night gave room for the play of thought; and the beautiful Mariana, as the barge moved rapidly round Cape Spartacio, raised her eyes but once, and then it was to catch a last look of the terrace. The supper-room was still lighted up, but in the midst of the illumination, as it fell broadly on the water, was one shade. It was that of the Effendi, who was still standing on the terrace. She plunged her head in the folds of the mantle. Even the mantle was his; and she flung it from her, as if determined to break off all recollection of him; then, covering her face with her hand, she thought and wept.

She was startled from her meditations by the hailing of the barge, which had now run under the bows of a Spanish frigate at anchor. The princess was received on board with the honours due to her rank, and with the proverbial gallantry of Spanish officers. The frigate had just completed her cruize, and, after some communication with the shore for wood and water, sailed for Spain. The passage was slow through the summer calms, and the presence of a princess and a court beauty excited the officers to exert all their resources of amusement. After all had been tried, a famous play of Camporillo's, the "*Menos enamorado mas sabio*," was proposed. The parts were arranged, the deck turned into a stage, and the curtain ready to rise, when the lover and hero declared himself altogether unable to undertake the character. Don Bartolomeo Quintana, as daring a stormer of batteries and assaulter of decks as ever fought under the emperor Charles, had found his nerves give way at the bare possibility of being laughed at; and, when the eventful hour approached, the gallant lieutenant sprang into his hammock, and pleaded a sudden complication of disorders, that defied all hope of medicine.

The captain, Don Balthazar de Carnero, a warrior of sixty, who had paid the tribute of a right leg and a left arm to the victory of Majorca, gallantly proposed to take the part. But the fear of turning the drama into a farce prevented the acceptance of an offer so unequivocally magnanimous. In this state of despair,

a general muster was made of the crew, to discover any substitute, intrepid enough to stand forth in defiance of the world's dread laugh, and endure the loves and sorrows of Don Henriquez Baturin, captain of the matchlocks, who, by the help of drapery, rouge, and a crown of Italian gold leaf, made a very handsome and very gigantic queen.

At last, out of the mob between decks was fished up a gavacho, who acknowledged that, among his different contrivances for life, he had flourished in one of the strolling companies that cross the Pyrenees every year from the Basque country. No plea of modesty could here be available. He was forced to appear upon the boards, and, though the gavacho accent and manner were sufficiently obvious in all that he said or did, he went through the high heroics of Camporillo with some applause. But his success was still more striking in the celebrated *entremes* of Saluceo, which fell almost entirely to himself. His imitations of all the lovers of the Donna Cariscosa, the Englishman's abruptness, the Frenchman's *nonchalance*, the Italian's romance, and the Spaniard's dignity, were pronounced first-rate. The old captain declared that he could not have done it better himself; the sailors declared that the gavacho deserved a double ration; and even the fastidious Mariana allowed that she had seen a worse gracioso in the Royal Theatre of Seville.

But the frigate was now steering into harbour; a splendid barge came alongside; she heard her name

pronounced, and was in a moment clasped in her father's arms. All Carthagena was in a state of extacy at the preservation of "the most famous beauty of Spain, who had been miraculously brought back by the special interposition of the Madonna." A succession of *fêtes* followed. Mariana was enchanted, grew tired, began to contrast her late eccentric yet exciting life with the perpetual and exhausting indulgences of her present; and, soon sick of banqueting, complimenting, and late hours, she felt rejoiced at her father's being compelled by his office to return to Seville, whither she proposed to accompany him. But the prince also had his terms to make, and they were, that he should be suffered to introduce the Conde de Montellanos again. She shrank from the idea; but all were now alike indifferent to her feelings. Montellanos came; she found him as embarrassed, awkward, and intolerable, as ever. But she was tired of resistance to her father's wishes. Montellanos was of the highest rank and opulence. "He is a fool," thought she, "but where are we to look for philosophers among Condes!" She acquiesced: her acquiescence delighted the prince; and he gave a grand *reunion* to make known the approaching nuptials.

Mariana was in the pride of loveliness, and in the midst of all the luxury of the South; yet an unaccountable weight lay on her spirits, and never was happiness more sad. On the evening of the *fête*, she withdrew

from the crowd, and sat in an alcove looking out upon the gardens, which were filled with masquers. There she suddenly caught some notes of a song familiar to her ear. From one of the groupes the singer advanced, his mask was off, and she instantly recognized the montenero fisherman. A thousand strange recollections rushed into her heart. But she felt that this was no hour for the dangerous feast of the fancy, and she hurried into the midst of a circle of stately dames and cavaliers. There a voice of singular sweetness pronounced her name; she started at the sound, and, turning, could scarcely trust her eyes; Hamet Effendi was at her side, handsomer than ever, but more melancholy still. In a few words, he told her that, finding it impossible to remain in Africa after she had left it, he had come to give himself the fatal delight of seeing her once, before he went to die in the armies of the Sultan.

Mariana's soul was on her lips, and she was uttering a request that he might at least "stay until she had brought the prince her father to thank him for his generous services," when the recollection of what she was so soon to be smote her like an arrow. Her promise to Montellanos was irrevocable. To wed an Infidel would have been at all times revolting—and yet Hamet, the noble and highminded being who now stood fixing his magnificent eyes on her with such intenseness of admiration and sorrow—was it possible that he could continue long in the delusions of his

native belief? While she lingered in this powerless but charmed uncertainty, the Effendi drew a ring from her passive finger, and replaced it with a superb one from his own, then, pressing her hand on his beating bosom, vowed with religious solemnity that there she was enshrined for ever. A dimness seemed to fall on Mariana's eyes, the deep disturbance of true passion; and, when she raised them again, her lover was gone. She felt as if with him had vanished the happiness of her life.

The festivity of the surrounding scene was now painful, and she was retiring, when a loud laugh, and the entrance of the whole group of officers of the frigate, stopped her. They were surrounding their old friend, the gavacho, who was giving them a recitation of one of his national stories, with such a mixture of vivacity, oddity, and feeling, that his audience were alternately subdued almost to tears and bursting out into unrestrained merriment. Mariana was recognized by him at once, and a long extempore stanza was poured out in her praise. The compliment was profuse, yet turned with a delicacy that called up increased applause on the part of the audience, and touched even Mariana's thoughtful countenance with a blush and a smile. The gavacho vanished. "A capital fellow!" said the officers, "what an actor he would make!" "A capital fellow!" said the donnas, "what a lover he would make!" "A being of singular talents!" said Mariana; "and, if it be in the power

of the Prince de Caranza, they shall not be thrown away."

A movement in the distant circle now indicated the arrival of some distinguished guest. A chamberlain announced the name of the Conde de Montellanos. Nothing could have been more unfortunate in that hour of feeling. Mariana shuddered as he approached her. The touch of his hand, as he led her forward to the company in the character of his future bride, chilled her like ice; and, half fainting, she tottered back to a recess which admitted the night air. Montellanos attended her there: but she listened to him with bitter repulsion, until he gave up the attempt to address her, and, with the carelessness of a husband, began to amuse himself with touching the chords of a guitar that lay on the table. After a prelude of a few notes, he sang to the instrument. To her surprise, it was the montenero's song and actual tone. But the Conde soon grew tired, threw aside the instrument, and launched out into praise of the loveliness of the night. The memorable parting on the Algerine terrace came full on Mariana's memory, and her eyes were accidentally turned on him. After pressing the border of her mantle to his lips, he had drawn a fold of it round his forehead, with some resemblance to a turban. His costume rivalled the Turkish in splendour; and, in the expression of his features and the tone of his voice, as he asked her some question of her detention among the Infidels, she could almost have

thought that the Effendi was again at her side. But the idea was extravagant, and Mariana dismissed it with an unconscious sigh.

To his enquiries, she acknowledged that the pirates had treated her with singular respect, and that there were noble minds among them. "Yes, and even in Algiers," said the Conde, "there are to be found as many of the pains of passion as in the most fastidious circles of European beauty. The loveliest being I ever saw, excepting the Princess de Caranza herself, I saw in Algiers. But she was capricious as a gazelle, and in return for the offer of a heart I could obtain nothing but this ring." He laid it on her hand: it bore her cipher; it was the ring which the Effendi had drawn from her finger. Mariana's dark eyes gazed on the Conde's face with astonishment. He was more like Hamet than ever. Even her beauty was heightened by the emotion.

"Ah, princess," whispered the lover, that countenance would have sealed your eternal captivity. No Turk would have ever suffered you to leave his shore. But, on the last night when Hamet Effendi led you from the pavilion of the captain of the Vulture——"

"That Effendi was no Infidel," interrupted the quick-witted princess, with a smile. The secret flashed on her at once; the Conde fell at her feet, and the fastidiousness of the Italian beauty was at once punished and rewarded.

The Conde's own narrative was brief. His admiration of her talents and beauty had embarrassed him

in their first interview; and the painful discovery that she looked upon him with contempt had still more deprived him of his presence of mind. But, on her leaving Seville, he found that he could not live without her; and, by pursuing her route, he had naturally fallen into the same adventures with herself.

Following her to Carthagena, he had been seized by the same banditti, had purchased the assistance of some of the robbers, and had kept up his disguise, that he might indulge in the delight of seeing her, lovely and unsophisticated as she was. The same pirate next seized both. But the Algerine had been thrown into prison, on his landing, by the dey; and a bribe to the superintendent of the harem had invested the Conde with the temporary honours of the master of the household. More and more enamoured, he had followed her to the Spanish frigate, where he had determined to avoid her presence through fear of her displeasure at thus playing upon her feelings; but the strong temptation of seeing her without being known again induced him to personate the royal lover of the tragic queen, the captain of the matchlocks, and the gracioso of the *entremes*. Mariana's radiant eyes told with what emotions she listened to the tale. Genius, feeling, heroism, and passion, were before her in the form of the scorned lover. In sighs and tears she gave her hand, but they were the overflowings of a delighted spirit. She was silent, but her heart spoke; and Mariana was the happiest bride in Spain.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

BY L. E. L.

"Fear not, thy God is with thee."

It comes!—the rushing wind has burst
The silence and the weight which nurst
Its gathering strength: deep as the tomb,
One heavy cloud sweeps on in gloom;
A few faint gleams of broken light—
A streak of blue—all else is night!—
Not the soft night of moon and star,
But made by elements at war.

A human step is on the heath—
A child that bears a wild-flower wreath:
Wild o'er the mountains howls the wind;
The morn's fair vale is far behind;
She is alone: her large blue eye
Turns timid to the awful sky;
The innocent, the loved, the young,
To whom the widow's heart has clung;
The dear reminder of the past,
On whom all future hope is cast.
Guarded by all thy mother's tears,
Sweet orphan, shake from thee thy fears;
Tremble to mark God's might above,
Tremble, but cheer thy dread with love!

Though dark the tempest o'er thy head,
Not this the tempest thou shouldst dread—
Dread thou the storms which coming time
Must mingle with thine hour of prime—
The tempests of the heart, which none,
However they subdue, may shun.
The feverish hope, the vain desire,
Envy, repentance, grief, and ire,
The trust deceived, the faith betray'd,
The wrong that only Heaven can aid:
These wait for all, and these must be
A portion of thy life and thee.

Ah! when in after-years, if care
Or toil seem more than thou canst bear;
And sleepless night, and anxious day,
Wear life in heaviness away;
Think thou, amid thy weary lot,
How this storm pass'd and harm'd thee not:
The Hand that kept the wind-swept hill
And lonely moor is with thee still,
The same to save, the same to spare,
Let thy lip guard its early prayer.

Thy wrongs are register'd on high,
Thy tears a holy hope shall dry,
Thy toil meet harvest will return,
Thy grief is as the fires that burn

And purify, if that thy heart
Has kept its early faith apart;
If thou canst raise a heavenward brow
As trustingly as thou dost now;
If meekest faith and piety
Can say—Thy God is still with thee.

A WOODLAND RETREAT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

> Here Guilt might come,
> With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
> And in a moment be restored to heaven.
>
> WILSON.

THIS hospitable lodge hath harboured me
Since the last roseate hue of parting day
Faded on yonder peak. Star-crowned night
From the grey East approaches with mute step,
And the pale moon-rays glimmer, like sweet thoughts,
Through the close-woven texture of these boughs
And many-shaped leaves fantastical!
Here SILENCE lingers; and the bowery haunt
Embosoms a deep twilight, momently
To the meek influx of slow-waving beams
Yielding its phantom witchery, until
The leaves above my head, and tangled blooms,
Wear a transparent look; and, opposite,
The braided ivy, fancifully wreathed
Into festoons and natural draperies,
Or round the trunks of patriarchal trees

Inveterately twisted, on the smooth
And silvered rocks contemplates its own shade,
Swayed to and fro, like melodies, dream-born,
Stirring old thoughts to Poesy! The stream,
Whose dwelling-place from immemorial time
Hath been this unambitious solitude,
Murmurs its sacred language at my feet,
And dimples into smiles! Nor do its banks
Need the embellishment of dew-fed flowers,
For weeds, almost as beautiful as they,
And, in th' embalmed stillness of this hour,
Seeming to be endued with odorous souls,
Over the gliding stream hang motionless;
And the fair water-lily's broad green leaves
Are undulating there in fairy troops,
Like the pure heavings of a sinless heart!
Methinks, how very beautiful, beneath
Yon willow-tree (sole melancholy thing
Where all is cheerful), an unmated swan
Would look! or, stationary riding there,
The queen-elf's silvery bark; or, with bent neck
And plumy wings uplifted, through the waves
Furrowing her graceful way!
Thus let it be!
And when I visit thee, delightful nook,
Haply in distant years, this innocent scheme,
Remembered *then* as a departed joy,
Shall sanctify thy solitude, and throw
O'er Nature's loveliness a lovelier spell!

THE GLADIATOR.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

Sweep on, sweep on! your savage sport is o'er—
Deep drench'd in guilt, the red arena weeps
Thy shame, great Rome! Oh! shall yon sea of gore,
Where many a gallant heart its life-blood steeps,
And many a glorious form ignobly sleeps,
Flow unavenged?—No, by the gods ye trust!
Yon festering corses from the unburied heaps
Shall plead to Heaven; a spirit from the dust
Shall bear the crimsoned roll to Him, the good, the just!

Oh, masters of the world! it well beseems
Your wide-extended sway, your wisdom sage,
To slake ambition in the ensanguined streams
Of men—your captive foes—thrust forth to wage
Unequal warfare, on a slave-girt stage,
With monsters, goaded on to maddening ire;
Naked to dare the forest-king's dread rage,
And, conquering oft in vain, like pent-up fire,
Barr'd from the freshening air, inglorious to expire!

Sweep on!—the sport is o'er—the slaughter past!
Yet, oh! eternal as yon noon-day sun,
That from the unhallow'd carnage shrinks aghast,
Be her deep malison your heads upon,
Who in this fated hour beholds but one—

Her own beloved—the beautiful—the bright!
Oh, for the smile that once all-glorious shone!
Oh, for the eloquent eye, deep set in night!
Why stays thy vengeance, Heaven?—why rests thy
arm of might?

Vengeance on the accurst!—Should chance of war
Give power or right to wreak such deadly wrong?
Oh! I have glow'd to trace the deep seam'd scar,
Won in proud battle, hostile ranks among;
And this vain heart hath thrill'd when rose the song
Of triumph to his praise, unconscious all
That a vile doom——See where they sweep along,
Whose gloating eyes joy'd in my hero's fall,
Where Murder, as in mockery, hangs her crimson'd pall!

And I too saw—these shrinking eyes beheld
The conflict!—From his cavern'd refuge came
A lion gaunt, by hunger fierce impell'd
To deeds his nobler soul had spurn'd with shame,
But that the fierce horde whom no tears could tame
Urged him to fury, clamouring at delay;
And then the roar—the rush—the loud acclaim—
That hail'd the blow, as on his destined prey
The savage sprang, and miss'd!—I see him yet at bay!

I see his floating mane, his fiery glance—
I hear his deep growl, as again he springs
On him who waits, with firm uplifted lance

And stern fix'd eye, the onset fierce, that brings
His huge assailant. Oh! that Love had wings
To shield—to save! My eye, my soul, grows dim,
As, madd'ning with his wounds, the monster clings
To his prone victim; from each mangled limb
I see the red blood start!—Mercy for him! for him!

Mercy!—men know it not!—In mortal strife
Again they grapple.—Ha! the fight is o'er—
The brute rolls dead: yet, oh! the ebbing life
Of him—my own beloved!—To the core
Of my wrung heart that look of anguish bore
The truth—the sickening truth—I saw him bleed!
Alas! the shout of triumph wakes no more
His languid ear!—'T was an accursed deed.
Tremble, proud Rome, for time hath yet a fearful meed!

I saw him bleed!—Oh Heaven! I saw him die!
His mute and mangled corse alone is mine!
Quench'd is the lustre of that bright blue eye—
Faded the golden glow, the light divine,
That shone in every lineament! Each line
Of lingering beauty to my heart recalls
Hours loved and lost; as winter beams that shine,
In mournful splendour, o'er time-mouldering walls,
The dim sepulchral ray on my lone spirit falls.

No more upon our native plains—no more
Shall my fond arm—my heart—with his entwine!

Fled are the glittering dreams so bright of yore—
Faded the one-loved image—it was thine!
And, oh! in death, thy memory is the shrine
Where every hope, and thought, and feeling, flows.
Can I forget what happiness was mine,
When each fair morn, soft as its sun-light, rose,
And every evening breath'd of blessing and repose?

Sweep on!—I may but weep—for, oh! my heart,
My widow'd heart, grows sad to look on thee!
Yet, as the vision'd dreams of earth depart,
Methinks, in Time's dim-shadow'd glass I see
Thy fall, proud Rome!—the triumph of the free!
Ay, an avenger from my own fair land!
He comes resistless as the storm-roused sea,
Whose name breathes terror to the servile band
That trail thy eagles low at Alaric's dread command.

'T is Alaric! Alaric, from the fated north,
That leads his hordes: in gathering force they come,
Destructive as the locust, rushing forth
To seek in softer climes their spoil, their home!
Oh! what to them are column, temple, dome,
Where gods, or godlike men, all glorious ranged!
Their creed is death—death to devoted Rome!
The deep-wrong'd North the fate of worlds hath changed—
Sleep, Gladiator, sleep!—thy slaughter is avenged.

FRÈRE DU DIABLE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

Some said he was a wizard wight,
Some said he was a devil.

WHOEVER has visited Italy must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odours exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards, and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but throughout the province where he resided. Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a female whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union; gladdening prospects crowned their industry; and happiness shed contentment on their days. It was delightful to see the interesting family groupe, after the heat of the day had subsided, assembling round the margin of the clear fountain to enjoy its refreshing coolness, or revelling on the verdant lawn, and sporting in their innocence and gaiety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition—urged Napoleon on to conquest; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders. In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn oath was pledged upon the altar that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their native soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved; and the small but firm phalanx bade adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however,

inspired their countrymen with fresh vigour, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked. The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command: a number of select and well-tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and, without risking a general engagement, he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But Fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him: in an evil hour he fell into a snare that had been laid to entrap him; his men were either killed or dispersed, and, wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate, to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the Destroyer had been speedy; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and, overpowered with agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation. Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not; for, though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the

brutal violence of the soldiery; he beheld the bodies of his children—

"Their silver skins laced with their golden blood"—

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home. His soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him.

At length the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated; demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy; and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery that told a tale of slaughter. Still, serenely beautiful was the clear blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odours to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine, was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens, and, like the blood of Abel, cried for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggles to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes: still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment the whole expanse was filled with a wild unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac; and a female figure, her hair dishevelled and hanging on her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance; and, with strength almost surpassing nature, she dragged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier, then flashed it in the sun, and again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed upon her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a dæmon, and seemed to feel a terrible gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked around for

fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

"Breathing the slow remains of life away."

She looked on his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and, raising the weapon in her hand, "Die, wretch," said she, "for thou hast nought to live for now!" But Nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp, and she fell senseless by his side—it was his wife!

* * * * *

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But, though these remained quiescent and passive at first; yet, when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict, and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object to the invaders; and, when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valour. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succour was cut off from seaward by the British cruizers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish, in

spite of even the masterly commissariat of Buonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country, but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or a thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusee was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country—the guerillas were secure in their mountain-holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dislodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for, though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and, after suffering torture, were hung upon the branches of trees, as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise, and once, on being detected and pursued, the bullets whistled round him in every direction, but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot. The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigour and pride of manhood; but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly that none but those who were under the protection of

superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery; even the commanders caught the infection, and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of *Frère du Diable*. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him dead or alive, but their oath was generally sealed in death. Oftentimes, when the wine was set upon the convivial board and the canvass walls echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that *Frère du Diable* was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared, and every eye alert, for action. Oftentimes, at the evening hour, when the generous liquor had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity, and swear to destroy the common foe; but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either *Frère du Diable* or one of his comrades had dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were better adapted for the conducting that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession, and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous

spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre and other places was an incontestible proof how well he could conduct operations on land; and, in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storming the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men, under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night, through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path, or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy—the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled—oh! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the word was passed for the boats to

be manned (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain) the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his shrill pipe, and, as the words "Bush-fighters, away!" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore and aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would have gladly joined the party for the shore.

But, though I say all, it must be admitted that the old master was an exception; he would have fought the devil himself in his ship, or would have run her flying-jib-boom into the very quarters of his satanic majesty, if he had caught him afloat; but he had no idea of "land-privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and, without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timberhead on her hull; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that *Frère du Diable* was in the neighbourhood of his cruising-ground, and, wishing to communicate with him, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French, the boats were manned and armed, and, an hour before day-break, the whole party landed in a small cove, formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any

one to stray away, but to be extremely vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way, over rock and stone, through bush and briar, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning; the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice, and at others to slide down huge masses of rock; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest, and nearly at the extreme height of a mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of Nature than of the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions, as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and, in a few minutes, they burst into an open space, that had been

cleared of the underwood and some of the trees, and now formed a pleasant alcove. Here the scene became highly interesting: it was one of those which Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. In one corner, upon an elevated mound, so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen, as they stuck in his broad girdle; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favourite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eyes, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of fervid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were *Frère du Diable* and his wife, or, in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate groupes, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground, and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary

frame; others were awaking from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs; whilst a few were examining their arms or polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle roused every soul in an instant, and, carbine in hand, they stood prepared for battle. Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognized, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction to see the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul, as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together, after which refreshments were spread upon the greensward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Camilla, Sir Sidney, and the British officers, were seated on the grass. Behind the guerilla chief, a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left, the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band, and the utmost harmony prevailed.

A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where

the chief sat, and, as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work. The dauntless look of defiance was exchanged, but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard. "Do they seek the lion in his den?" she exclaimed with bitterness; "on, on! and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then, seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill that every rock and glen re-echoed the noise. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader, who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze. Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle, and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief, dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of his band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English captain till his return. She

gave her husband a look of stern reproach. "Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps, and shall I shrink? On! on, Galeazzo! the death-shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and, drawing the head part over his own, so that the nostrils covered his brows, he assumed that terrific appearance, which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and, as soon as he saw a smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

The guerilla band spread themselves into small parties, and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite in one body if it should be necessary; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not

unaccompanied with suspicion of *Frère du Diable's* intentions.

Night came—a beautiful clear Italian night—reviving in the mind all the strong fervour of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave, which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride, when, about the middle of the first watch, light wreaths of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and, in a few minutes, the red glare of ascending flames gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweeping through the liquid element to the spot they had quitted in the morning; and, in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But, though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. In the centre of the space the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the horrible figures that were spread around:

The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner; whilst Camilla, in wild accents, exclaimed, "They *would* seek the lion in his den! But more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes"—and she threw another log into the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier, under pledge to destroy *Frère du Diable*) down to the very outposts of the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the stronghold of the band. "And see," said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword, and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, "thus perish all our enemies!" "Ay, perish, perish for ever!" responded Camilla. "This is he," continued the chief, "who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged!" The miserable victim had been burnt alive.

MORNING SONG.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Sweet sounds of morning mingle!
The pattering of the rain,
The bell'd sheep's broken tingle,
The sparrow's humble strain,
The sky-lark's proud endeavour
The clouds of heaven among,
The music of the river—
O blend them all in song!

Sweet sights of nature gather
In one delicious dream,
The hill, the glen, the heather,
The streamlet and the stream!
Woods whence the wild fowl sallies,
The flower-concealing glade,
The green, the grassy valleys,
That seem for angels made!

Snatch, snatch them in their fleetness,
The charm will soon be gone;
Enjoy them in their sweetness,
For bitterness comes on.
Time, soon by death attended,
Will darken every brow,
And every strain be ended,
As mine is ended now.

A VISION OF MERCY.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

God speaks once—yea, twice—yet man perceiveth it not—in a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed. JOB, xxiii. 14, 15.

METHOUGHT I walked through a long and miry lane, bordered by thick hedges. As I went on, the lane became deeper and the hedges taller, till my feet and my eyes were embarrassed. I proceeded, however; and on one side (which, unluckily for the perfectness of the allegory, was the *right)* I beheld a large house. The windows were open; and the rooms, from the top to the bottom, were brilliantly illuminated. Music and feasting were in every apartment; and, as I passed the door, several persons—one most dear friend among them—beckoned to me, and invited and urged me to stop. I hesitated, and was half disposed to yield; when a large black dog suddenly appeared, and growled and pushed against me. I endeavoured to put him away; but the animal persisted, with a force which I became every moment less and less able to withstand, in hindering my entrance; and at length pressed me into the middle of the road and urged me onward. I went forward, yet unwillingly; looking back to the festivity from which I was thus debarred, and listening to the loud laugh which pursued me. That laugh and its afflicting derision I shall not easily forget.

The dog now accompanied, or rather followed close behind me, still urging me on, and with the same surly perseverance. The sound of the music and of the laughter, and the splendour of the lights, became less distinct, and my regret for their privation less painful. The dog too abated his angry growl: still, however, keeping close at my heel and pressing me forward. I felt that I could no more resist him than can a ship the driving wind.

At length a church—more correctly I should term it, from its arrangement and structure, a chapel—appeared on the left hand. It was open, and lighted also with great brilliance. The voices of men too, and the sound of music, were there, as in the house which I had so reluctantly passed by: but far different was their tone. Here, the dog wheeled round to my right side; and, growling again, urged me to go in, as pressingly as he had before opposed my entering the house. I obeyed him, not with my previous unwillingness, yet with the same incapacity of resistance.

The whole internal space was crowded with worshippers—at least so they seemed to be—whose voices blended with the music, in language which I understood not, but which was very sweet to mine ear. It was illuminated by one immense central lustre, containing numberless lamps, each supplied with oil to its brim, and appearing like cups full to their edge, and ready to run over with bright and burning wine; and I expected every moment to see it overflow, and the mul-

titude beneath covered with its stream. And, as I stood and wondered, I saw these words written on the back of the outermost bench in characters of gold:—

SHALL I SUFFER NOT ONE DROP OF OIL FROM THESE LAMPS TO BE WASTED—AND SHALL I SUFFER ONE LIVING SOUL TO BE LOST?

Not a letter of this sentence have I forgotten, neither, while I have life, shall I forget.

SONG.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE songs we used to sing together
Speak to my heart of happier hours;
We sung them in the spring's bright weather,
Beneath a canopy of flowers;
Now, while the wintry evening closes,
I sit and hear the falling rain,
And think on withered joys and roses,
And songs I may not sing again!

When spring once more the land rejoices,
Blossoms and buds shall gaily blend,
But never can our hearts or voices
Again unite, my faithful friend!
Affection's master-chord is broken,
Then let us not its lays profane,
The soul's deep language they have spoken—
Such words they cannot speak again!

THE NUN OF SAN ILDEFONSO.

Around my cell the shadows fall,
They seem to me a funeral pall;
The shrubs in dew and twilight wave,
They seem to bend above my grave;
And gladly would I slumber there,
That calm, cold refuge of despair.

Madonna! ere the fading light
Shall hide thy beauty from my sight,
Give but one look, one look of heaven,
To tell a wretch she is forgiven!
Thoughts of the world, away, away!
I cannot weep, I cannot pray!

I hear along the cloisters swim
The echoes of the chapel hymn;
No voice of mine can mingle there,
There fall of mine no healing tear;
My eye, my heart, are turned to stone,
On earth I am alone—alone!

Oh for the days when Time was fleet,
When even my very woes were sweet,
When came, like sisters, joy and pain,
When life was but a rosy chain!
Oh, had I died before the hour
When passion smote me in its power!

The poisoned cup, the fever's flame,
The lightning, to that pang were tame,
That spell around the spirit twin'd,
Which makes a desert of the mind,
Which sees in Earth, in Heaven above,
But one wild joy, one misery, Love!

The tempter came; the flashing eye,
Nature's own stamp of mastery,
The witching voice, the radiant smile,
Let those the weaker heart beguile;
My spirit scorned their slight controul—
The soul alone should bind the soul.

I loved, and followed him; long years
I trod the vale of thorns and tears,
Through many a land, through many a toil,
What were to me the storm or soil!
Till came the bitter time, to prove
What shadows are the things we love.

Thou false one, look upon this cheek
That speaks what words could never speak!
It burns; I feel its grief, its shame,
Even at the memory of thy name:
Oh, couldst thou see my bosom's thrill,
For, false one, there thou 'rt treasured still!

Come, kneel with me; forget the past—
I feel my spirit fading fast.

By all my love, by all my woe,
Thyself before the altar throw;
Come, press the lip, and close the eye,
And learn of her thou lovedst—to die!

Εως.

MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

AIR—Days of Yore.

O CAM' ye through the forests green,
By Yarrow's mountains wild an blue;
O saw ye beauty's rural queen,
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch!
For Maggy is the bonniest flower
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,
That ever graced a vernal bower,
Or frae the gowan brushed the dew.

But O! it 's no her comely face,
Nor blink o' joy that 's in her ee,
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,
That maks the lassie dear to me;
Na, na, it 's no the cherry lip,
The rosy cheek an lily chin,
Which the wild bee wad like to sip—
'T is the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauldrife north,
'Mang hills an dells o' frozen brine,

As far as reels the rowin earth,
An far ayont the burning line;
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,
For modest mien an lovely hue,
There was na ane amang them a'
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

MEMORY.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

> Joy's recollection is no longer joy,
> But sorrow's memory is a sorrow still. BYRON.

TALK not to me of memory!
Oh, speak not of the past!
To speak of pleasure, is to say
It will not, cannot last.
Were it not better to forget,
Than cling to memory and regret!

Look back upon our early years—
What will the mind trace there?
The tearful hours of childish grief,
The weight of childish care:
Each prescient woe a prophecy
Of what too certainly would be.

Go on to riper years, and look
Upon the hour of spring;
And from the long, long track of years
What will the memory bring?

Affections wasted, pleasures fled,
And hopes long number'd with the dead.

Our life is as a mountain path,
A path of toil and pain:
And when upon its steep ascent
A little way we gain,
What boots it looking back to trace
The troubles that beset our race!

And turn we from the many chords
That Memory can wake—
Its baffled hopes, its griefs, its cares,
And one example take;
Yet one, all others far above—
Oh! need I name the name of love?

Among love's sorrows I will take
But one my proof to be;
Albeit its woes are numberless
As sands beside the sea:
But arm'd with this is Memory sent
To be our earth's worst punishment.

Love! unrequited love!—the heart
That owns it can but crave
Either entire forgetfulness,
Or else an early grave.
Alas, for Memory, when she brings
With flight of years but sharper stings!

R. Fraser del.t Publd. by Rickermann, London J. Carter sculp.t

TOKA,
ON THE GODAVERY.

THE ORDEAL OF TOKA.

BY J. BAILLIE FRASER, ESQ.

The sun was high in the heavens, and the plains of the Gungaterree glistened and undulated with intense heat; the very air seemed saturated with ardent particles; casual puffs of rising wind had just begun to catch up in little whirls the dust which was soon to be set in full and driving motion; the birds had retired to their coverts and the beasts to their lairs; every thing declared in plain language that it was full time to leave the lord of day to his tyranny and the plains to their solitude, when a large cavalcade of people, both mounted and on foot, were to be seen making rapidly for a line of tents, still far distant.

The largeness of the troop, the shewiness of their appointments and apparel, and the beauty of the horses both mounted and led, sufficiently denoted that it was the *sowarree*, or retinue, of a man of high rank; and, from several incidental accompaniments, it was equally apparent that the occupation of the morning had been that of hunting. Even the gayest of the cavaliers were thickly begrimed with dust, and the finest of their horses were dripping with perspiration. The panting saeces* were toiling in vain to keep up with their masters and the animals under their care. In the gay howdahs of several elephants

* Horsekeepers, grooms.

far in the rear, was store of guns and shooting gear; the spotted cheetas, or hunting-leopards, carefully hooded and attended by their keepers, might be seen under the covers of two hackeries, or carts, drawn by handsome bullocks; falcons and hawks, duly provided with their hoods and jesses, sat upon the wrists of the bâzbauns, or falconers. Still further in the rear appeared the trophies of the chase: there were the dark dun hide and straight horns of the graceful antelope, some half-dozen of which were never again to stretch their agile limbs along the plain; a brindled wolf, probably slain near his earth — for what horse can overtake the monster in the open chase?—displayed his thirsty fangs, stained at last with his own blood; florekins and black partridges in abundance were there; but the greatest prize, out of all question, was a noble royal tiger, declared by the peasants of the country to have been both the butcher and the consumer of much native flesh: and, like the ass in the fable, they evinced their detestation of the fallen tyrant by the insults which they bestowed on its dead carcass, as it was borne along in triumph.

On swept the pageant, enveloped in its own dust-cloud, from which, "like lightning from the thunder-cloud," would every now and then dart forth a glittering rider, to gratify his own or his horse's caprice by a gambol and a gallop, or to breathe for a moment an atmosphere less impregnated with dust. The freshening breeze would sometimes lift a corner of the

dense curtain, displaying glimpses of the rich crimson jhule* of an elephant, or the glittering spear-points of the great man's followers, while stragglers hung around its skirts and rear, like skirmishers around a retreating enemy. In the wide plain along which they thus proceeded, there were few obstacles to interrupt their progress. A village lay to the left, and, insulated in the waste, stood a small tope, or grove of trees, among which the eye might just detect some grey buildings, with the tower of a temple, or pagoda, rising above them.

This grove lay right in the course of the party; and, as they neared it, the little red rag, hoisted on a bamboo pole on the top of the antique pagoda, became more distinctly visible, while a stone-built choultry, or square open building, the weather-beaten aspect of which denoted long exposure to the winds of heaven, peeped out from among its skirts. Careering onward, as if it would overwhelm this secluded temple and its sheltering grove, the great man's sowarree swept through the trees, extending far on either side, just at the moment when a small procession of females, headed by some Brahmins and devotees, issued from the pagoda. Unaware of the approach of the multitude, the females, when they saw their danger, dispersed and fled, screaming on all sides, like a flock of pigeons when a hawk has stooped at them, some one way, some another: some

* The cloth used to cover an elephant, often very richly ornamented.

took refuge in the pagoda, others in the choultry, while others, terror-stricken, stood unable to move, or to decide on which way they should go.

Among the horsemen who entered the grove, there was one, whose fiery and beautiful Bheematurre * courser, with its rich velvet charjameh saddle, and its zerebund of gay cashmere shawl, declared him to be of no small consideration in the troop. The eye of this horseman was caught by the figure of one of the females, who, running with uncertain steps, slipped at the side of a little water-tank near the pagoda, and fell into the deepest part. Perhaps it might not be the light and easy grace of her form, the beautiful proportions of her shape and limbs, the rich yellow hue of which was set off by her purple, crimson-edged saree †, or the glossy black locks, somewhat disordered by her flight, or the large dark eyes, which threw back a startled glance from under brows arched and pencilled like the rainbow on an evening cloud—perhaps it might not be the obvious youth and beauty of the maiden, but a pure and generous impulse of humanity, which induced the youth to throw himself from his horse, to dash, unmindful of his gay attire, into the pool, and to bear her, drenched and fainting, to the bank. But we fear that mere humanity would scarcely be sufficient to account for the long

* A particularly fine breed of horses, bred upon the banks of the river Bheema.

† The dress of the native women, a long piece of cloth, which wraps in various folds round the whole body.

and ardent gaze of admiration with which he viewed her features and her form, as it lay somewhat too strictly clasped in his embrace.

A look of terror, and a rising blush which even her terror could not quench, proclaimed the return of consciousness. Uttering some scarcely intelligible words, she struggled to get free, an effort in which her young protector evinced but small disposition to assist her. "Fear nothing, fair creature," murmured he in low soothing tones; "you are safe; no one shall harm you" —and a soft pressure, while it confirmed his assurance, seemed indicative of an impulse more tender than mere protection. Renewing her struggles, the full eyes of the maiden were turned with an impatient glance upon his face—it was not a countenance calculated to increase her alarm—young and beautiful like her own, though cast in a manly mould, every feature beamed with expression, and his large black eyes seemed to melt with tenderness as they gazed upon her's. Confused, yet scarcely displeased, the maiden remained for a moment passive in his arms; but, speedily recovering herself, she in hurried terms besought, conjured, commanded, him to set her free. How far the young man might have been disposed or would have dared to contest the point, is uncertain, for, just at that time, two or three Brahmins, with a fakeer or two, coming up from the pagoda, enjoined him, in tones of no small wrath and arrogance, to let the woman go, and to quit the place himself. The

sound of several voices at the same moment calling out "Hurry Sing! Hurry Sing-jee!" recalled the youth to recollection, and probably cut short a sharp and imprudent reply. With a fervent prayer for the welfare of his lovely charge, and one more gentle caress, he left her at liberty to retire; nor did it escape his observation that, as she passed and eluded the hands of the advancing Brahmins, on her way to regain the pagoda, she cast back one rapid look to the place where he was standing.

No sooner had she disappeared, than, with a fierce look at the intrusive Brahmins, he was turning to remount, when his eye fell upon the person of one of the fakeers, whose aspect was so singularly gloomy and hideous as to root him for a moment in some dismay to the spot. His thick clotted hair hung in disorder from a monstrous misshapen head—his whole body, face, limbs, and all, was bedaubed with bluish coloured ashes, which gave it a cadaverous, unearthly appearance; one withered arm was upraised above his head in a threatening attitude; but it was the dark terrific character of his countenance and deep-set eye, which chiefly fixed the young man's attention; and so powerfully did he experience the sinister influence of its gaze, that it required a powerful effort of his pride and indignation to confront it with a frown as haughty as its own. The feeling and the effort were not unnoticed by the fakeer. "Beware!" he cried, with a harsh discordant voice—"woe, woe to pride and

presumption! woe to sacrilege and impiety! be warned in time! beware!" "And who mayst thou be, who warnest or threatenest me in terms so imperious? take heed to thyself, for be sure I brook no insolence," replied the youth, whose rising temper had restored his self-possession. "Who I am," replied the fakeer, "thou mayst learn full soon, and to thy cost—but once more I warn thee, tempt not the vengeance of Heaven—Begone!—thy master calls thee—obey his voice—away!" and, uttering the last words in a sarcastic tone, he turned, and left the indignant youth to vent his spleen as he might. But the calls for "Hurry Sing" had by this time become more loud and frequent, and the young Mahratta, for such was the youth, was forced to depart and follow the cavalcade of his chief.

Musing upon beautiful maidens, and ugly insolent fakeers, Hurry Sing regained his station, where he was forced to endure the raillery of his companions upon the laudable gallantry he had displayed in behalf of a village girl. But not thus was the adventure of that morning banished from the mind of the young man. The sweet countenance of the maiden, as she lay in his arms, and first opened her dark eloquent eyes on his, had impressed itself upon his heart in characters which every day and hour rendered stronger and more durable: but, whenever he sought to indulge in the delight which such recollections afforded, the threatening visage of the gloomy fakeer would rise,

like a night-cloud on the sky of evening, and shut out from his soul the sunny vision which had enthralled it. His mind, engrossed by this ruling subject, became at length almost insensible to all other interests; until, impatient of ignorance and anxiety, he framed an excuse for soliciting leave of absence from his chief, and set out, resolved to use every means for discovering the unknown female who had so strangely and suddenly captivated him.

Hurry Sing was a young and favourite officer of high caste in the service of Bissonaut Rao, a relative of the Peishwah's; and it was upon the return of that chief from the province of Candeish towards Poonah that the adventure which we have related had occurred. To the plains of the Gungaterree did the young Mahratta now with all speed return. The well remembered tope, the pagoda and choultry, and the neighbouring village, were repeatedly visited, and inquiries the most minute and particular were instituted in every possible direction, to obtain some clue which might assist his further search. But all was fruitless. In vain was every Brahmin and fakeer in the country round applied to; in none of them did he recognize any of those persons who acted a part on that well remembered occasion, nor could they, from his description, furnish the smallest useful information. In vain did he lavish money on all the gossips and matchmaking old dames of the villages around, who delight in the benevolent employment of intelligencers in love-affairs. Hopes often

excited were as often frustrated, and the young man's health at last gave way under repeated disappointments and vexations: his body sympathized with the uneasiness of his mind, and he wandered, restless and miserable, around the spot where a glimpse of happiness had dawned upon him, only to be darkened as it seemed for ever.

Many months had been wasted in this vague and vain pursuit, when, one morning, riding listlessly with a single attendant, he almost unconsciously took the direction of the little tope. It was some time since he had been there before, and the period of the year and of the day, the arid heat, the dust, the hazy blue of the far distant mountains, all undulating with the fervid vapours of the plain—every thing conspired to recall to the mind of the young Mahratta the fatal day which had presented to his sight a vision so lovely but so baneful to his peace. Pondering over these things he entered the grove, but his surprise and gratification may be conceived when he saw, issuing from the ancient pagoda, the same troop of Brahmins, fakeers, and female votaries, as it seemed, which had formerly been scattered by his chief's sowarree; and, could his eyes be deceived? did not his heart confirm their testimony? was not that the nymph-like form—the graceful limbs—the incomparable mien—of his lovely unknown?

Reining in his horse under the shade of a tree, he gazed, motionless and breathless, upon the vision before

him, as if the slightest movement might dispel it. The young females, some bearing long festoons of flowers, and others with lighted lamps, held their way towards the choultry; and, in taking this direction, they had to pass the spot where the young man sat on horseback. Starting at the sight of a stranger, the women threw a glance towards him—then, drawing the folds of their sarees more closely over their faces, they passed on, as if regardless of his presence. When she who alone fixed his attention approached in her turn, she also gazed, but not indifferently it seemed; for a sudden blush overspread her countenance, and the flowers which she bore dropped from her hands. In a moment Hurry Sing was at her side. He had already begun to declare his ardent feelings, and to describe the long tedious disappointing search which he had maintained, when the hideous form of the old fakeer advanced—from whence he knew not—and, darting forward, checked the young man's energy. "Again this sacrilege!" said he, in still harsher tones than formerly, "and wilt thou not take heed?—must the thunder of heaven be called upon to crush thee? Away! nor longer tempt thy doom!" While thus he spoke, the Brahmins approached the object of his love, and, glaring on him with eyes full of wrath, forced her onwards. Recovering from her confusion, and casting one parting look upon her lover, the maiden passed on.

In the madness of his fury, the young Mahratta attempted to rush after her, but the fakeer again in-

terposed. A dagger flashed in his hand, as he exclaimed in accents of thunder, "If thou wouldst shun instant death, forbear!—molest not these holy virgins!—be wise in time, retire, and avoid the dreadful fate which hangs over thee by a thread!" Stung to frenzy with disappointment and indignation, the young man would have drawn his sword, and taken summary vengeance on the intruder, but at that moment he felt himself seized from behind. "Madman! forbear!" uttered a deep impressive voice—"wouldst thou commit the very crime thou art charged with! wouldst thou blindly rush upon destruction, and fling from thee thy only chance of success?" Such was the power of the grasp which held him, that, overcome by the violence of mingled emotions and the weakness of long suffering, he yielded to its force and sunk insensible to the earth.

When Hurry Sing came to himself he saw only his own servant, who, having been left at a short distance behind, had come up, and, finding his master stretched on the ground, was endeavouring to recall him to life. Brahmins, fakeers, and maidens, all were gone; and no sound was heard through the grove except the short chirp of the birds, and the chattering of the sacred monkeys, that had their dwellings around the pagoda. "Strange! inexplicable!" exclaimed the young man, as he rubbed his eyes and gazed around him. "Saw you no one, Theeka?" "No one, Saheb," replied the servant, "but I did not look for any one,

I saw you lying on the ground, and your horse grazing beside you." Hurry Sing examined the pagoda, but its gates were closed, and the choultry was empty; and he quitted the place overwhelmed with bitter disappointment.

The distress and perplexity of the young Mahratta were now greater than ever. Upon reflecting with more calmness over the incidents of this last adventure, he discovered that it had occurred precisely on the same day of the year as the former; and he concluded that the procession of which his unknown mistress formed a part was doubtless in celebration of some annual ceremony, or festival, connected with a neighbouring shrine, of which the banks of the Godavery can boast so many. Under this impression, noting the day exactly, he resolved to extend his researches over a wider circle; but in the mean time to return to his duty at Poonah, so as to be entitled to future indulgence, where it might be used with greater effect. With these intentions, he took his departure from the village where he dwelt, and set out on his return to Poonah.

"Dowai Saheb! Dowai! for the sake of the blessed Ram—in the name of the holy Narrain, bestow your charity upon a poor fakeer, and may Narrain himself grant you your desires!" Starting from a fit of abstraction, Hurry Sing turned hastily round at this appeal. It issued from a ruined building, probably at one time of a religious nature, which stood among some old trees

on the way-side; the being who uttered it was an old and very venerable Hindoo mendicant; and the voice was like that which had interfered to prevent his rash assault upon the maidens and their guardians in the tope of Ambalah. Bestowing on the fakeer a liberal alms, he replied, "In the name of the holy Narrain, receive it father, and pray him to grant that I may find what I seek." "Doubt not that he will grant thee thy virtuous desires, my son, if thou seekest them aright—but thou art rash and wayward—and even now the path thou art pursuing is a wrong one." "Thou knowest me then, my father? thou knowest too what I seek? Oh if thou couldst but direct me!" exclaimed the youth. "The holy Narrain knoweth all things, my son," replied the mendicant; "and he grants to his faithful votaries, and at his own good time, the things that are fitting. If thou wouldst learn his will, assume the garb of patience and humility—repair alone to the teerut*, at Toka—wash away thy sins and pollutions at the holy sungum† —and thou shalt there learn what it further concerns thee to know." "But father——"—"Seek no further, my son. Obedience is thy part, and on that will thy fate depend. Follow me not, my part is done—thine remains to be performed." With these words the mendicant rose from his lair among the ruins, and retired through a broken archway,

* Place of pilgrimage.

† Sungum is the point of confluence of two streams.

with more agility and firmer step than his age seemed to promise; for his long matted hair was like silver, and the skin of his tall emaciated body hung in wrinkles about him; yet his voice was deep and full, and its tones might have been taken for those of vigorous manhood.

The words of the mendicant dwelt deeply on the mind of Hurry Sing, and he resolved to follow without delay the course which they enjoined. Dismissing his servants and assuming the garb of a pilgrim, the young man soon reached the celebrated spot of Brahminical worship, to which he had been directed to repair. Toka, situated upon a high kunker* bank, which forms the point where the river Peira unites with the Godavery, is a well known bathing-place, or teerut, of high sanctity, on the western side of India. Issuing from the lofty mountain of Trimbuck, and flowing through the equally sacred town of Nasuck, remarkable for its artificial caves, its temples, and its bathing-place, the Godavery, which, according to the convenient traditions† of the Brahmins, is held to be a true branch of the venerable Ganges itself, and which hence obtains

* Kunker is a sort of calcareous gravel.

† An intemperate old devotee, having in a passion killed a demi-goddess, who, in the shape of a cow, had trespassed on his garden, was forced to undertake a pilgrimage to Gungotree, in order to wash away, in the sacred waters of the Ganges, the sin he had committed, but he was old, and Gungotree far off. "How shall I ever reach it?" exclaimed he in his perplexities. "Help, oh Mahadeo! help thy aged votary!" The God, listening to his prayer, caused a portion of the holy stream to issue from the mountain Trimbuck, where the old man dwelt.

the name of Gunga, is swelled by the contributions of many streams, in its course through the district of Sungum to its junction with the Peira. At this place stands the town of Toka, with its ghauts and temples, picturesquely rising over the circumjacent plains, and shrouding itself from all profane contact within its own walls; for neither Frank nor Mussulmaun is on any account permitted to enter these sacred precincts.

It was a calm sweet hazy morning when Hurry Sing stood upon the southern shore of the river, and cast his eyes over the fair scene which lay before him. The lofty buildings were reflected in the glassy surface of the stream; the ghauts were thronged with gay crowds; the yellow Brahmins, with their dark hair and snowy garments, stood stretching out their hands in adoration or benediction; and the women, with their graceful many-coloured draperies, imparted to the crowded bathing-places the changeful and brilliant glow of a bed of ranunculuses. Crossing the river at the usual place, the young Mahratta repaired without delay to the sacred spot, where, stripping himself to his dhotee*, and, entering the river, he performed his ablutions, plunging nine times into the water with the customary prayers. He had turned to regain the ghaut, when, casting his eyes upon a troop of young females who had just made their ap-

* A cloth wrapped round the loins, the garment used in bathing, and while cooking their meals; often too the sole dress of an Hindoo.

pearance from the street which led to it, his heart leaped within him as he caught a glimpse of the same graceful form, with the same expressive countenance, and the same dark, speaking eye, which had entranced him as it lay in his arms at the tope of Ambalah.

While he yet gazed with delight upon this unlooked-for vision, the eyes of the maiden met his—and the confusion which overspread her countenance, and the sudden start with which she caught at the arm of her companion, while they testified that the recognition was mutual, betrayed also that it was not unpleasing. But experience had taught the young man wisdom; he had thus in all probability discovered the place of his mistress's abode, and he resolved not to lose again, by any undue rashness, the clue by which he had found it. Awaiting the return of the fair troop from the ghaut, he followed them cautiously into the town, until he had seen them lodged in the principal pagoda sacred to the worship of Mahadeo*.

Entering its shrine, in order to complete the performance of his religious worship, the noble, though emaciated, form and pallid countenance of the young Mahratta attracted the notice of one of the principal officiating Brahmins, who, accosting him as a stranger, requested to know whence he had come and what might be his object in Toka? The object of Hurry Sing was now only to establish himself on a permanent

* Or Seeva, the destroyer, in Hindoo mythology.

footing in the place which he had discovered to be frequented by her who possessed his affections. His Brahminical birth gave him the privilege of admission to the most sacred functions of his religion; and, in less than an hour after his arrival in Toka, he was installed as an attendant upon its principal shrine, under the patronage, and dwelling in the house, of Sree Govind Râm, its chief officiating priest. But what must have been the transport of the lover, when he discovered, as soon he did, that Govind Râm was likewise the father of Koneyah, the maiden on whom he had so long and almost hopelessly doated!

We shall not dwell upon the "golden hours" which now flew over the young man, as he strove to improve the impression, which, we must admit, he soon discovered himself to have made upon the heart of Koneyah; nor shall we detail with much exactness the succession or amount of doubt, anxiety, or dismay, under which he writhed; or the precise period of time which elapsed before he brought the maiden to confess that he, and he alone, should be the object of her choice, provided always, her father—her father! true! there was the risk!—But then, Hurry Sing had become so great a favourite with the old Brahmin, that, with the sanguine temperament of youth, he scarcely doubted of being able to prevail on him to bestow his chief blessing in life, his daughter, on one who was almost a stranger. Yet, with that inconsistency which belongs to the passion, whenever he thought of making known

his wishes and pretensions, the young man's confidence deserted him; the lover's timidity prevailed; and the tale remained untold.

But this state of affairs could not continue. The sky of love is seldom long serene, and a dark threatening cloud was brooding over the unsuspecting pair. Toka and its immediate environs were the resort and residence of many Hindoo ascetics. Byragees, Sunyassees, Ghossains, and other wandering and religious mendicants of various pretensions to sanctity, were at all times to be seen in abundance about its shrines. Among them there was one, remarkable for the strictness of his abstinence and the austerity of his penances, and he enjoyed a proportionate degree of religious celebrity: but he derived his influence more from a principle of dread than regard, for the brutal severity of his manners would have revolted even the abjectness of Hindoo superstition, had it been exhibited in a character less awful. This man had taken up his mookaum, or abiding place, in a hollow of the bank, just over the *sungum*, or point of confluence of the two rivers, and here, unless when absent upon some pilgrimage of high sanctifying influence, was Ruggonaut-jee Byragee to be found seated on his mat, and sheltered from the drip of the rain or the direct rays of the sun only by a slight chopper, or bit of thatch. Hither did his followers bring him food, and here, too, did the superstitious natives, who desired the intercession of his prayers with the great Mahadeo, repair

with presents and offerings, which the rigid ascetic disdained not to accept.

It was not till a considerable time after the establishment of Hurry Sing in the family of Govind Râm, that this holy but repulsive personage returned to Toka from a long pilgrimage. His arrival at all times created some sensation in the place, and the inhabitants flocked to pay their respects, at the mookaum of this most dreaded saint. Even Govind Râm himself condescended to visit the Byragee, and with him, in his train of attendant Brahmins, went his new favourite Hurry Sing.

The astonishment and dismay with which the young Mahratta recognized in the person of Ruggonaut-jee Byragee the ominous features of the fakeer, whom he had twice seen in the tope of Ambalah, in attitudes of threatening and defiance, may be easily conceived; nor can it be matter of surprise that, with the sensitive timidity of a lover, his heart should sink with apprehension, at sight of one whom he had only known as hostile to his passion.

His forebodings were by no means groundless; even the practised features of the ascetic, in spite of their assumed abstraction, betrayed a shade of gloomy emotion, as the form of the youth passed before his fixed eyes: it was not lost upon the quick apprehension of its object. It was a signal to prepare for the coming storm. He resolved to delay no longer his application to the father of his mistress; but the

rapid decision of his enemy outstripped his tardy determination, and the young man found his purpose anticipated. "How is it, young man," said the Brahmin, when next they met in the temple, after performance of the ceremonies of worship—"how is it, that like a serpent thou hast stolen into the bosom which was open to cherish thee, only, as it appears, to sting it?"—"What means my father?" replied the youth, with affected surprise; but the changing colour of his cheek, and the tremor of his limbs, betrayed his consciousness of the cause which had prompted the Brahmin's question, and moved his anger. "Falsehood or prevarication will avail thee nothing, young man," said Govind Râm—"upon pious pretexts, thou hast dared to enter the temple of the great God, with sacrilegious intent to steal from his altar his dedicated priestess. Thou, a forlorn dependent upon the bounty of others, hast presumed to aspire to the daughter of thy protector, and hast stolen into his house to seduce her from her duty and her parent."

The confusion which had overwhelmed the young Mahratta during the commencement of the Brahmin's address, gave place to a glow of indignation before its conclusion. "By the holy Narrain himself, father, you do me wrong—with no such purpose did I enter thy dwelling—with no sacrilegious view did I present myself a servant at the altar of the great God—I saw and loved thy daughter, before I knew aught of her rank, or family—for months, almost for years, have

I sought her in vain, when, directed as I think by the mandate of the great God himself, I repaired to this place, abandoning my name and rank to seek the object of my affections. Led by the will of Heaven, I found her here, nor can the means which have been afforded me to win her heart be deemed otherwise than tokens of the divine favour. That she had ever been destined as a priestess of Mahadeo, I knew not, until I had entered thy house, nor did I deem the obstacle insuperable, provided I should be fortunate enough to win her father's favour. That until this hour I have wanted resolution to disclose to that father the hopes which I ventured to cherish, may surely be held to indicate diffidence rather than presumption—nor can it be truly said that a forlorn dependent has sought to wed thy child, when I tell thee that Hurry Sing is a Brahmin of untainted caste, of high rank, and the favoured officer of Bissonaut Rao, who is known to thee as the valued kinsman and trusty counsellor of the Maha Rajah."

"And what is that rank, and whence is thy birth, and what canst thou know of thy untainted caste?" exclaimed a rough discordant voice, which mingled its harsh tones in the colloquy; and both parties started, as they turned and saw standing by them the Byragee Ruggonaut. Govind Râm gazed for a while on the form of the ascetic, and then turned his eyes on the young Mahratta. Stunned by a blow which was as unexpected as severe, Hurry Sing for a moment hung

his head in painful confusion, while his opponent stood viewing with malicious satisfaction the impression he had made. Recovering speedily, however, the youth returned the contemptuous gaze of the fakeer, and addressed the father of his mistress as follows:—

"I do not deny, father," said he, "that the charges brought against my birth by this Byragee have some foundation. I am ignorant who were my parents, for I was left, while yet but a few months old, at the dwelling of Bissonaut Rao, without the smallest clue to lead to a suspicion of my origin. But the sacred zennaur* was bound upon my infant body; the scroll attached to it declared my Brahminical caste, and the fact was attested subsequently by one, himself a holy Brahmin, who in point of sanctity and fame yields not to this gloomy Byragee—by Gocul Dos Ghossain; nor have I declared more than the truth when I termed myself the favourite of the Maha Rajah's kinsman. Father, I love thy daughter—I am able to provide for her in a manner befitting her rank—destroy not the happiness of two young hearts by resisting their reasonable but ardent wishes."

The sudden and obvious effect which the name of Gocul Dos produced upon both the fakeer and the Brahmin was by no means lost upon the youth, who augured favourably from it for his own cause. The

* The cord or thread worn by Brahmins over the left shoulder and round the body.

countenance of the latter exhibited strong symptoms of a changed opinion; but the Byragee, recovering confidence, stepped instantly forward to destroy the favourable impression which the young man's candid statement had produced on the Brahmin's mind.—"Base-born and sacrilegious slave," thundered he, "dost thou still dare to maintain and press thy impious purpose, or seek to divert from its duty and its vows the soul of the priest of the Destroyer? Avaunt! begone! And thou, venerable Brahmin, remember thy sacred promise; nor admit the guilty thought of bestowing the devoted charms of thy daughter upon any lover of clay!"

The perplexity of the Brahmin kept him silent; he remained, ruminating and gazing on either by turns with uncertain looks, and the indignation of the young Mahratta was rapidly prevailing over his prudence and his temper, when the fakeer prevented his intended reply. "Dost thou hesitate, Govind Râm?" said he; "can thy clear judgment be warped by the specious falsehoods of this deceitful boy? Canst thou, a priest of the mighty God himself, conceive the impious thought of insulting his majesty by failing of thy pledged word?—and for whom—for an insidious low-born vagrant, whom thy weak hospitality has admitted beneath thy roof; and who, for all thou knowest, may be a low caste impostor. What credit is due to his statements! who can declare his origin, or discover his birth and lineage!"

"I can do both!" uttered a deep and solemn voice issuing from another quarter of the building; "I, Gocul Dos Ghossain!" and a tall venerable figure, with a profusion of silver hair and beard, appeared before them, in whose emaciated but commanding person Hurry Sing recognized the mendicant, whose counsel had determined him to repair to Toka.

Had a thunderbolt fallen among the party, the effect could scarcely have been more striking than that which the old man's appearance produced. The veneration of the Brahmin was evinced by the profound respect with which he greeted the aged Ghossain; the despairing heart of the lover revived at so seasonable and powerful an interposition in his favour; but the malignant eye of Ruggonaut quailed and fell under the calm yet searching glance of the venerable Gocul Dos. Recovering courage, however, and tendering the salute of an inferior to the Ghossain, he said, "Thy testimony, father, is unquestioned, but in this matter it can scarcely be required; for, assuredly, the Ghossain-jee will never countenance sacrilege or ingratitude." "Brother," replied the old man, "thou hast spoken well; Gocul Dos will ever pray that the hearth and the altar may continue free from pollution; but how are these now in danger?—Who is it that accuses this youth of crimes so grave?" "It is I, Ruggonaut Byragee," said the fakeer, in firm accents: "I accuse him of seeking to seduce a maiden priestess of the shrine of Mahadeo; and he has stolen

into the house of her father, in order to compass more readily his nefarious purpose. I appeal to that father, who now stands before you—let him deny if he can the facts which I have stated."

"Byragee," replied the old man, "thyself knowest the falsehood of thy words. The maid of whom thou speakest is no dedicated priestess—nor hath this youth entered the house of her father with evil purpose. That thou hast, upon false pretences, and to promote thy own views, persuaded this Brahmin to promise that from which his heart dissented, is well known to me, but the mighty God delights not in such unwilling vows. On his part I deny their force, and I aver that Mahadeo himself has seen good to destine the maiden for another fate."

The brow of the Byragee grew fearfully dark, his left arm was thrust forward with furious threatening gesture, while the withered right seemed pointed up to heaven in motionless appeal. Ghossain, I do defy thee," exclaimed he; "thou bravest me, and I defy thee! The mighty God will claim and will secure his own. Brahmin, remember thy vow—hearken not to this vain old man—tempt not the wrath of him thou servest, by perjury and robbery at once. Be sure that I, even I, would call down his curse upon thee for such crime, and the prayers of a faithful votary will never be slighted by the Destroyer."

"The threats and defiance of an evil-minded murderer are alike impotent and vain," replied the

Ghossain, with imperturbable solemnity: "Byragee, thy own crimes are known, and, doubt not that they soon shall meet their punishment. Brahmin, fear nothing—the blessings of the bad are curses, their curses blessings; and, that thou mayest know that not without cause have I spoken thus, behold in this youth the son, the only surviving child, of thy friend and kinsman Purtaub Sing, who, with his family, fell victims to the malice of his enemies, through the intrigues of this unprincipled man." "Ghossain, thou liest!" exclaimed the Byragee, gnashing his teeth with rage; "that proud and perverse race fell victims to their own misdeeds, and none of them escaped the wrath of Heaven—on me their blood rests not. Brahmin, I leave thee. Narrain himself will judge between me and thee, and by his decision will I abide." "I accept thy challenge, Byragee," said the old mendicant, "and the evil of thine own soul turn to thine own bane. Hurry, son of Purtaub Sing, on thy part do I accept this challenge, for on thy head does the charge of evil lie. Brahmin, thou knowest, thou feelest, the truth; but thyself shalt see the proof. Byragee, name thy test."

A cloud of dark emotions convulsed the features of the Byragee; he remained for a while in deep absorption, but his habitual command of countenance, if not of passion, at length prevailed over rage, and in tones of assumed composure he thus spoke: "Ghossain! thou hast dared me to an awful trial—for what child

of clay may calmly face the power of the Destroyer!—but let the wicked tremble! This young man stands accused, and by me, of impious designs against the mightiest of the Gods—it lies with him to clear himself—thou hast required a test, and I propose a searching one. Brahmin, thou knowest that beneath this temple there are awful cells—caverns of trial and of punishment, in which no guilty person may remain three days and nights alive. If that youth seek to clear himself of purposed guilt, if he be pure in heart from sin against the mighty God, let him enter these gloomy chambers—let him there remain immured for the next three days and nights. If the vengeance or the justice of Mahadeo spare him, then let me take his place—on me, if guilty, let the evil fall. This is the ordeal I propose—accept it or reject it as ye list."

At the mention of the caverns of the temple, Govind Râm started, for well he knew their character. They were a series of dungeons, to which Brahmins of the shrine convicted of atrocious crimes, erring priestesses, or other victims to the vengeance or malice of the priesthood, had in former times been frequently committed, and whence none had ever returned alive. But the custom had for many years fallen into disuse, and even the nature and extent of the caverns were now but little known. He had already opened his mouth to remonstrate against so insidious and malignant a proposal, when the old Ghos-

sain once more took up the discourse. "Byragee, thou art known; yet, on behalf of this youth, I do accept thy terms as I did thy challenge. Mahadeo will protect the innocent, and for thee, thou shalt have thy reward!" "Son of my friend," continued he, turning to the youth, who with eager interest stood drinking in the words of the speakers, "son of my friend, tremble not—shrink not from the trial that awaits thee—it is thy fate—seek not to shun it; by boldly meeting perfidy and malice, thou shalt baffle the designer, and fling back the evil on his head. Trust in Narrain and in thy innocence, and my voice, which will never deceive, assures thee of success."

The malicious sneer which wrinkled the face of the Byragee, as he heard these words, did not escape the individuals of this singular party. The heart of the Brahmin sunk as he marked it, for he believed it to be the seal of his young friend's fate. The Ghossain maintained the same immoveable countenance as before; but the young man cast upon his accuser a stern smile of defiance, for past experience had taught him to confide in the words of his aged protector, and he viewed him with the reverence due to a being of superior order. With an assurance of perfect submission to the mandates of his venerable guide, Hurry Sing requested that no time might be lost in subjecting him to the ordeal; for he longed to establish his innocence, and to appear in the eyes of the father of his mistress as blameless as he was in reality.

That very night were the dreary dungeons opened: boiled rice and water, sufficient for the food of three days, together with a small chiraugh, or lamp of iron, with a pittance of oil, were provided for the young man's use, and the Brahmin, the Ghossain, and the Byragee, saw him descend into this living grave. The two former ejaculated a prayer to the mighty Mahadeo for the innocent victim, while the latter affixed his seals to the entrance. This ceremony being completed, the Byragee retired to his mookaum at the sungum, with an air of confidence and triumph which he scarcely sought to repress.

And well might the insidious and malignant hypocrite be confident, for he had laid his snares so dexterously that failure seemed impossible. Well were the secrets of those fatal caverns known to him—right well did he know that a passage existed, which, communicating externally with the precipitous bank of the river, might sufficiently account for the fate of many a victim, whose destruction was attributed to the wrath of the Destroyer. By this passage, what should prevent himself, with one or two devoted disciples, from stealing upon the prisoner, and making sure of what the God, even for the credit of his own glory, might possibly neglect to perform. No danger then of *his* changing places with the living Hurry Sing—the only surviving branch, as he well knew, of a family whom he hated, because he had injured them—a branch which for him might have flourished or decayed,

so long as its root was unknown—but which, once recognized, might work his ruin, and must therefore perish.

The Byragee, too, had chosen his time with skill. A long residence at Toka, and a minute attention for many years to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the general course of the weather, and the rise and fall of the river during the periodical rains, had given him so remarkable a degree of experience and acquaintance with these phænomena, as to enable him to predict with singular success the changes to be expected in the weather, for many days previously to their occurrence.

At the period in question, the rainy season had set in, but without its customary severity. The Peira and Godavery had filled their beds, and their waters were tinged with the soil of the countries they swept through in their course; but several days had passed without one heavy shower. The heat had returned; the air was heavy, and it scarcely required the Byragee's sagacity to foretel that some violent convulsion of the elements was at hand. Ruggonaut knew it well. On the very morning of the scene we have described, the young moon had set in with a threatening aspect; heavy masses of vapour were gathering on the distant hills; the air was thick and oppressive; and, before the young man had retired to his dreary prison, the blackness in the north-west proclaimed that torrents of rain were already falling in

that quarter. Every thing announced the approach of a storm, violent enough to serve as the minister of Mahadeo's wrath, and quite sufficient to account for a pretty wide destruction in any given shape.

On that same evening, before the sun went down, the coming storm was announced by the rolling of thunder, and flashes of vivid lightning edged the lurid clouds, which were congregating fast on all sides, until, resting as it were upon the horizon, they formed a black solid mass, shutting out every glimpse of sky, and curdling and settling over the earth in every quarter. Down it came at last, and the face of the country was speedily converted into one wide sea, which the repeated flashes of lightning illumined with a ghastly light, while the corresponding peals of thunder shook every building to its centre. "Yah Narrain-jee! take pity upon my poor Hurry!" exclaimed the Brahmin frequently, as he watched the terrific progress of a storm, which might well represent the voice of the Almighty in his wrath. Even the dark-minded Ruggonaut was awe-struck, and almost trembled in his exposed lair, while the young Mahratta lay secure in his dungeon from every hostile attempt.

Morning brought no abatement of the storm. The rain fell, not in the puny showers and misty dews of northern climes, but with the full-sheeted fury of a tropical deluge, vehement, unceasing, and driven by a violent wind, which rose and fell as the dark squall

drifted over-head. The plains far and wide exhibited one dismal grey expanse of water; and, as the Gunga raged from side to side, the noise of its banks, undermined and falling by the action of the furious stream, and plunging by great masses into its waters, was heard above the howling of the storm, and the people began to contemplate with anxiety its possible effect upon such parts of the town as were most exposed to its rage.

"The Byragee! Ruggonaut-jee Byragee!" exclaimed a voice among those who were thus gazing at the storm; "what will become of him? what may have happened already? his mookaum must be swept away!" and they ran through the driving rain to ascertain the fate of the ascetic. It was not without hazard that they reached the spot where he sat, and to which the foaming waters had closely approached, though they had not absolutely invaded his retreat. But no entreaties, no reasoning, could induce the infatuated Byragee to quit his lair, and remove to a place of security. "Fools!" exclaimed he, "it is not on my account that this storm has been sent—let them tremble who have cause to fear—I am safe under the protection of the mighty God!"—And when they pointed to the roaring waters, which, with every new access of the storm, seemed to rise with increased rapidity; "Know ye not," thundered he, "that the waters and the tempest obey my voice?—that the mighty God hath given me power over them? Away! thus far

may these raging waters come—but no farther shall they approach!" Doubtful whether to regard these words as the ravings of blasphemy or the effusions of superior sanctity and power, the men, perplexed, withdrew.

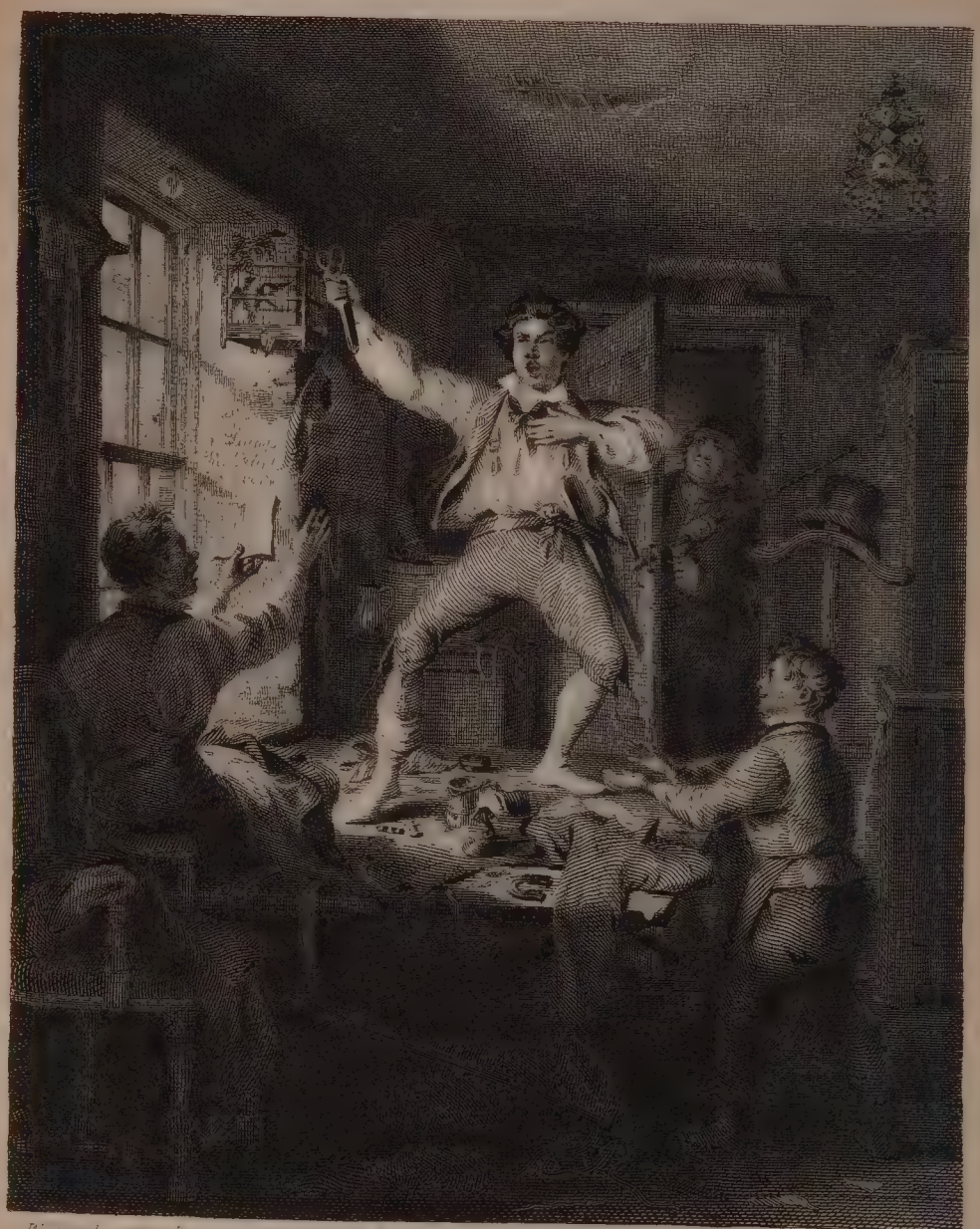
The storm raged on, and the rivers visibly rose; every part of the point at the sungum was overflowed. Still anxious about the safety of their celebrated saint, the people of the town attempted once more to approach his seat: but all access had by this time been cut off, and by the usual modes it was impossible. With great labour and at infinite risk, they launched a boat, and, securing her with ropes, let her drift with the stream to the point where the waters boiled and foamed to the very feet of the fakeer, as he sat in his lair. Even then, with indignant gesture, he again waved them off: but his words were drowned in the roar of the torrent, and the people themselves, with extreme difficulty, regained a ghaut.

Scarcely had they done so, when, as if a cataract had broken loose, the waters rushed down with a stunning noise, rising several feet higher than ever: a huge rent was seen gaping in a part of the kunker bank which overhung the river; in another moment it was torn away, involving in its fall part of a *bourge*, or buttress of the wall: the flashing waters were largely displaced for a moment, and then returned with a surge which sent them half-way up the ragged precipice—some said they heard a fearful shriek, and all ran to learn

the extent of the mischief. It was soon known—the lair of the fakeer and the bank in which it was excavated were gone—the miserable wretch had perished in the torrent whose rage he had so madly braved:—but, directly under the broken bourge, in a deep hollow which penetrated the earth, was seen the young Mahratta, in the attitude of devout prostration, while over him stood the old Ghossain, with his white hair streaming in the wind and his hands stretched towards heaven.

"Praise be to thee, O mighty Mahadeo!" exclaimed the Brahmin, Govind Râm, as he gazed upon this spectacle—"thou art truly great; thou hast vindicated the innocent—thou hast destroyed the wicked—behold, thy servant no longer opposes thy manifest commands!" The Ghossain and his charge were soon extricated from their perilous situation; and, as if the floods and the tempest had in truth been sent upon this special errand, the river rose no more, and gradually subsided to its ordinary dimensions at the season.

The sequel need scarcely be told, for who can doubt that Hurry Sing was happy in his beloved Koneya; that he rose continually in the esteem and favour of his patron; and that he soon revived the faded honours of his father's house!



W. Read pinx.t Pub.d by R. Ackermann, London. T. Engleheart sculp.t

THE STAGE STRUCK PER[illegible].

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

It must be. So Plato?—Thou reasonest?—Well.
SCHOOL CATO.

IT 's very hard! oh, Dick, my boy,
It 's very hard one can't enjoy
A little private spouting;
But, sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
Up comes our master, bounce! and gives
The tragic Muse a routing!

Ay, there he comes again! be quick!
And hide the book—a playbook, Dick,
He must not set his eyes on!
It's very hard, the churlish elf
Will never let one stab one's self,
Or take a bowl of pison!

It's very hard, but when I want
To die—as Cato did—I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*—
But up he comes, all fire and flame—
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice!

Oh, Dick! oh, Dick! it was not so,
Some half a dozen years ago!
  Melpomene was no sneaker,
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield school
  Became an Enfield's Speaker!

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein;
  The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by!
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I
  Play'd Hamlet to the village,

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd,
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—
  Macbeth, I think, my pet is;
Lord, how we spouted Shakspeare's works—
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
  And fifty Master Betties!

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,
And Norval, Sandy Philips—one
  Of Elocution's champions—
Genteelly taught by his mama
To say, not father, but papa,
  Kept sheep upon the Grampians!

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,
And Huggins great in Cato,
Only he broke so often off,
To have a fit of hooping-cough,
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zanga too—but I shall weep,
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick—
Now, forced to act—it 's very hard—
Measure for Measure with a yard—
You, Richard, with a goose, Dick!

Zounds! Dick, it 's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads
To learn to talk like Tullies;
And now, if one should just break out,
Perchance, into a little spout,
A stick about the scull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art?
Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,
Too well record the sad mistake
Of him, who tried at once to make
Both Romeo and *Coates*, Dick!

THE HEART.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

The heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight!
What eloquence impart,
The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might!
It is the seat of bliss,
The blessed home of all affections sweet;
It smiles where friendship is,
It glows wherever social feelings meet.

'Tis Virtue's hallowed fane—
'Tis Freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield!
A strength that will remain,
When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield!
It is Religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
Where joys, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring!

The fount of tenderness—
Where every purer passion hath its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.
Oh, heart! till life be o'er,
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame,
And I will ask no more
Of earthly happiness or earthly fame!

THE TEAR.

BY A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

I was led in a dream to the gate of the Upper Heaven. And I saw many sights on which I must be silent; and I heard many sweet sounds, like the voices of angels hymning to their lyres. And the Seraph Uriel was with me, for he is the Regent of the Sun, and the conductor of errant sojourners through the paths of Infinity. And the light of Heaven dazzled mine eyes long before I reached its glorious portal: and I must have sunk beneath its insufferable splendour, had not the angel shaded me with his ambrosial wings, and touched mine eyes with balm of amaranth, which grows only in Heaven. And when he touched them with this balm I felt them strengthened, and I could gaze undazzled on any part of the bright kingdom save one: and I asked Uriel the cause of this surpassing light, and he said it was the light of the Sanctuary. And, lo! at the gate of Heaven stood a pedestal of jasper, and on this pedestal a vessel of pure sapphire encircled with gold, and within this vessel lay a tear, which evaporated not in the light of Heaven, but remained the same for ever. And I said unto the Angel, "Whence cometh this tear?" And he answered, "From the eye of an earth-born maiden, named Leila. If thou wouldst know more of this tear, speak to it—it will answer thee." Then I marvelled, saying, "Can

a tear answer?" "Yea," responded Uriel, "this tear is not as other tears: it hath a spirit within it and a voice, for the sake of the maiden Leila, by whom it was shed." Then, methinks, I spoke to the tear, and a voice arose from its bed of sapphire in reply.

BARD.

Chrystal gem of mortal birth,
Fairer than the gems of earth,
Was it Grief that bade thee mount
Upwards from thy coral fount?
Was it Care, with dewy sigh,
Moulded thee on Leila's eye?

TEAR.

Minstrel, nay, it was not Care,
With his breath, that framed me there;
Neither did I quit my fount,
From its chrystal floor to mount,
(Like the dew on autumn's leaf)
By the sceptered spell of Grief.

BARD.

Jewel of a maiden fair!
Was it Mirth that brought thee there?
Was it touch of Laughter's spell
That o'erflowed thine azure well?

TEAR.

Neither Mirth invoked me here,
(Yet thou seest I am a tear)
Nor Despair's terrific dart
Bade me from my fountain start.

Tear like me had never birth
Or by Sorrow or by Mirth.
Whilom was my fountain dry,
Laughter beamed in Leila's eye,
Round her bosom Joy was flung,
Mirth was floating on her tongue,
And her step was gay and light,
And her eye was pure and bright,
And her soul, with rapture fraught,
Harboured no desponding thought:
But a vision of distress
Came athwart her loveliness,
Like a thunder-cloud in June,
Or a mist before the moon.
Straight the voice of Pity fell,
O'er her spirit as a spell,
And her eye distilled a tear,
Lovelier than Grief may wear:
Unto me the power was given
Leila's cause to plead in heaven,
For I have been shed upon
Others' sorrows—not her own.

And I inclined my head, while the tear was yet speaking; and the voice seemed to come from the drop within the vessel of sapphire—and I knew the tear to be a spirit. And I said unto Uriel, "Do all tears find their way to Heaven? But he answered, "Nay—none but those of Compassion. All other

tears perish as a drop of water when they are shed, but those of Pity come hither; and, after sojourning for a season at the gate of Heaven, lo! some of them are changed into jewels and hang upon the crowns of the archangels; others are mingled with the fountain of Benevolence: and they all plead with seraph-tongues for those that shed them."

And I knew from this response of the Angel that there were no tears like those of Compassion.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIPS.

This world is cold and selfish! I would fain
  Upon the wings of Mem'ry backward fly,
And reach the glorious faery-land again
  Of boyhood bright, with its unclouded sky;
Rejoin its happy spirits, and beguile
  The weary present with the thoughts of youth,
Eschew the hollow for the happy smile,
  The semblance for the sterling ore of truth.
Vain is the wish! the world hath passed between—
  And time, deceit, and death, have done their parts,
While few remain of all its honest hearts
  Unaltered now from what they once have been.
But these are dear—and I would fain repay
  Affection's tribute by a grateful lay.

H. M.

LA MÈRE DES SOLDATS.

BY MRS. LEE, LATELY MRS. BOWDICH.

I HAD very often heard of the person who bears the above appellation, and yet, during years of residence in and frequent visits to Paris, it had so chanced that I had never seen her. However, I determined not to go again without making acquaintance with her, and, in October, 1829, I accomplished my purpose. I set off for Montmartre with a friend, who was to act as guide and master of the ceremonies, and, leaving our carriage at the *barrière*, we slowly proceeded up the hill.

It was one of those days so frequent in autumn, when gleams of sunshine break through heavy masses of clouds, and cast partial lights over the landscape. Paris and its environs appeared like a vast panorama, and we often turned round to contemplate the scene which we were leaving behind us. The gilded dome of the Invalides rose in the grey atmosphere with independent brightness; St. Geneviève and Notre Dâme served as beacons to direct us to the spots which most interested us. The castle of Vincennes rose from the plain, and the dense black cloud above threw over it a gloom which was well adapted to its history. One broad solitary beam illumined the darkness, and shot across the fading tints of a beautiful and distant assemblage of trees. The light alone would have

attracted our observation, but it was like a ray of glory over the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and the last loved being there deposited seemed to be hailing us as we stood. The fairest, the best, the pride and joy of all connected with her, had vanished from us in the perfection of youthful loveliness; and at this moment her heavenly countenance, her extraordinary talents and acquirements, her unwearied and universal benevolence, her resignation to her untimely fate, all rushed upon our recollection, and our hearts were too full to speak.

But the living soon awakened us from our reverie, and we silently gained the village. It had no beauty to induce us to linger in it; and, having heard that *La Mère* was often to be seen at the confessional in the church, we bent our steps thither. A poor decrepid female most officiously besprinkled us with holy water as we entered, but the object of our search was not there, and Monsieur D. left me to examine the interior of the building, while he tried to gain information concerning her residence. The church of Montmartre is not beautiful either in decoration or architecture, but it is interesting from its antiquity, and from a few old relics within, such as a font and a few mutilated tombs; but its venerable appearance is destroyed by bad paintings and the dirty finery hung about the various altars round it. Having procured some directions, my friend returned, and, proceeding through two or three little dirty alleys, we reached a

high wall, which so completely concealed the dwelling of *La Mère*, that, had it not been for a small door, we should not have guessed that there was any habitation behind it. There was neither bell nor knocker; tapping seemed in vain: we therefore shook this door with all our force, and our ears were then assailed by the loud outcries of some curs, who would have disputed our entrance. A dirty-looking female admitted us, and, when we asked for *La Mère Ste. Famille*, ushered us in through a low apartment without furniture, inhabited by fowls and ducks, into another of better dimensions. I had, it is true, seen enough of nuns and friars to destroy the romantic notions which we English Protestants often conceive of them; but all I had heard of this extraordinary being led me to expect a fairy rather than a dwarf, and, with feelings heightened by the circumstances of my walk, I had quitted the church with impressions far beyond their natural pitch. It was well for me that the entrance had somewhat checked these, or I might have started when *La Mère* first presented herself. It was not that the idea of her unearthly appearance was destroyed, but I in vain looked for her good deeds in her exterior. A little being stood before me not more than four feet and a half high. Her black gown was made with the wide sleeves and skirt always worn by nuns; her bib and head-cloth were white as snow; a large black veil was thrown over her head and shoulders; a rosary was attached to her girdle; and a large

cross was suspended from her neck. A pair of huge feet, in thick and coarse shoes, peeped from beneath her robe; her hands were small and shrivelled; but her face—— I have reserved that till the last, despairing to convey an adequate notion of its expression. Her features were aquiline, and had been handsome; the loss of her teeth had brought her nose and chin, sharpened by age, too near together to preserve their original beauty, but her eyes were beyond the power of words to describe. Surrounded by wrinkles, they yet preserved all the fire of youth; they were black, and seemed to penetrate into every secret feeling. They were occasionally raised to heaven with fervour, but, when she was speaking of her adventures, they were in incessant motion. Her voice was not harsh, but loud as that of a Stentor, and contributed more than anything else to the idea of her being supernatural.

Accustomed to see a multitude of people, all of whom she cannot recollect, it is very easy to pass for an old acquaintance with *La Mère des Soldats*, and as such my friend introduced himself. As such did she receive him, and welcome us both to her dwelling. We sat down, and conversed some little time, during which I had an opportunity of surveying the apartment. A large *pot-au-feu* stood among the wood-ashes in the ample chimney; a small bed at one corner, with yellowish white curtains, was destined to receive not only its owner, but a huge cat, which evi-

dently preferred diurnal possession. A table, a few old chairs, a chest of drawers, a sort of secretaire, and a basket for each of the dogs, completed the furniture.

After talking over the number of her patients and some minor troubles which had lately befallen her, she asked us to inspect the chamber prepared by herself for those workmen who are wounded in the quarries close by her residence. There was no occupant at the time I speak of, but the three beds which the chamber contained were all ready to receive their patients at a moment's notice, and were models of neatness and cleanliness. The room was hung round with prints illustrating the lives of the saints, and, railed off from the rest was a small altar, dedicated to our Saviour, decorated with the usual accompaniments of tinsel, flowers, and candlesticks. *La Mère* placed chairs for us all to kneel upon, and said, "Whatever religion you may be of, you surely cannot refuse to join your voice with mine in thankfulness and supplication to the Saviour of mankind. All religions are the same which acknowledge the Almighty and his Son." Of course we complied with her request, and she commenced a prayer of her own composition. Her voice, however, frequently failed her, and Mons. D. offered to read the prayer for her. She put it into his hands, and gave herself up to the devotion of the moment. She repeated it after him with fervour, and, although the verses were not perfect, they were simple and

affecting ; and, on seeing her with her hands and eyes upraised, and her whole self entirely abstracted, as it were, from this earth, it was not possible either to refuse her credit for her sincerity, or in some measure to partake of her feelings. On rising, she laid her hand upon my arm and exclaimed, " Now you are truly my sister, and I hope you will never forget the prayers of *La Mère Ste. Famille.*" We offered her money, but she pointed to a little box, and said, " Put it into that, for there I keep the treasures of others. I do not want it just now for my hospital, but there are many poor in this parish."

We returned to her own room, and then begged her to relate to us the history of her life; for I told her I had come all the way from England to hear it and to see her. She readily complied with my wishes, but wandered occasionally from her subject. She frequently stopped to make reflections, and at times her enthusiasm rendered her almost incoherent; the following, however, is the substance of her narration.

Her real name is Maunoir, and she was born at Angers, where she lived with a wealthy mother. From the earliest age she devoted herself to charity, and, when the civil wars commenced, she visited the fields of battle to carry succour to the wounded and comfort to the dying. With her basket of drugs and cordials, she braved the horrors of such a scene, spent hours in stanching wounds, and probably saving the lives of many, who would otherwise have perished from ex-

haustion. During these troubled times, sixty-four unhappy priests were shut up in the chapel of the castle at Angers, and suffering tortures from thirst. This diminutive being scaled the walls, and by means of cords lowered wine and water through the broken windows to the unfortunate sufferers. For this she was thrown into prison, and even there, regardless of her own fate, she contrived to help her companions in misfortune. She was at length released by some counter-revolution, which changed the authorities. Her mother died, and her property having been all confiscated, Mademoiselle Maunoir went to Paris, in the hope of attaching herself to some religious community devoted to the relief of the sick, and, arriving at her aunt's, she was entreated to leave her vocations, and behave as became the heiress of a considerable property. This she positively refused to do, and she was consequently disinherited: before her aunt died, however, she made over her property to the institution which her niece had even then endeavoured to found.

Finding that to associate herself with any established order would be to confine her pious exertions, she pursued her own course, and particularly devoted herself to the care of sick or disgraced soldiers, and of those who were not sufficiently poor to go into an hospital, and yet not rich enough to pay for medical attendance. But the former have always been the chief objects of her care, from which she derives the

title of "*La Mère des Soldats.*" She not only visits them in their hospitals, but in their prisons, whither she carries them bodily refreshment and the consolations of religion. For this she is so well known to every body, that she is admitted where no one else would be allowed to go, and, whenever an unhappy soldier is tried for any offence, she takes her station in the court, with her little bottle of *eau de mélisse* in her hand, with which she revives the spirits of those who are condemned. The instant that the prisoner is taken out of court, away she trots at an incredible rate, with her wooden shoes and great feet, to the palace. The sentinels, who know her, permit her to pass; the people in waiting admit her still further; and she glides into the royal presence almost unperceived. She does not always plead in vain, for, the military laws of France being extremely severe, every opportunity which affords an excuse for their mitigation is readily seized. Among the successful instances which she related to us, I shall select only two.

The first was that of a young man who had been forced into the army, and torn away from a young wife, to whom he had been married only a few months, and from a number of beloved friends and relations. The news of his mother's dangerous illness and the immediate prospect of the birth of his child reached him, and he sought and obtained leave of absence, in order to return to his family. His home was far in the south of France, and he had the happiness of find-

ing his mother better; but, as he was about to depart after a very few days' rest, his wife was taken ill, and, to leave her in safety and embrace his new-born child, he delayed the moment of starting, in the hope of still reaching his regiment by the expiration of his furlough. To do this he was obliged to use extra-exertion; but, overcome by fatigue and anxiety, he was a week beyond the appointed time. He was seized as a deserter, tried, and condemned to be shot. When his sentence was pronounced, the poor fellow fainted, but *La Mère* was close at hand, to pour her cordial down his throat, and to whisper a few words of hope in his ear. She proceeded with her usual celerity to the Thuileries, and told her story to the kind-hearted Louis XVIII., who not only pardoned the culprit but ordered his discharge. I saw the letter from the family to his benefactress, which expressed their unbounded gratitude, and she told me that they every year proved by some trifling present that her services were not forgotten.

The second instance was of more recent occurrence, and was that of a fine young man, who, after a series of irritating and insulting conduct from his superior officer, was at length struck by him. The soldier returned the blow, and felled his officer to the ground. He was arrested, and the court-martial sentenced him to be shot in a few hours after condemnation. *La Mère* darted off to the Thuileries with inconceivable rapidity, but unhappily the king,

Charles X., was at St. Cloud. She instantly quitted the palace, and met the Duc de R——t in his cabriolet. He heard her story, and, telling her to get into his carriage, he drove her at full speed to St. Cloud, at the same time informing her that there was no hope for her *protégé*, for the youthful and benevolent Duc de Ch——s had already solicited his majesty twice without success. Arrived at St. Cloud, *La Mère* met on the stairs the Duc de Ch——s, who told her that his majesty still continued inexorable, for it was an offence which was never pardoned. *La Mère*, however, persisted, and so effectually worked upon the king's feelings that he wavered. At that moment the rolling of wheels and the trampling of horses were heard. They were leading the poor victim to the place of execution. Dropping on her knees, *La Mère* called religion to her aid, in so powerful a manner, that she obtained the royal grace. The Duc de Ch——s awaited the result of her visit, and when she shouted "Pardon!" from the door of his majesty's apartment, he immediately dispatched a horse-soldier to stop the execution. He arrived just as the poor fellow had had the handkerchief bound round his head and dropped on his knees to meet his fate. The joyous cries of his companions informed him that he was saved, and when they tore the bandage from his eyes he was senseless. They carried him from the ground to the hospital, where he had a fever, "but," said his protectress, "we shall soon get him well again."

The good deeds of *La Mère Ste. Famille*, however, have not been confined to individual instances. When the Empress Josephine was on the throne of France, she sent for this enthusiastic being and asked her what she should give her by way of present. *La Mère* only asked for a male and female lamb of the real Merino breed. The empress complied, and interested herself very much about their well-doing. From these, and from a more numerous donation of the same kind from another quarter, *La Mère* has reared a large flock of the purest race. This has been her great resource at all times, and, when the plague raged at Barcelona, she pledged her flock, in order to pay the expenses of two religious sisters and five brethren, whom she sent to attend on the sick in the hospitals. She was desirous also of sending the same sort of assistance to the Greeks during their late struggle, but the government prohibited the departure of her little expedition.

I am sorry to add, that advantage is but too often taken of the enthusiasm and credulity of *La Mère*, and she has frequently been drawn into the snares of the artful, and become responsible for sums of money. Such a circumstance had just occurred when I saw her, and she was obliged to sell her "*pauvres bêtes*," as she called them, to answer a heavy demand. As she spoke they arrived from browzing on the hill, and a little ragged shepherdess conducted them to their fold behind the house: we saw them before we came

away, and they evinced much joy at the sight of their mistress. They also licked our hands, and seemed so perfectly tame, that she had evidently spent much time among them teaching them gentleness.

But the chief ambition of this extraordinary personage is to found a religious order, for the express purposes to which she has devoted her life. She wrote to the Pope on the subject, and obtained his holiness's full permission to establish herself as the superior of the order. She could not, however, accomplish her plan without the assistance of the archbishop of Paris, and she also petitioned him, but he refused all aid, and, it is supposed from motives of policy, entirely prohibited her from forming the institution. She still persists, however, with the Pope's authority, to call herself *La Supérieure des Sœurs Ste. Famille*, and two sisters consider her as the legal directress of their labours in the same cause, to which she has so entirely sacrificed all her worldly interests.

Such is the history of this wonderful woman, who is still to be seen every day descending and reascending the hill of Montmartre, on her way to and from the military hospitals. A little basket hangs on her arm, and she is escorted by her two dogs. The soldiers bless her as she passes their *casernes*. "*Bon jour, ma mère!*" salutes her on all sides as she goes along; and many of the poorer class feel a superstitious reverence even for her name. I was in her presence nearly three hours, and my attention had been so strongly

excited, and the interest I felt for her was so powerful, that I was glad to walk quietly back to the *barrière*. Her voice rung in my ears for days, and I felt quite annoyed when any one tried to lower the estimate I had made of her good qualities. They say that the wounded workmen whom she takes into her hospital would have better medical advice in a public establishment; that, carried away by her enthusiasm, she is no respecter of times or persons, and intrudes herself till she becomes troublesome; and that she is led away by her feelings to a degree bordering on insanity. I am willing to grant all this, but her motives, her religious fervour, her active benevolence, are all pure and disinterested, I firmly believe; and, if they be tinctured with superstition and enthusiasm, we must recollect her education as an excuse for the first, and, as for the latter, I will ask—what great purpose was ever effected without it?

A WILD-FLOWER WREATH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NUGÆ SACRÆ.

If stranger hands might dare
A wild-flower wreath prepare,
The sweet Enthusiast's hair
  Her flowing hair to bind,
Oh, I would haste to bring
The violet of Spring,

Whose odours scent the wing
  Of every passing wind.

Each flower that early blows:
The may-bough's wreathed snows,
The wild-briar's folded rose,
  And woodbine's fragrant bloom;
The speedwell's eye of blue,
Suffused with morning dew,
Should smilingly glance through
  The tresses of the broom.

The rustic blushing heath,
That lurks the fern beneath,
Should grace our wilding wreath
  With many a pendent bell;
The fair anemone
Might well with these agree,
Reft from her sheltering tree,
  Low in the copsewood dell.

Nor less that flow'ret pale,
The lily of the vale,
That scents the roving gale,
  Yet loves its leafy shade;
And well my hand, I ween,
(If such my task had been)
Could twine the myrtle green,
  To crown the Mountain Maid.

THE VOICE OF THE WATERFALL.

BY MRS. GODWIN.

> Look back!
> Lo! where it comes like an eternity.
>
> BYRON.

VOICE of the Waterfall! thy booming sound
Rules like a spell of power the glens around;
We list thee from afar, and pause to dream
Of the near rushing of the mighty stream;
We seek thee near, e'en where thy rugged throne,
And all thy rude magnificence, are shown,
And hear, in thy stern music, tones that rise
Like oracles of Nature's mysteries.
How oft have I, amid the solemn woods,
When twilight's mantle droop'd o'er fells and floods,
Sat hearkening thee, the while thy clarion-call
Waked drowsy Echo in her sylvan hall;
And seen, for thou, wild spirit, hast a form
Majestic as the genius of the storm,
Thy white crest toss'd aloft in proud disdain,
Like some sea-lion's crisp'd and hoary mane!

Hours of romance—yes, I have mused away
The lavish glories of a summer day,
Full oft beneath the forest's whispering shade,
Rock'd by the thunders of the near cascade:
Or, more remote, have sought a gentler scene,
Where all around was fragrant, cool, and green;

Where flowerets oped their petals to emboss
With richer hues the dew-bespangled moss;
Where still the roar of neighbouring waters came,
By distance tempered, but in mood the same.
Yet thou, O Waterfall! that seem'st to be
A symbol meet of perpetuity,
E'en thou obey'st at times a loftier power,
Like some magician in his feeble hour.
Bleak Winter issues from his arctic caves,
And chains thy strength and curbs thy headlong waves;
Mute as the grave, thy rolling thunders cease,
And where the tumult madden'd—there is peace.

THE WITCHES' RACE.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

'T was sabbath eve, and I lingered late,
Toil-worn and tired, at the church-yard gate;
Till, as I slept, wild fancies swept
Before me of revels by witches kept:
Unchanged was the hour, unchanged the place,
As I saw them meet for their Saturday's race;
And cloudy gleam, and wind, and stream,
Gave motion, and light, and sound, to my dream.

"To horse! to horse! 't is Saturday night—
Our sabbath we 'll keep by the new moon's light!
The sport is begun—nor shall it be done,
Till the stars go out and the bell strikes one.

Mount ye, mount ye, 't is far to ride,
And the race must be galloped side by side:
The master is there, in his cloudy chair;
And look what a prize ye may win and wear!

" Only this silent slumberer hath
Since evening crossed the church-yard path;
For the labourers fear to rest them here,
On the night that holds our sabbath cheer.
To horse!—to horse!—yon moon will show
Hillock and mound, as on we go:
Not a village cur will bark or stir,
As on we drive with thorny spur.

" Mount ye, mount ye, the thin white steed—
Your brooms shall serve for a whip at need,
Each alone—each on her own,
And old mother Maud on this grey tomb-stone.
Up and away through the church-yard green,
Thick are the graves that lie between,
And dark is the air—pass and beware
Of the new vault that is opened there."

The word is given, and off they speed,
Whip and spur on the thin white steed:
The loosened stone from the grave hath flown,
And the long grass shakes to the mandrake's groan.
Shoulder and heel! hurra! hurra!
Over the graves, blue, white, and grey!

The gleam of the sky, in their rushing by,
Is a sight to unglaze a dead man's eye.

Their ragged cloaks fly back in the wind:
Their grizzled hair streams out behind:
Eleven have passed—they ride on the blast:
Look at the beldam who comes the last!
" Pinch her, pinch the lazy old crone,
Who rides so slow on the grey tomb-stone!
And the beard shall grace, from a dead man's face,
Her who wins our Saturday's race.

" Off from your marble coursers leap,
In the master's hall the feast to keep!
For the table is spread, and the vintage red
Foams in his cup from the heart of the dead.
The matin bird will rouse anon;
The stars will go out, and the bell strike one:
And, ere the meeting of christian men,
Ye must stable your steeds at the graves again."

The wakening cock crowed shrill and clear:
His voice was the farewell shriek in mine ear;
And the grave-stones shook to my dazzled look,
Ere sleep my spirit quite forsook.
Unchanged was the hour, unchanged the place,
While lost and won was the Saturday's race:
But cloudy gleam, and wind, and stream,
Were the motion, and light, and sound, of my dream.

H. Westcott pinxt. Pub. by P. Hogarth, Leicester Square, as the Act directs. Scratch'd by W. Hogarth.

THE FROSTY RECEPTION.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

FRANK FURROWFIELD was one of the six sons of a substantial yeoman, in Kent. He was a genius, and, happily, the only one in his family. He soon began to furnish evidence of a superior mind, by the original manner in which he acquitted himself of the duties that he appeared to have been brought into the world to perform. His father requiring his services at the farm, he was taken early from school, where, to do him justice, he made the most of his time, seeing that, before he was twelve years old, he had read Robinson Crusoe, the Seven Champions, and the Farmer's Boy, and had Chevy Chase, Robin Hood, and other interminable ballads, by heart.

His first employment was to tend a herd of cattle, and take care that they did not break bounds, a task which he executed in such a way that his father had frequent demands upon his pocket, for their release from a certain narrow enclosure to which some good-natured neighbour or other had consigned them.

In due course he was promoted to the handles, or, as our northern countrymen designate them, the stilts of the plough. Here he contrived to achieve that combination of the *utile et dulce*, of which he sagely imagined rural life to be peculiarly susceptible, by constructing a sort of reading-desk in the wood-work

of the implement, and thus making the culture of the earth and that of his mind concurrent operations.

The system was admirable, but, like every other of human origin, it had its defects, in illustration of which it may be mentioned that he was one day so absorbed by his literary, as entirely to forget his agricultural, pursuits; while the urchin who drove the horses, taking advantage of the mental absence of his young master, absconded in search of birds' nests; and Frank, unconsciously following the plough through a gap in the hedge, contrived, before he discovered the mistake, to convert into fallow half an acre of growing corn belonging to a neighbour, who acknowledged the obligation through the medium of his attorney on the following morning.

Old Furrowfield bore these indications of genius in his son with exemplary patience, till, at length, Frank suffered himself to be shot through the heart by a dairy-fed Cupid, and fell in love with the milkmaid.

The votary of Apollo has no business at the altar of Hymen, and so probably thought the farmer, who, determining to remove his son from the farm at all hazards, encouraged a design which Frank had, for some time, entertained of proceeding to London, and making his fortune at once by a poem, the composition of which had cost him six months' labour and his father three actions of trespass.

It happened that Frank had a maternal uncle, living in London, where he had acquired a large fortune

in trade. Now, as our hero would at any time have been happy to see his relative, he naturally concluded that his relative would be equally overjoyed to see him. Frank accordingly obtained an elaborate letter of introduction from his mother, set out for London, and presented himself at his uncle's door in high spirits and a pair of leathern spatterdashes.

Mr. Doublepenny, such was the worthy trader's name, had been very successful in the pursuit of civic honours, and ate his way to the gout and a common-councilman's gown before he had attained his fortieth year. He was remarkable for his dislike of French wines, and his affection for every thing English, but small beer and the pure element. Indeed, it is said that the aversion of the citizens generally from the chrystal spring is absolutely hydrophobic, and that, if it were their lot to walk on four legs instead of two, not one of them would escape hanging in the dog-days. This, however, is a gross exaggeration, for I have it upon excellent authority that, on one of their grandest festivals, they take water every year at Blackfriars.

"Is Mr. Doublepenny at home?" inquired Frank of the servant who opened the door.

"The *Deputy*," answered the woman, laying a reproving emphasis on the word, "is at home, but he can't see nobody."

"Poor gentleman!" exclaimed our hero, much shocked, "is he so ill then?"

"Ill? no," replied the other, "he is quite charming now; but I tell you again you can't see him, for he is at dinner."

"Does he dine in the dark then?" asked Frank with great simplicity.

"Dine in the dark? no!" responded the damsel, "but master don't like to be interrupted at meal-times, and won't see nobody."

"None are so blind as those who won't see," exclaimed the applicant; "but tell him that his nephew Frank Furrowfield is just arrived from the country, and would be glad to speak with him."

The maiden returned to her master, closely followed by Frank, who had misunderstood her direction to take a chair in the hall till she should come back, and thus enjoyed the satisfaction of hearing his message duly delivered. The sudden retreat of his conductress, on perceiving the mistake which he had committed, rather damped his expectations of a welcome from the worthy Deputy, with whom he now found himself face to face.

Mr. Doublepenny, be it observed, had been laid up with the gout for six weeks, during which his heels had been as much upon the pillow as his head. Having at last been permitted to abandon the antiphlogistic system, he was, as Frank knocked at the door, sitting down to one of his favourite dishes, and had just raised the first morsel upon his fork, when the entrance of his visiter arrested it *in transitu*.

The most lordly and magnanimous of brutes has an objection to being disturbed at his dinner, and our Deputy was less patient of intrusion on such occasions than any brute of them all. Had a ghost or his physician suddenly appeared and commanded him to abstain from the untasted banquet, they would scarcely have met with a more "frosty reception" than our hero encountered. The admirable manner in which our artist has treated the subject fortunately renders verbal description superfluous.

The Deputy eyed the intruder for some time with an expression of countenance, in which astonishment and displeasure were blended. At length recovering the power of utterance, he inquired: "And what, pray, may be the urgent nature of your business with me, young gentleman, that it could not keep until to-morrow morning?"

Frank briefly explained the purport of his visit to London, when his relative exclaimed, "And is that all? why I thought nothing less than that the farm-house, barn, stack, and stable, had been burnt to the ground or swept off by a hurricane. Do, pray, young man, allow me to eat the only dinner I have seen for these six weeks in peace; and, as you perceive it is getting cold, just write down your address in the next room, and I will let you know when it will be convenient for me to see you. Good day to you, sir."

Frank, who, in the confusion of the moment, had forgotten his mother's letter of introduction, took it

from his pocket, and, having placed it on the table, hastily withdrew.

Before, however, he quitted the house, he was, by the direction of the Deputy, sumptuously regaled on bread and cheese and small beer, which latter luxury may be compared to advice, inasmuch as it is often very liberally dispensed to others by those who will, on no account, be prevailed on to take it themselves.

Frank, having finished his repast, quitted the house, notwithstanding the thinness of his potations, with an internal conviction of being "the worse for liquor;" but, like the writer of this article, he was a moderate man, and never drank a tumbler of table-beer, without feeling that he had taken a glass too much.

On the following morning, our hero, whose experience of London relationship, it must be acknowledged, had not been the most encouraging, determined to fling himself upon the mercy of the booksellers, and accordingly, MS. in hand, he made the grand tour, in the course of which he received every possible civility, for publishers are the most obliging creatures upon earth, particularly in the way of refusals. As, however, it is difficult to meet with one disposed to purchase an article without some slight prospect of being able to sell it, poor Frank returned to the Smithfield hotel, with his poem on his hands, and a strong suspicion on his mind, that, like another man of genius, who marched to Moscow and found the climate hotter than he expected, he had "made a mistake."

While he was ruminating on his disappointment, a note was brought to him from his uncle, requesting to see him at a certain hour that afternoon. Although he felt little gratitude for the Deputy's reception on the preceding day, Frank could not afford to throw away the chance of assistance, and therefore obeyed the summons.

On entering the house, his nostrils were saluted by a very tantalizing odour of roast beef. He was shown up to the Deputy, whom he found seated by the fire, while his afflicted toes, having been divested of some dozen folds of flannel, had insinuated themselves into a slipper, not more than twice the size of his shoe. Matters were evidently upon an improved *footing*, for Mr. Doublepenny, with the assistance of his crutch, regained his legs, and, shaking his nephew by the hand, complimented him on his punctuality, and added, that he had a few words to say to him, which, as dinner was just coming to table, he would defer until they had discussed the beef.

When the cloth was removed, the Deputy gravely asked which fare he preferred; the bread and cheese and small beer, with which he had been regaled on the day before, or the roast beef and plum-pudding which had just graced the board.

Frank replied, that his choice certainly rather pointed to the roast beef.

"And now," said the Deputy, "let us see the ——epic I think you call it;" and as his nephew was

unfolding it, he continued, "Nay, you need not trouble yourself to open it, the first page will do. Ah! a very fair running hand, I protest."

While our hero was speculating upon what the city dignitary would observe next, the latter resumed the conversation by saying:

"Your mother, in her letter, I see, places some reliance upon my good offices for you, and she has a right to do so, as, when I quitted home to seek my fortune, she doubled my capital by slipping half a crown into my hand, while her sisters would have sold me into slavery, if they could have gained a cast gown or a new ribbon by the bargain. Now, it happens that I have just lost my clerk, and, if you like to fill the vacancy, I think you will find the employment more profitable than writing epics."

Frank expressed his gratitude for the offer, but modestly hinted a doubt of his qualifications for the office.

"As to that," said Doublepenny, "I see you write a tolerably good hand, and your mother says you have some knowledge of figures, while, in any thing else you may require to know, I can probably instruct you."

Observing Frank to glance at his somewhat rustic habiliments, the Deputy added, "I know what you would say: your coat is a little out of fashion to be sure; but, if you determine on declining business as an author, I will purchase your stock in trade for fifty pounds, and I apprehend you will scarcely meet with a better bargain for your epic, either in 'the Row,' or

at the 'West End;' so make up your mind, man, and choose between a crust in a garret and a hot joint with me in the parlour."

Alas! I record the sequel with a blush: Plutus prevailed over Apollo; the ignoble bard basely consented to sacrifice his literary first-born, which was accordingly bought, and burnt by the Deputy, and thus, in the poet's eye "in a fine frenzy rolling," the temple of Fame was eclipsed by a sirloin of beef.

The Deputy, I am informed, has since taken his nephew into partnership, and plumes himself on having made a trader and spoiled a poet.

A PORTRAIT.

Bright is the lady of my heart, and fair,
As a white lamb that haunts the summer brooks;
Shy, as the timid wren that makes her lair
In the green dingle's most secluded nooks;
Beauty and Genius mingle in her looks,
Throned on the pure expanse of her pale brow,
And flowering in the depth of her cheek's glow.
Nature she loves more than the learned books
Of bards or sages, for to her the fields
Open their volumed stores, and the blue night,
In its deep hush of mystery and might,
Golden revealings to her spirit yields:
Yet hath she human hopes and child-like fears—
Pity for those who mourn, and, for the weeping, tears.

SIR PERCEVAL'S RETURN.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Sir Perceval returned from fight,
And, late at evening's hour,
He found his lady in her bower,
And at her feet a knight.
Well pleased the maiden heard
The prayer and flattering word;
The lover's heart was stirred
At such a sight.

He took the scarf which bound his arm,
And cast it at her feet:
"Begone!" he cried, "the falsehood sweet,
Of token and of charm!"
The rival at her knee
Feared much his ire to see,
So through the grove sped he,
In sore alarm.

"And couldst thou break thy vow, fair dame,"
Sir Perceval he said,
"For yonder craven boy who fled?—
Go, comfort thou his shame:
For him—I could not try
With such a swain to vie;
For thee—nor tear, nor sigh,
Can me reclaim."

SERGEANT HAWKINS.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

BY HENRY D. INGLIS, ESQ.

I AM the only son of a gentleman of moderate fortune in one of the midland counties. He had passed his early life in the army, and destined me for the same profession, a determination to which my own inclinations opposed no obstacle. Even in childhood, I was thought to have what is called a romantic turn; and many a time it was prophesied of me, that I should do no good in the world—a prophecy that has hitherto been verified, taking the expression in its common acceptation.

When childhood ended and youth began, my inclination for the *ideal* was more fully manifested. The business of real life was insipid, almost disgusting, to me; the routine of study was wearisome, and I refused submission to it; men were not the lofty-minded, generous beings, nor women the delicate creations, that figured in the regions of my fancy; and Nature, the external world, seemed to me alone worthy of communing with. Yet, I could not help believing that there did exist high-souled men and women, such as I dreamed of, could I but find them; and when, at eighteen, an ensign's commission was obtained for me in a regiment ordered on foreign service, I felt as if the creations of my imagination were about to be

realized. High longings, dreams of glory, visions of romance, formed the atmosphere of my mind. Spain, chivalrous Spain, would satisfy all my longings; and it was in a state of delirious joy that, after a short voyage, I stepped upon that land of promise.

The regiment to which I belonged found a route to join the army instantly; and the same night upon which we disembarked, we began our march. Neither fatigue nor hardship was felt; enthusiasm bore me up, and carried me forward. I trod a land of romance: the sublime and often savage scenery around was for me peopled with the beings that live, and will live for ever, in the glorious fiction of Spanish story; and I felt almost an expectation, that some of those creations would start up in my path; that in the court of some baronial castle I should see the duke and duchess; or that at the entrance of some defile the chivalrous knight, with uplifted lance, would be found to dispute our passage.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, we joined the army; and it was with no ordinary satisfaction I learned that we had arrived in time to be employed in the general attack that was to be made on the morrow. I am not able to describe this battle, even if I would; it ended triumphantly for the British arms; but an irremediable blow was given by it to the enthusiastic notions I had formed of the "pomp and circumstance" of war. I found war to be prosaic; I saw no deeds of arms to be compared with those which

Fancy had pictured to me; it seemed to me deliberate, systematic murder: and when the din of battle had subsided, and even while loud huzzas yet rent the air, and victory rung in my ears, I said to myself, "Surely life has something better than this to offer!" Other battles were fought, other triumphs achieved; but these only tended more and more to dissipate the dream of glory, and to ratify the conviction, that my longings could not be satisfied amid scenes like these.

Winter arrived, and the tug of war ended: and now an event occurred, the consequences of which I do not regret, although, in the phraseology of the world, it has blasted my prospects in life, and may perhaps be thought by some even to have tarnished my good name.

In the company to which I was attached, there was a soldier named Hawkins; he had enlisted inconsiderately, shortly before the regiment left England, incited to this step by some supposed slight offered to him by a young woman, to whom he was sincerely attached, and shortly to have been united; but soon after he had taken this rash step—I believe indeed the very next day, and before the recruiting party had left the village—the quarrel was made up, and he and Lucy became man and wife. I saw them accidentally the day previous to the embarkation; they were strolling on the sands together, and I overheard Lucy say to her husband, that she was not afraid to

cross the seas with him or to share his fortunes in foreign lands: and the look that accompanied these words almost realized the vision I had formed of confiding love. I was not then aware—nor could they have been aware—of the cruel regulation, that allows but a limited number of soldiers' wives to follow their husbands on foreign service.

Next morning all was preparation for the embarkation: I saw the pair that had interested me the night before, and I watched them, because the spectacle of affection pleased me; I was not sufficiently near to catch what they said to each other, but it was evident that they cared not where Fate might cast them, so as they shared it together. Alas! they knew not what misery was in store for them. The lots were drawn, and it was Lucy's to be left behind.

Never, never, shall I forget the look of blank despair that overspread the countenance of the soldier, or the faint cry of agony with which the new-made wife fell into the arms of her husband. She, poor thing, had fainted; he, weeping bitterly, and kissing her bloodless cheek, was hurried on board, while I attempted to relieve, in some degree, the misery he felt, by assuring him that I would see his wife given in charge to those who should conduct her in safety to her friends. This promise, I need scarcely say, I kept. It was evening when the officers embarked; and, before that time, I had received the blessing of this affectionate and unfortunate girl for the promise

I made to her that I would befriend her husband, if he should ever stand in need of a friend.

Hawkins belonged to my company. He did his duty at all times, and had even, on more than one occasion, received the thanks of his captain for his intrepidity and steady coolness, in moments when these virtues were needed. But I had opportunities of seeing, and I saw, deeper into his mind; for I had selected him to assist me in the little domestic matters in which I found assistance necessary, and he occasionally ventured to allude to the past and to hint at the future. I saw that, although he performed his duty, this was not from ardour in the military profession, but because he hoped by some meritorious deed to recommend himself to his superiors, and eventually to obtain his discharge. This was a wild project, but I could not banish it from his mind; I represented to him that promotion, and not discharge, was the reward of service; but he continued to believe that, if the former were within his reach, the latter would not be refused to him. His whole mind was occupied with one object—her who had fainted in his arms on the sea-beach, his wife, from whom he received no tidings, and whom he pictured to himself pining in his absence.

A short time before the army went into winter-quarters, an opportunity occurred, by which distinction might be attained. Hawkins was one of twenty-four volunteers; the officer who led the little party to death or

destruction was struck down by a cannon-ball; Hawkins cheered on his comrades, carried the position, and tore down the enemy's colours. For this service he was offered a halbert, an offer, that was probably never before refused by a private; but he replied to the offer, that this was not the kind of favour he coveted; and, when desired to explain himself, he avowed, that the only reward to which he looked was a discharge. This it was not thought fit to grant, and the halbert was forced upon him against his inclination. From that moment the demeanour of Hawkins changed; he became careless of his duties, and seemed to be, what I believe he really was, a discontented and unhappy man. I knew well the source of his melancholy; I entered into his feelings, and pitied him; and, not forgetful of the blessing of the weeping girl for kindness promised to her husband, I kept an eye upon Hawkins, and even encouraged him to confide in me.

One day, shortly after the army retired into winter-quarters, I had walked out to enjoy the air upon the neighbouring heights; I saw Hawkins before me, and he seemed to loiter, as if waiting my approach. he appeared much dejected; and as I came up with him, I said, "Don't be downhearted, the war will end some day, and you will carry home to Lucy proofs of your merit and your country's approbation." "Oh! sir," said he, "do not name her, I cannot bear to speak of her!" and he sat down by the way-side, and

covered his face with his hands; and I saw the big tears drop on the ground. I continued standing before him: after a few moments, recovering himself, "And yet," he said, "I meant to make bold to tell you something I have resolved upon."

"What is that you have resolved upon, Hawkins?"

"I fear," said he, "your honour will be displeased; but it is no matter—I cannot go without thanking you for your kindness to us both, and saying, 'God Almighty bless you!'"

"Go, Hawkins!" I said, "go where?"

"To Lucy, to my wife," he replied.

"You do not mean to desert?"

"Oh sir," said he, "if you could but know the misery I suffer, you would pardon me. I hear no tidings of her, and I cannot live any longer away from her."

"Hawkins," I said, "my pardon would be of little use to you; desertion is at present never pardoned; you will be taken, a court-martial will condemn you, and your conduct will kill your poor wife; and besides, you know that you have taken a vow to serve the king, and not to desert his service."

"That is true, sir," said he, "but if I swore that I would serve the king, I swore a more solemn oath that I would cherish my wife; and they had no right to separate us."

I saw that he was resolved, and that it was useless to argue with him. I told him, that he ought not to have informed me of his intention, because my duty

required that I should now have an eye upon him. I reminded him, that I had promised to Lucy to stand his friend, and the fulfilment of that promise required that I should endeavour to frustrate his design, because I foresaw that it would bring greater misery upon both.

He replied, that he could not be made more miserable than now, and if Lucy felt like him, as he believed she did, neither could she: he said, he had told me his intention, because it would have been ungrateful to go without thanking me for my kindness, and he implored me, with much earnestness, not to prevent his design.

I made no reply to his entreaties, but continued my walk, revolving in my mind what had just taken place. I felt deeply for the unhappy soldier; the love that existed between him and Lucy approached nearer to the *ideal* of love than anything that the world had yet shown me; and I cursed the unnatural regulation in the army, that separated them from each other. "He is right," I said to myself, "his most solemn vows were indeed given to his wife." At the same time I knew well that this reasoning would little avail at a court-martial, and that my duty even to Hawkins was to prevent his desertion; but, I knew also, that, if he were determined to desert, my endeavours could not prevent him, and that, from the position of the army, desertion was so easy, that of late not one of the many who had taken advantage

of this facility had been recaptured. I determined, therefore, to leave Hawkins to his own plans and ingenuity. Next morning he was missing, and reported —*Deserted.*

An unusually strong desire was expressed by the commanding officer that Hawkins might be retaken. His being a sergeant, advanced on account of his services, and held up to the soldiers as an example of steadiness and good conduct, were additional reasons for making an example of him; "for," said the commanding officer, when the desertion was reported to him, "the privates will say, we have surely less reason to be contented than Sergeant Hawkins, and yet even he has deserted." The utmost exertions were made to recapture Hawkins, and they were unhappily too successful. I saw him brought in a prisoner, and, as I caught his eye, he seemed to say, "Do not blame yourself, you could not have prevented me;" but I did blame myself, and, although it was indeed improbable that any watchfulness of mine could have saved him from this misfortune, yet, the possibility that it might determined me to exert myself to the uttermost for his deliverance.

The same day he was brought to trial: I knew from himself that he did not mean to tell his story in mitigation of his offence; he wished to suffer death, rather than the punishment inflicted for crimes in which there may happen to be some palliating circumstances; and he implored me, also, to keep his secret.

But my duty to his wife required that I should endeavour to save his life; and, although I abhorred the punishment inflicted by martial law, yet, in his case, death seemed the worse alternative. I told all that I knew of him; and so far I touched the feelings of the court, that the extreme sentence was remitted, and that other punishment, in its utmost severity indeed, substituted — a punishment which *he* looked upon as a thousand times worse than death: and so would it have appeared in my eyes, had it not been, that he might eventually be restored to Lucy, who would not think him disgraced, but would love him only the more for what he had suffered for her sake.

I was sitting the same evening in my quarters, my mind engrossed with the event of the day, and the thoughts to which it gave rise, the pain that war carries into many innocent bosoms, the hard fate of Hawkins, his affectionate young wife, the unfeeling separation, his services, the injustice of refusing him the reward which he asked, and the moral iniquity there seemed to be in adjudging a dreadful punishment for an offence, which, whatever it might be in martial law, was rather the fulfilment of a natural obligation than a crime — when a woman presented herself at the door. I instantly knew her — it was Lucy, Hawkins' loving wife. I started to my feet, almost doubting the evidence of my senses, but it was indeed Lucy. She had suffered as much from absence as her husband. "I could bear it no longer,"

said she, "I have made my way to him if—if he be living." "He is living," I replied; and, as I saw the flush of joy mount into her cheek and sparkle in her eyes, my heart was wrung to agony by the thought, that tidings of sorrow must so soon check the overflowings of happiness. "Show him to me! take me to him!" she said.

Alas! mine was a sad task, to explain to her the condition in which she had found her husband; but concealment was impossible; some less friendly tongue might have told the tale, and I took courage to break it to her, till at length she knew all but the extent of her husband's punishment. Bitterly she upbraided herself for her delay. "If I had come but a day sooner, he might have been saved! Oh! send me to him, send me to him!" she said, as the tears ran swiftly down her pale cheeks.

I went with Lucy to the place where her husband was confined. It was a dreadful scene: any man would have been shaken from his purpose on witnessing it. At first, one might have thought that Hawkins and Lucy had met but to be blest: all was forgotten but themselves; soon, however, the reality flashed upon her mind; she looked wildly around the place, and, falling upon the neck of her husband, in an agony of choaking tears, "My husband! my husband!" she cried, "Oh God! save him from them—from the monsters who would murder him!" Hawkins tried to calm her agony. "It is the disgrace, Lucy, the dis-

grace only that I feel—it is not punishment—not pain —that I dread." But she, with woman's softness, thought rather of the corporeal than of the mental infliction; it was the sufferings which her husband must endure, that almost turned her to madness.

I cannot describe to you the scene I witnessed—the broken exclamations of agony, the fond wailings of pity, the bursts of despair, the passionate, clinging embrace. But Lucy became exhausted; she sat down at her husband's feet, and hid her face in her hands; while, now and then, deep and dreadful sobs rose, as from the lowest fountains of agony. By Heaven, I should have been a monster to be unmoved at such a spectacle! At length she suddenly raised her head, and, with an expression, into which there seemed to have flashed a quick illumination of hope, and fixing her eyes upon mine, "Sir, sir," said she, "pity us! save him! You pitied me once, pity me again!" I had already almost determined to make the attempt. "I do pity you," I said, "and will try to save him, so help me God!" Hawkins shook his head, but Lucy believed me; and if I had not restrained her joy, it would have been as frantic as before had been her sorrow.

The place where Hawkins was confined was on the outskirts of the town, in which the army had taken up winter-quarters; fortunately, I was the officer of the night piquet, a circumstance of which I was aware when I pledged my aid, and my duty required that I should visit the place of his confinement. I commu-

nicated my design to Hawkins and his wife; and, as it approached midnight, I proceeded to its execution.

I had two horses, both remarkable for their fleetness: of these, it was necessary to make a sacrifice. I led them to a field about a quarter of a mile from the prison, and, leaving them in charge of Lucy, I returned to complete my design. The sentry was walking to and fro before the door; and, saving the measured tread of the sentinels at the different posts, all was still: the moon was past the full, and the sky was cloudy. As officer of the piquet I passed the sentry, and entered the room where Hawkins sat expecting me. "Make dispatch," said I, "clothe yourself in my uniform, and walk out boldly, turn behind the prison and go forward; you will easily see by the moonlight two horses in charge of your wife; I will speedily follow." Hawkins obeyed me, and walked out unquestioned, and, when sufficient time had elapsed to permit him to reach the spot to which I had directed him, I also passed out dressed in his clothing. The sentry stopped me, as I expected. "Do you not know the officer of the guard?" I said. "No blame attaches to you for what has happened: I will return in an hour and surrender myself; I pledge my word as a soldier." He allowed me to pass, but, even had he been otherwise inclined, he dared not have quitted his post in pursuit of his prisoner. I soon reached the field, where I found the pair, in whom I had thus interested myself, anxiously waiting my appearance. "Now,

Hawkins," I said, " mount this horse, and take the bridle of this other, upon which I have placed your wife; gallop for the enemy's lines, take this paper and show it to the French officer, it is a statement of your case; if you can find employment in France, do not trust yourself in England." Many were the blessings the happy wife lavished upon me as the saviour of her husband, and, as I wrung Hawkins' hand, I could see, by the moonlight, a tear steal down his cheek. " It was love of her," said he, " not dread of punishment, that forced me to accept deliverance." " I know it, Hawkins," I said, " I know it, there is no time to delay; ride fast, and God bless you both and make you happy!" Away they went through the dusk; soon I could see a dark speck on the moonlit heath, and I listened until the quick clatter of the horses' hoofs died away into silence. I then turned towards the town to surrender myself.

In having acted thus, I well knew the penalty. " Of what consequence is it!" I said to myself, " I have encreased the sum of human enjoyment;" and I felt an inward triumph in having successfully opposed the impulse of feeling and enthusiasm to the cold dictates of self-interest—duty, I could not call it, because I believed it to be a higher duty to succour innocence and promote happiness, than to obey the technicalities of my profession. In short, I felt that, had I acted otherwise, I should have been accessory to injustice and cruelty—possibly even to murder.

Next morning, the events of the preceding night were known, for I took no pains to conceal the part I had acted in the affair; and the voluntary surrender I had made of my person was confirmed by an order of strict arrest. I was desired to prepare for a court-martial; and, in a few days, I was put upon my trial. I sought not to extol the act I had committed, neither did I express any conviction of my error; this I could not have done, but at the sacrifice of truth. I pleaded guilty to the charge brought against me; and, for so daring an act of insubordination and breach of duty, a sentence more lenient than some expected was pronounced. I was degraded, dismissed the service, and declared incapable of again serving the king.

When I turned from the bar, I was shunned by all. I was a disgraced man, with whom no one dared, or ought, to hold communion. But my own feelings were far from responding to the general sentiment. When this man avoided me, and that man passed me by, I had an abundant compensation in the recollection of Lucy's blessing and Hawkins' escape; and, far from feeling any depression when I was thrown an outcast upon the world, I never experienced more joyous sensations than when, with neither sword nor epaulette, I found myself alone with Nature, going, I knew not whither, but confident in my own capabilities of enjoyment, and believing that its sources were yet to be attained.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

ADDRESSED TO IANTHE.

BY DELTA.

Time flies apace—another year hath perished,
Perished, and joined the irrevocable past;
Hopes in its progress brightly born and cherished
Have been by shade o'ercast,
And sorrows, that seemed evils to our sight,
Have "turned their silver linings to the light;"
So little do we know of what is for us
Doomed by unerring Providence for good,
That, could the past from out its womb restore us
The visions we have wooed,
So inconsistent must existence seem,
That reason should seem phrenzy, truth a dream.

Time flies apace—since last ice-crown'd December
With his snow-mantle overlaid the earth,
What myriad hopes and fears do we remember,
That had their death or birth!
How many joys and sorrows, which have made
Life's pathway one all sunshine, or all shade!
Since last the ruddy Christmas hearth did brighten
The kindred faces of the social ring,
Since last the angel of the frost did whiten
The landscape with his wing,
Hath Misery from our firesides kept aloof?
Hath Death afforded of his power no proof?

Ah! who can say thus much? and though hath cost me
Full many a heart-pang the departed year,
Yet why should I repine?—it hath not lost me,
(What was of all most dear)
Thy love—an undeserved possession, worth
Far more than all the wealth of all the earth!
Yes, in that knowledge there are blessings treasured,
More than a kingdom's gold for me could buy:
Oft are life's goods by a false standard measured
In Error's vulgar eye,
While happiness, true happiness, is found
In the heart's feelings, not in things around.

Summer was on the hills, when last we parted,
Flowers in the vale, and beauty on the sky,
Our hearts were true, altho' our hopes were thwarted:
Forward, with wistful eye,
Scarce half-resigned we looked, yet thought how sweet
'Twould be again in after-months to meet.
Now 't is December chill: the moon is shining
O'er the grey mountains and the stilly sea,
As, by the streamlet's willowy bend reclining,
I pause, remembering thee,
Who to the moonlight lent a softer charm,
As through these wilds we wandered, arm in arm!

Yes! as we roamed, the sylvan earth seemed glowing
With many a beauty unremarked before:
The soul was like a deep urn overflowing
With thoughts, a treasured store;

The very flowers seemed born but to exhale,
As breathed the West, their fragrance to the gale.
Methinks I see thee yet—thy form of lightness,
An angel phantom gliding through the trees,
Thine alabaster brow, thy cheek of brightness,
Thy tresses in the breeze
Floating their auburn, and thine eyes that made,
So rich their blue, heaven's azure like a shade.

Methinks even yet I feel thy timid fingers,
With their bland pressure, thrilling bliss to mine:
Methinks yet on my cheek thy breathing lingers,
As, fondly leant to thine,
I told how life all pleasureless would be,
Green palm-tree of earth's desert, wanting thee.—
Not yet, not yet, had Disappointment shrouded
Youth's summer calm with storms of wintry strife;
The star of Hope shone o'er our path unclouded,
And Fancy coloured life
With those elysian rainbow hues, which Truth
Melts with his rod, when disenchanting Youth.

Where art thou now? I look around, but see not
The features and the form that haunt my dreams
Where art thou now? I listen, but for me not
The deep, rich music streams
Of that entrancing voice, which could bestow
A zest to pleasure and a balm to woe:—
I miss thy smile, when morn's first light is bursting
Through the green branches of the casement tree;

To list thy voice my lonely ear is thirsting,
Beside the moonlight sea:
Vain are my longings, my repinings vain;
Sleep only gives thee to my arms again.

Yet should it cheer me, that nor Woe hath shattered
The ties that link our hearts, nor Hate, nor Wrath;
And soon the day may dawn, when shall be scattered
All shadows from our path;
And visions be fulfilled, by Hope adored,
In thee, the long-lost, to mine arms restored.
Ah, could I see thee!—see thee, were it only
But for a moment looking bliss to me!
Ah, could I hear thee!—desolate and lonely
Is life deprived of thee:
I start from out my reverie, to know
That hills between us rise, and rivers flow!

Let Fortune change—be fickle Fate preparing
To shower her arrows, or to shed her balm,
All that I ask for, pray for, is the sharing
With thee life's storm or calm;
For ah! with others, Wealth and Mirth would be
Less sweet by far than Sorrow shared with thee!
Yes! vainly, foolishly, the vulgar reckon,
That Happiness resides in outward shows:
Contentment from the lowliest cot may beckon
True Love to sweet repose;
For genuine bliss can ne'er be far apart,
When soul meets soul, and heart responds to heart.

Farewell! let tyrannous Time roll on, estranging
The eyes and heart from each familiar spot:
Be fickle friendships with the seasons changing,
So that thou changest not!
I would not that the love, which owes its birth
To heaven, should perish like the things of earth!—
Adieu! as falls the flooding moonlight round me,
Fall Heaven's best joys on thy beloved head;
May cares that harass, and may griefs that wound me,
Flee from thy path and bed!
Be every thought that stirs, and hour that flies,
Sweet as thy smile, and radiant as thine eyes!

THE EVENING VALLEY.

Bathed in soft twilight's harmonizing hue,
A tranquil valley opens to the view;
Summer hath dressed the laughing lawn with flowers,
And filled with warbling birds the blossomed bowers;
Dimpling to breezes, soft as Passion's sigh,
A blue lake spreads, and mirrors all the sky;
Along the hill the peasant cheers his team,
The fisher's shallop dances on the stream.
See! where the smoke is curling thin and fair
O'er the brown trees, from white-walled dwellings there;
And hark! the voices, soft and far away,
Of joyful children, at their evening play!
Breathes one to whom tranquillity is dear,
And Nature charms, that would not hide him here?

S. Prout del. Pub.d by R. Ackermann London. J. Lavon sculp.

MAYENCE.

MAYENCE.

BY H. D. INGLIS, ESQ.

Among all the cities and towns that adorn the country of the Rhine, there is not one more interesting than Mayence. I had dined at Hochheim, a spot dear to every lover of good cheer, and left that little village for Mayence, in one of the most lovely autumn evenings that ever glowed upon the bosom of the Rhine. My road lay along a charming slope, covered with vineyards, and dotted with fruit-trees, and a playful rivulet tinkled by the way-side: and now Mayence rose before me, separated from me only by the majestic river, covered with boats, and reflecting the long and imposing line of buildings that stretch along its bank. It is impossible to help lingering on the bridge of boats as we cross the river, for the views are both beautiful and varied: the ancient and picturesque city, with its venerable cathedral and towers and spires of lesser note, lies before; on either side is seen the broad swelling river, sweeping its green and richly cultivated banks; and behind, rises the amphitheatre of the Rheingau, which may well be called the throne of Bacchus.

Let no traveller who visits Mayence neglect to seek out the market-place. 'Tis the Speise-markt (the market for eatables) that is represented in the accompanying engraving: and, for my own part, that is one of

the first places I visit on arriving in any strange town. Nowhere are the manners, dresses, and countenances, of the town and country-people better seen than in the market-place; but, if you would see the people and their wares in perfection, you must rise with the sun, and be there before seven chimes from the cathedral church. The preparations for the market please me as much as the market itself: I like to see the healthy damsels, wiping the coats of their mellow fruit, and disposing to the best advantage their tempting store of vegetables, and butter, and cream. I like to see them one after another arrive with their baskets, or pails, on their heads, set down their burden, and bid good morrow to their neighbours.

The market, as seen in the plate, has opened. Some are sitting beside their stores, chatting with a rival market-woman; some are standing with their arms under their aprons, waiting the approach of customers, but a few are still only arriving with their burdens upon their heads: it is easy for us in fancy to remove these white cloths that cover the baskets, and what a charming display there is below!

Most graphic Prout! would that my pen were as graphic as thy pencil! Only observe with what distinctness he has placed every object before us! While writing these lines, with the plate at my left hand, I live over again the morning I spent in the market-place of Mayence. I again peer into the baskets; I spell the signs over the doors; I even recollect the countenance

of the girl, who, with her braided hair and morning smile, looked out at one of those four windows on the fourth story which you perceive opposite to you. Those towers, which you see in the back-ground, are the towers of the cathedral; but why attempt to illustrate by description what needs no illustration!

THE MOTHER.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

Oh! who can tell the Mother's thrilling bliss,
When on her babe her first fond glance is thrown!
On its soft cheek when first she prints the kiss,
And feels its young heart beat against her own!
What joy to dry its tear, and soothe its moan,
Sing it to rest beside the evening flame,
Watch, one by one, its rosy beauties blown,
Its eye of blue laugh out, and hear it frame,
With faltering tongue, at last, a Mother's tender name!

Nor less her rapture, past its cherub dawn,
To view her cygnet imp its little wing;
When, chasing Morn's bright insect on the lawn,
It looks a gayer and a brighter thing:—
Then too how sweet, all pure the bosom's spring,
To guide its step in Virtue's flowery ways,
Teach truths that wake its infant wondering,
And list, when Eve her star of rest displays,
From rosy, lisping lips, its artless prayer of praise!

Oh! joys like these outbalance all the pains
That Woman still beyond her lord must bear!
Nature's deep anguish, home-confining chains,
Night's anxious watch, and Day's increasing care—
Yes, none so sweet is Man ordain'd to share.
How cold wealth's dreams! how heartless fame or sway!
But these, like flowers, scent life's most desert air,
Dispel its storms, and chase with angel ray,
As morn night's frowning shades, all other griefs away.

GLENTON.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

In this green solitude how sweetly shine
Day's lingering beams amid the golden trees;
And with how bland a melody the breeze
Tells its low secrets to the columbine,
And the lush honeysuckle's fairy twine!
The birds are free to wander where they please;
And the blithe insects ply their revelries
Above the dancing brooklet's wayward line!
One quiet hour in such a nook as this
Repays the heart for years of wasting pain!
The streamlet's voice comes like a soothing strain
O'er the hush'd spirit, and the ringdove's lay,
Breathing the fulness of maternal bliss,
Charms, for a while at least, life's threat'ning glooms away.

SALVATOR NIENTI.

A TALE FOR PHILOSOPHERS.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

Posterity must ever regret the rash anger in which Salvator Nienti destroyed his manuscript. The necessities of old age, hunger, helplessness, and poverty, scarcely furnish a sufficient excuse for the disappointment which he has, in consequence, inflicted on mankind, especially as it was not by that act he could hope to redeem himself from misery.

It is not, however, true, as some authors aver, that it consisted only of hieroglyphics as difficult to decipher as those of Egypt; on the contrary, it was written in choice Latin, and was esteemed both by Father Paul, the Benedictine, to whom it was first shown, and Pietro Marmo himself, who witnessed the burning with such amazement, as a composition of unrivalled beauty.

The story of the hieroglyphics was an idle invention, and took its rise from the circumstance of part of the manuscript being devoted to an explanation of the Memphian inscriptions, which few in modern times have better understood than Nienti. In fact, the very object of the work was to explain occult and ancient things, and justifies in some measure the words of our learned monarch, King James the First, that, "unless the pyramidal mummies could be waken'd,

he trowed that the kittle lare o' the auld gleg dominie would hae but few readers."

The historical notes on natural magic, in the extracts we have seen, are not to be paralleled in any living language of Christendom. The three chapters on the origin, progress, and results of alchemy, were equally extraordinary; of these, however, the reader can judge for himself, as they have been translated by Lebore of Amiens, and published last year at Paris. Literature has indeed sustained an irreparable loss, and in nothing more than in the destruction of the chronological series of remarkable configurations of the heavenly orbs, illustrated by their historical advents, according to astrological principles. It is chiefly, however, for the remarks on a new science that the suicidal doom, as it may be called, of Genius is so much to be deplored.

Nienti had, by a careful inspection of the remains of antique sculpture in the collections and galleries of Italy, ascertained that the ancient artists had for each of their gods a peculiar set of features and muscles, insomuch that even the uninitiated vulgar could appropriate very minute fragments of statues to the respective deities, to which they originally belonged. It was not, however, from physiognomy, for that he contends was only a portion of the science, nor phrenology, for he regarded it as lacking in the principle of all science, by admitting counterpoises which destroyed certainties, that he drew

his celebrated induction, that there is a visible similitude of each several mind in the several bodies of individuals, and that, to discover the characters of men, we must examine not their faces or their heads only, but their entire bodies.

His observations and researches under this head were extremely curious, but, after he had brought together numberless instances in proof of his doctrine, he concluded by observing, that the philosopher's knowledge of man would be found not very wonderfully different from a thorough bred English groom's principles in determining the qualities of a horse.

His account of the influence of external circumstances on the mind was almost poetical. He taught how the memory of one man might be governed by the skill of another, and how one of his pupils might become able, not only to tell what a stranger thought, but to cause him to think what he pleased. Some of his illustrations of this opinion were exceedingly ingenious, and it is the translation of one of them, published in the last volume of the Transactions of the Philosophical Society of Urtenstein, that we presume to offer to the gracious consideration of the reader. The original contributor, in a few observations prefixed to the paper, says that it was extracted from a note, and that the particular dogma to which it refers in the text deserves the serious investigation of all men concerned in searching evidence, and especially ambassadors and diplomatists, on whose skill

in the art of penetrating the designs of those with whom they have to deal so much depends.

"Men," said Nienti, "are little aware how much of their spiritual nature mingles in their commonest affairs, and that, save in the gratification of their physical appetites, the grossness of the body has really but little influence on the processes of the intellectual entity." The story of Count Herrman is a most remarkable proof of this: it is only to be regretted that in its incidents it should have been so tragical, for they were all of a kind that might have led to an amusing result, as well as to the dreadful catastrophe which terminated his profligate career.

COUNT HERRMAN OF TYROL.

The tutor of this nobleman was in many respects no ordinary man: he was a native of the territory of Ragusa, and had in his latter years been a monk, in the monastery of St. Stephen, in the Tyrol, the abbot of which, being related to the old Count, recommended him as a person well qualified to superintend the education of Herrman. At that period the pupil was but five years of age, and had already attracted considerable attention by his precocious sagacity.

Under the instructions of Father Gregorio, the progress of the boy was rapid: he soon mastered the classics, acquired a competent knowledge of modern languages, and, though English was then but little cultivated, he learned to understand it with astonish-

ing facility; but, as no Englishmen in those days visited the Tyrol, he never acquired the accent so well as to be able to speak it. These accomplishments were at that time justly deemed proofs of wonderful capacity at twelve years of age, at which period his mind suddenly burst, if I may use the expression, with centrifugal force, from its orbit, and, instead of pursuing a regular course through the zodiac and constellations of the sphere of determined knowledge, passed like a meteor into the unexplored regions of nebulæ and conjecture.

Father Gregorio was grieved at the first discovery of this aberration, which to him was the more inexplicable, because it derived the impulse that propelled it from the works of an author whom, of all others, he regarded as the best calculated to establish solid principles, namely, lord Bacon, whose fame was then first dawning and lightening over the learning and philosophy of the age. The attention of Herrman had been directed to his lordship's works, not for the information he might be able to glean from them, but as containing the observations of a genius of the first order, who had scrutinized much of Nature with a shrewd and inquisitive eye.

The remarks of the noble British philosopher on many subjects of popular belief particularly interested Herrman's imagination; instead, however, of studying them as illustrative of the progress of knowledge, he looked upon them as the key-holes of a brighter scene

of science than had yet been unfolded to man — as apertures, like the stars, which so many pious enthusiasts believe to be the windows of Heaven, through which the glory within shines upon the outer worlds: and, in consequence, he abandoned himself to the examination of those unsanctioned opinions, which it was the intent of lord Bacon to point out to mankind as the errors and vanities of philosophy.

Herrman, however, considered them differently, and, when his tutor remonstrated against the time which he wasted in vague research, he was ever answered with one short apophthegm, to which no reply could be given. "Had these notions," said he, "not been countenanced by Nature from time to time, the faith which the world—the vulgar world if you will—has in them would long since have passed away into oblivion, as the memory of a dream."

Before Count Herrman had attained his eighteenth year he had made himself master of all the learning to which his tutor could direct him; and, in consequence, Father Gregorio returned to his convent, bidding him adieu with sorrow: for he saw that, left to himself, Herrman would either squander his time in profitless pursuits, believing they were scientific, or abandon all study and cast himself away in libertine indulgence. His ardour he conceived to admit of no rein from reason: on the contrary, Gregorio thought he could discern that he made use of his acquirements only to procure self-indulgence, and in a manner which

showed that he was little under the influence of just feelings or correct morality. Nor was his apprehension groundless; for, notwithstanding the stirring transactions of that period, so calculated to rouse the ardour of a brave youth descended from a long line of heroic ancestors, Herrman listened to them only as to the roaring of the distant sea, breaking on the shore, and hugged his darling studies with redoubled fondness.

Another event, which took place soon after the departure of the monk, tended to render the preternatural assiduity of the young Count still more intense, by leaving him in greater freedom. His father died, and he inherited all his wealth and extensive domains. In consequence, conceiving that his recondite studies might be aided by the knowledge of the learned in the libraries of their colleges, and his enjoyments improved by studying the manners of nations in courts and populous capitals, he resolved to spend several years in visiting the most renowned places in the world.

Accordingly, he set out with the design of spending some time in all the celebrated universities of Christendom, as well as in the greatest cities, then to pass on to Constantinople, and thence to Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, where he resolved to stay a longer period in some monastery of caloyers, to ascertain if it were possible to interpret the mysterious inscriptions which exist unread amidst the ruins of Thebes.

In carrying this purpose into effect, he was absent several years, and, while his friends believed that he was exploring the hieroglyphics on the banks of the Nile, occasional rumours more than once described him as revelling in the dissipations of Paris. In the end, however, Nienti says he returned home, and subsequently took up his residence at Rome, where for some time he divested himself of all social predilections, as if he had been actuated in study by the fascination of some object hidden from the view of other men. It was thought he was then in quest of the philosophers' stone. The common people regarded him with awe, and spoke of him to each other as a professor of the black art of the Egyptians; and it was observed that the familiars of the Inquisition dogged his steps, when, in the cool of the evening, he sometimes walked abroad.

Whether he actually penetrated in his researches beyond the depths of the learned at Rome, is a question which in his life could only have been decided by the rare and few, and now must ever remain in doubt; but Nienti asserted that there was no other man known in his time in Christendom who so justly merited the name of a philosopher, or who could take the guage of his knowledge.

After having reached the age of thirty, a change came over him as extraordinary as that which the English works of lord Bacon had produced in his youth. His books were then abandoned; the instru-

ments and inventions, collected with much care and at a vast expense during his travels, lay unheeded, and he affected the gallant airs and gaiety of a young man, resuming a libertine life similar to that which it was said he had led at Paris. In this career he fell in love with the princess Aura, of the Babalini family, and became as much devoted to her as he had been to the veiled genius of Truth.

She, however, rejected his passion, and married the duke of Alletto, an incident which awoke all the latent evil in the bosom of Herrman, and changed him into a character which has no counterpart in the tales of human delinquency; for it brought into operation that hideous use of his knowledge, which his tutor had observed with apprehension that he never scrupled to employ in the accomplishment of his purposes, even when they were least justifiable. Once, in speaking with reference to the marriage, and to the ascendancy in the fortunes of the duke, he said that, 'were it an offence demanding atonement, he was not one who would have recourse either to the dagger or the bowl. Those who seek to satisfy their revenge with the death of their foes are but animals of prey and venom; man is an intellectual being, and his teeth and talent, his sting and strength, lie in the faculties of his own mind.'

For some time after the celebration of the nuptials, he abstracted himself in such a manner from company, that it was commonly supposed that he had relinquished the world in consequence of his disappoint-

ment, and was again devoted to his studies. But he remained not long in this seclusion; in less than a month, he returned into society, and, if possible, with more gaiety than he had shown when he worshipped the lady Aura. He mingled in every festive party; his name was on the lists of every revel: and, though beyond all question the most learned, abstruse, and recondite scholar in Rome, he was also the gayest of her *cavalieri*. In this respect he became a subject of invidious observation, and, as it was remarked that he studiously frequented every party where the duke and duchess were to be found, their mutual friends, with the wonted malice of the fashionable world, ascribed this unwearied following to the basest motives. It was not however so. Towards the duchess his heart was filled with unabated tenderness, but the duke was an object of unquenchable hatred, and, to satisfy this diabolical passion was now the sole end and business of his life—not to inflict bodily injury, but, by a course of study, which well merits the dreadful epithet, to plant such a curse within his bosom as would render his life at once both miserable to himself and criminal to the world. That this was the intention of Herrman, his own subsequent confessions sufficiently explain; but, at the time, his demeanour was such as to awaken sympathy from all who knew of his attachment to the duchess, and admiration from every one, for the gallantry and gracefulness of his bearing towards his rival, the duke.

For several months, being constantly in their parties, he scanned the character of Alletto with a smiling countenance, but also with the sinister glances of a fiend; and, having thoroughly acquainted himself with the dispositions and foibles of that unfortunate nobleman, the guilty business of filching his peace of mind was then in earnest undertaken, and with the metaphysical address and cunning circumvallations of the arch-enemy himself.

In the course of his long preliminary deliberation over the duke's character, he discovered that Alletto, from a principle of ancestral pride to uphold the dignity of his family, which had declined from its zenith, could not be allured to game. Herrman, in consequence, felt himself, at first, baffled, for he was well versed in all the Parisian sleights by which the ruin of an antagonist may be most easily attained; and he was at a loss for some time to determine in what manner he should open the trenches of his guilty siege; but, when he ascertained that his prey was not to be snared by ordinary means, he adopted a course of machination which has no parallel in the records of depravity. He perceived that, although the solicitude of the duke for the honour of his family protected him from seeking to revive its faded splendour by hazardous speculation, he had yet in his delicacy a singular weakness, and was under the influence of a morbid desire to retain his possessions in evergreen perfection. Herrman accordingly imagined, in his malignancy, that if he

could make him fancy his property infested with some ruinous taint of decay he should impair his happiness. The method by which he effected this was of satanic ingenuity.

When Herrman was persuaded that he might poison the heart of Alletto by means of his household gods, he seized an early opportunity to ply his demoniacal craft.

The duke and duchess gave a *festa* at their villa near Civita Vecchia, delightfully situated on the margin of a meadow, which extended, with a carpeting greener than the common verdure of the country, to the sea shore. This beautiful retreat was richly ornamented with some of the finest works of art, and especially with the productions of the different Italian schools of painting, the idols of their owner. The weather, during the revels of the *festa*, was delicious; all was mirth, music, and enjoyment: and the duke exulted alike in the envy and approbation with which his guests spoke of the villa—but the heart of Herrman was filled with venom. The duke, observing the cloud on his visage, inquired the cause.

"I am only grieved," was the reply, "that this matchless spot is so ill situated. Decay begins to infect it, and in a few years it must become a heap of noisome ruins."

The duke only laughed at the baleful insinuation, but his ingenious enemy had now commenced the work of affliction, and omitted no opportunity, in the

course of the three days of the *fête*, to point out to the attention of the duke even the smallest defect that he could discover in the mansion and gardens, which might help to verify his malicious insinuation. He also directed his eyes to spots on the pictures, and alleged that the east wind from the meadow was encrusting them with mildew.

In this machination he was too successful: before the days of festivity had expired, the venom had taken effect, and the apprehensive duke beheld his household gods passing away.

Still he conceived the evil not incapable of remedy; accordingly, the elysian gardens were dismantled, and many workmen employed in vain, at a vast expence, with all sorts of devices to check the progress of the mildew. Engineers were also consulted, and, although they all thought that the decay was not irreparable, they did not express themselves so decidedly as to ease the mind of the duke, and their hesitation only confirmed his fears.

Herrman, having thus destroyed the enjoyment which the vanity and pride of the duke derived from the beautiful villa fresca, turned his malignancy upon another ingredient of his happiness. He had noticed that Alletto was peculiarly delicate in his taste, and in consequence was necessarily subject to disgust, the most life-sickening feeling that human being can suffer; and he resolved that he should be overpowered with it even in his most innocent pleasures. By most

men the delicacy of the duke was regarded as a proof of his refinement, for he never spoke of any wine or viand, without the most select allusions and similes to gems and roses, hues and fragrances, of the purest and most delicious kind.

The demon of his destiny, however, attacked him through the feelings which dictated this elegance, and one day at dinner, suddenly, when a servant was helping the wine, Herrman pushed it wildly away, and alarmedly exclaimed "'Tis blood! It sickens me with horror, and reminds me of the wretch that was yesterday broken on the wheel. Methinks I see it flowing from his gashed bosom and quivering flesh, shuddering and heaving under the fangs of the torturing engine!"

The duke stared with inexpressible loathing; as often as the red wine was offered round the table, he looked at it as if it had been gathered from the gory scaffold; and when some of the guests in mirth called it blood, he shook with unutterable emotion. From that day, red wine was banished from his presence; but when at other tables he saw it produced, he became pale and turned away as if he beheld in it some odious drug.

But though his days and nights were thus blighted, only two of the phials of the avenger's wrath were yet poured upon his head. The duchess perceived the growing despondency of her lord, and often attempted to sooth him with music; but the fiend had dominion over the gentlest and softest sounds. And when

Alletto found solace in any melodious air, Herrman would sit beside him, and tell disastrous tales and fatal adventures of which he had heard in his travels, that they might mingle in his memory with the cadences of the melody. By this devilish subtilty he so infected his imagination, that few airs or strains could be offered to his hearing which were not the incantations of dismal associations.

When the sorcerer, as by these arts he deserves to be called, had imbittered to the unhappy and unconscious duke almost every source of pleasure, he carried his designs still further, and determined to sicken him of life, by deforming to him every aspect of Nature, and to make him indeed weary of the sun, by ever dwelling on the diseases and loathsome things that were engendered by its beams, until they became associated so intimately in the mind of the duke as to make even the glorious sun an object of dread.

It may seem incredible that these foul and evil insinuations should have acquired such predominancy over the duke, but they were artfully and incessantly plied. Those who know what it is to experience a continuity of suffering—the torment of the dropping water—will readily acknowledge their power. It is not so much in violent shocks, as in the monotony of minute afflictions, that misery consists.

Still the sensitive Alletto possessed in his blooming duchess a solace that often countervailed his *ennui*; and, while his confidence in her virtues remained

entire, the wicked arts of his pursuing demon might have been overcome.

In the strength of Herrman's love to Aura lay the duke's safety: that dreadful and incomprehensible being soon discovered that it was so, and felt that his revenge would not be satisfied so long as he withheld his spells from her; and thus, before he could nerve himself to afflict her, love often arrested the consummating dagger which hatred prompted him to clutch, and made him, though goaded by the Eumenides of his thoughts, reluctant to strike.

At first he was disposed to inflame the jealousy of the duke, but, he saw that, in doing so, he should only distress her and thereby punish himself; for the main spring of his iniquity was the passion with which she had inspired him, and the aim of his machinations to attain, without offending the law or committing an act to which even she might object, the full possession of her love and person. His arts were inscrutable, and, being without violence, his self-regard made him consider them as innocent. For some time he paused in his guilt, as if the resources of his wickedness were exhausted; but at last he discerned that the virtues of the duchess presented him with new means of increasing her husband's distress. He saw that the duke, in his dejection, found his only consolation in her tenderness; and the terrific suggestion which arose from this observation was of infernal sublimity.

The duchess, knowing his reputation for skill and knowledge, spoke to Herrman of the visible unhappiness of her lord, and with apprehension that his imaginary anxieties were impairing his mind. "He has," said she, "no other refuge from his gloom than in being constantly with me, and pouring into my ears the ever-distressing tale of his fears and frightful thoughts."

Herrman listened to her with greedy ear, and then said, "He must be checked in that. His malady evidently springs from the indulgence of dismal reveries. You must in tenderness be stern, nor listen to his melancholy either with compassion or sympathy. Treat his forebodings with derision, as if you deemed them phantastical. Let him have no opportunity of vexing you with his groundless sorrows, and give him new topics of reflection, by rendering him sensible how he annoys you by his melancholy."

The advice seemed plausible; it accorded with the opinions of several others; and the affectionate wife deemed it not unworthy of her gentleness and truth to assume a degree of levity at the sight of his dejection, even while it wounded her own heart.

The desolate duke was quick to discern the slightest modification in her demeanour, and he saw the alteration in her manner the moment she put it on. His life had been loathsome to himself, but he regarded the change in the sympathy of the duchess as a proof that he was becoming loathsome to the world, and,

under these conflicting feelings, he swallowed poison; but it was not so immediately effective as he had expected, and he languished several days.

In the mean time, Father Gregorio had occasion to come on some ecclesiastical business to Rome, and, hearing that his old pupil was there, he waited on him, whom he was surprised to find under the influence of concealed exultation, anticipating in the death of Alletto the consummation of his hopes. He saw, however, the secret triumph; recollecting with awe how often before he had noticed the selfishness of Herrman, and the extraordinary expedients which his curious knowledge often suggested as the means of gratification, he was led to conclude that the cause of this inward pleasure had something in it besides the joyful hope of a triumph, springing from some event, the result of his own superiority. When he discovered this by warily conversing with him, and found that the pivot on which his thoughts turned was the danger of the duke, he said nothing, but went in quest of Alletto's confessor, a priest of his own order. From him he learnt in what manner the duke's malady, which had led to so mournful a result, had originated, and, on comparing their respective notions and conjectures, they agreed that Count Herrman was the cause, that in his travels he had probably learned the sorcerer's art, and that the duke was its victim.

Gregorio left Rome the day on which the duke died. Count Herrman was that evening seized by the fami-

liars of the Inquisition. What disclosures were made on the application of the torture, or what evidence and witnesses were produced against him, was never of course revealed beyond the walls of the Holy Office; but he was found guilty of sorcery, and soon afterwards burned at the stake, after having bequeathed to posterity, as he intended, his confession in writing of the manner in which he regulated the thoughts and passions of others—an appalling document, which formed part of Salvator Nienti's manuscript.

AUTUMN.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

AUTUMN! and the red sun, through mottled clouds,
  Like fire-bark thro' blue waves, his passage cleaves;
In ripening raiment all the orchard shrouds,
  And gilds with glory all the saffron sheaves.
The wind, swift handmaid of the harvest field,
  Curling the yellow tresses of the corn,
  Brings on the breaking silence of the morn
The reapers' song. Lo! where they wildly wield
  Their glitt'ring sickles, brandished high in air,
Ere they begin their merry toil! and now
The shout is hushed into a murmur low.
  The sun, advancing from his cloudgirt lair,
Chases from sorest hearts sad dreams of night,
For darkest waters will reflect his light.

THE DEITY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

All Nature owns with one accord
The great and universal Lord;
The sun proclaims him through the day,
The moon when daylight fades away:
The very darkness smiles to wear
The stars, that show us God is there;
On moonlight seas soft gleams the sky,
And, God is with us, waves reply.

Winds breathe—from God's abode they come;
Storms louder own God is their home:
And thunders, with yet louder call,
Shout God is mightiest over all!
Till Earth, right loth the proof to miss,
Echoes triumphantly—He is!
And vale and mountain make reply—
God reigns on earth, in air, and sky.

All Nature owns with one accord
The great and universal Lord;
Insect, and bud, and tree, and flower,
Bear witness to his wondrous power;
And God is with us all reply,
Creatures that creep, walk, swim, or fly—
The first link in the mighty plan
Alone is still—ungrateful Man.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

This random sketch alludes to the death of the Reverend George Walker, rector of Donnochmore, the hero who defended Londonderry, with a few half-starved militia, against the whole regular and well appointed army of King James, who lost ten thousand men in his fruitless attempt. Walker afterwards fell at the battle of the Boyne, near to King William's right hand. He was certainly a man unequalled in bravery and resolution, as every one who has read the account of that notable siege will admit. The hint concerning his tenets is taken from an account of his Life, in a pamphlet printed in Dublin in 1700.

SCENE—*A field of battle. Alarums in the distance. The Rev.* GEORGE WALKER *mortally wounded, supported by his son,* JOHN.

John. My father, thou art dying. Turn thy thoughts
To that momentous change. Thy wound is mortal:
Thou know'st it, or shouldst know it. Yet thou seem'st
Blithe as a bridegroom on the tiptoe verge
Of Hope's dilated height, gazing enrapt
On the delirious joys so long deferred.
O my loved lord and father! let me say,
This gaiety ill suits the door of death.

Walker. What, John, art turned confessor? Thanks, good boy,
For this kind admonition. For my part,

I think not of my death, save as a speck
Of darkness mid a day of joyful light.
The victory's our's, boy! Think of that award!
Our brutal deadly enemies dispersed
Like chaff before the wind. Look but to that,
And what's an old man's life? The tyrant's arm
Is broke for ever. That cold-hearted bigot,
Who trampled on the necks of free-born men,
And gloried in their blood—where is he now?
Flying like traitor-coward, as he is,
From out his last red hold, like hunted fox,
Or ravening wolf. Boy, that man was a fiend,
Who o'er God's heritage long time hath shed
Death, pestilence, and famine, by his breath.
I've crossed him somewhat, playing my small part
To his confusion, and I yield my life
In the good cause with joy. What then is death?
One passing pang—no more—I leave yourself
And five bold brothers in my humble stead:
And I must be immortal here on earth
As well as in the heavens—if that, indeed,
There be such place for souls of mortal men—
Ay—if such thing as after-life there be—
There it is dark—well—I shall know it soon.

John. My father, do I hear these doubtful words
From thy revered and consecrated lips,
Even in the view of Time's fast gaining shore
And ocean of Eternity beyond!
Thou doubt'st not of a glorious life hereafter!

It cannot be! Tell me thou rav'st through pain,
And ease my soul of this oppressive load.
Walker. Why, John, I've thought, and thought,
and preached, and prayed,
And doubted: thought, and preached, and prayed,
again,
And all that I have reached is a resolve
To take my chance with others—and I'll do it!
I neither do believe nor disbelieve—
I DO NOT KNOW.
John. To hear the champion of the cause of Christ
Speak thus amazes me. The man whose deeds
Make mankind stare and wonder! he who taught
The path of life through Jesus, till the young
Shed tears of love, and old men trembling leaned
Their heads upon their hands and inly groaned!
How's this, my father? I am all amazement!
Walker. Boy, pester me no farther, for my time
Draws near a close. I taught the way through Christ,
Because no other surely led to peace,
To virtue, and to happiness on earth,
Which must to everlasting glory lead,
If such the lot of erring man can be.
But when I 'thought me of the human millions
Swept off by famine, pestilence, and sword,
From Adam down to this—the serf, the savage,
The infidel, the sage—men of all casts,
Tenets, beliefs, strewed o'er the world's wide face,
From age to age, like carrion—why, I doubted;

Though zealous to believe, I doubted sore.
Do n't teaze me, boy! I cannot help it now!
In his infinite mercy who created
This frame and all its energies I trust.
Farewell! A darkness settles o'er the field—
God shield King William! Round his sacred head
And his good consort's may the grace of Heaven
Be shed abundantly! Boy, where 's thy hand?
Pray let me feel it: kneel beside me here,
And pray for me—I love to hear thy voice—
It sounds like a renewal of my own,
And of my young belief—Oh, it is sweet!

John. (Kneeling and bowing over his father.) O thou Almighty Father, who presid'st
O'er all the destinies of mortal men,
Look here in pity! on thy servant look!
Who, bathed in blood, stood in the breach for thee,
And the pure renovation of thy church,
When those in office basely turned their backs,
And now lays down his life in that great cause!
One look of mercy, gracious God, bestow!
For though thy throne of glory's in the heavens,
In light ineffable, yet thou art here,
Surveying this red field, and taking note
Of all who fought and bled for right or wrong,
Their motives and advisement. God of mercy!
While the benevolent spirit of my father
With frail humanity holds intercourse,
Open his eyes to view the only path

From earth to heaven, through that mystic bond
Which never can be cancelled—God with man!
Before his soul pass o'er that awful bourn
From whence there 's no revert, no disannulment
Of bygone edicts, O unseal the valves
Laid open to the walks of grace and glory
By forfeiture divine, by deodand,
Which men or angels could not comprehend!
Sun of the soul! bright polar star of hope!
And prostrate human nature's adoration!
What would creation be without thy light!
What would the heaven and all its treasures be,
Its blest society, euphonies, and joys,
Without *thy* glories, O Redeeming Love!
  And what eternity? Ah! there the soul,
Standing on reason's farthest, loftiest verge,
And gazing onward o'er a gulf profound,
Quakes at the dim perspective—darkness there
Brooding for ever—ages after ages
In millions of blue billows rolling on
Far, far away, into the void obscure,
Unfathomed by the darkling soul's proud scale,
By plummet or by line!
  Where shall the trembling spirit turn? Where fly?
Ah, the retreat is palpable and near!
To thy most blessed word, thou God of truth,
Where life and immortality appear
Blazoned in living light. Unto that spring,
Opened in David's house, O lead my father,

To bathe in light divine, and pass to thee
Believing and rejoicing!
He is gone!
That ardent noble spirit, who ne'er knew
Dissimulation, interest, or alarm
At aught save at dishonour! Brave, brave father,
And kind as brave!—my model thou shalt be
In all my perils through this world below!

SCAMANDER*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Calm stream! that flow'st in Troas' classic land!
Gone are the myriads, whilom on thy banks,
Who marshalled to the horn their steel-clad ranks,
While thy clear mirror flashed back spear and brand:
Three thousand years have rolled their mists away,
Empires have ris'n, and sunk again to dust,
The stately marble long resigned its trust,
And not a bone lies where Achilles lay;
But thou, undimmed, still murmurest on the same,
Deriding with thy small, unceasing tide
The mightier works of nature, and the pride
Of loftiest art, that shrinks into a name:
And still thou wilt sweep on, when, like Troy's brave,
I've not a stone above my time-sunk grave.

* This river, according to travellers, still exists.

THE FEMALE SENTIMENT

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

It would have done any body good to see Patty Thornton set out to Basingstoke Fair in Whitsun-week, three years ago—we mean any body who could sympathize in the simple pleasures of their fellow-creatures, and who could find innocent delight in gazing on a lovely girl, whose cheek was suffused with health, joy, and affection. A more kind and generous being than Patty never existed, nor a maiden more modest withal, and these qualities might be read in her beautiful features, and in the tints of a complexion of exquisite purity, as in a book.

Patty was smartly yet properly dressed, for her station in life; she was the only daughter of a market-gardener, who had culled for her a nosegay of his choicest flowers, and, together with her mother, bidden her a tender adieu, though with somewhat of haste and trepidation. She ascribed this to a natural cause—she was likely to meet a lover whom they did not approve, for, although he was somewhat above her own rank, and a handsome and prudent young man, they considered him "not good enough" for their idolized darling.

It had been settled that Patty should accompany Dame Wells—a neighbour whose cottage was on the road—to the town: on calling there she found the

good woman quite ready to go, but apparently much surprised that on Patty's part the engagement was kept.

"Do I not always keep my promises?" enquired Patty.

"Yes, sooth do ye, my dear; but still you are the last in the world to leave your parents in trouble."

A new and painful light broke upon Patty's mind; she had been hurried away by her mother, and when her father gave her the flowers and bade God bless her, his voice was husky and tremulous. She eagerly entreated Dame Wells to tell her what was the matter.

The good woman now found that it had been the kind intention of her parents to keep her in ignorance of their trouble, and, like many other croakers, she heartily wished she had seconded their views; but, as it was too late to retrieve the error, she answered "Why! dear heart, so far as I can learn, your father have been bound for miller Simpson, and he, poor man, as all the world knows, have been ruined by trusting the marquis—a good-for-nothin rogue as we all know—Well! last night, poor Simpson was arrested, and folks say he will be sold up, and very like your father will have a matter o' seventy good pounds to pay—more pity! two honester men than the miller and he never broke bread."

Whilst the dame spoke, Patty sate gazing on her with sorrow and terror depicted in her countenance,

but, at the close of the sad tale, she started up, as if suddenly relieved, exclaiming "I am very, very sorry for old Simpson, for I have known him and loved him all my life; but, as to my dear father, he can soon be relieved; for most gladly will I give him the hundred pounds Aunt Alice left me. Let us set off, that I may go to 'Squire Birnie's and ask him for it."

"How you talks, Patty, God help 'ee—why, child, people never ben't trusted with money till they 're of age, and you 're only nineteen, remember."

All lovers are subject to mental reservation, and even our ingenuous heroine had her's; she insisted that no time should be lost in asking for it, at all events, for she had "a kind of feeling" about her that she could get it *somehow*.

"Ay, Patty, child, you are of an age when people are mightily given to *feeling* and *hoping*; for my part, I always found money is a particklar bad thing to lay your hands on, if so be you railly wants it."

They set out—Patty's countenance was sobered, but her steps were quickened. This, the first misfortune, though not the first sorrow, she had known, was already transformed by the alchemy of love and imagination, the magicians of young hearts, into a positive blessing. "I know," said she to herself, "my William has fifty pounds by him, and he will take thirty at the fair to-day; if it should not be law for me to have my own, how happy will it make him to help my father! And then—yes, *then!* both mother and him

will see how unjust they have been towards William, thinking, as they do, that he is covetous, and foppish, and likes himself too well: but all their hard thoughts of him arises from their preference of James Simpson. They shall now see my William is as good as *he* can be."

This soliloquy soothed her spirits, whilst it confirmed her reliance on William. The confidence of young love sustains the heart as with a panoply from heaven, yet that of Patty trembled a little as she beheld her William approaching her, and saw Dame Wells engaged with her neighbours.

Bad news spreads rapidly: the affair at the mill and its possible effect on Thornton had been discussed in William's hearing already. Patty read this information in his grave looks, but was not sorry for that circumstance, since it would spare her the pain of communicating the information she felt at this moment little able to give—in truth, her eyes were full of tears, and her tongue refused utterance of the words, with which she had so lately determined to open her heart to her lover.

William took her hand and drew her a little aside, saying, "I am sorry to see you in trouble, Miss Thornton."

The formality of his manner fell like ice on the warm and sensitive feelings of Patty, and she could only reply by her tears; the delightful dream in which she had indulged was already dispelled.

"How could your father be such a fool, such a *confounded* fool, as to do any thing for old Simpson? every body knew he was in distress?"

Patty snatched away her hand, and drew back a few paces; her heart throbbed; her ears tingled. Was it her father, her kind and excellent father, to whom such words were applied—in the hour of his trouble too? he who was held in veneration not only by herself, but by all his neighbours? At length she answered: "My father and James Simpson have been friends from their childhood, and when they were young men the miller helped him, and placed him in the very spot where we still live. In my opinion, he did only what was right to a friend in distress, and I thank God that I can pay the money, should it come to the worst."

"You can do no such thing as apply your aunt's legacy to that purpose, I can tell you. Should your father and the trustee be rogues enough to chouse you out of it, I will prosecute them the very day I marry you with the utmost rigour of the law—ay, that I will!"

As William spoke, his frame shook with rage, his eyes flashed fire, and he seemed as if lashing himself up to a perfect fury, for the purpose of either compelling Patty to forego her intention, or so rousing her pride and anger as to make a breach in their acquaintance. Such were indeed her astonishment and terror, that she became for a moment deadly pale, and trem-

bled so much that he was in turn frightened; and, after seating her on the steps of a stile, he ran forward into the town to procure her a glass of cyder. The moment she was relieved from his presence, indignation took the place of fear; she felt ashamed of having so far mistaken one whom she had known so long and judged so falsely, and determined never more to stand trembling before him, looking at him with beseeching eyes and vain hopes. She rose, and, in the strong excitement of the moment, ran back as fast as she was able towards the home she had quitted under such different emotions.

She was not pursued, for her lover had no doubt but she had joined Dame Wells and probably gone to Mr. Birnie, who, he well knew, was a person likely to help old Thornton without injuring his daughter; and he was also aware that, although the sudden demand of such a sum might distress and injure the gardener, yet the loss could be borne by him. For his own part, he would remain quiet and see how things went on; at all events, James Simpson was ruined as well as his father, and could make no pretensions to Patty.

Astonished, grieved, fluttered, and wounded to the very heart, the afflicted girl continued to run till her strength completely failed, when she sunk down on a little mound of earth, under the branches of a tree that shaded her from the sun and from the observation of the fair people. How different was she from the happy creature that passed it two hours before! Her nosegay

was lost, her gay handkerchief had fallen from her shoulders, her bonnet was held by the strings in her hand, her hair had fallen down her shoulders, and her feet were covered with dust. But, what were these trifling changes compared with that which had taken place within! that bitter, *bitter*, sense of disappointed love, which told her that she was deceived in the character of him, for whom she could have endured poverty and encountered toil, and to whom she could have given a world

"Of one entire and perfect chrysolite."

But we cannot dwell on the deep agony of that fond and tender heart, or trace its parental yearnings, its painful retrospections, and upright, yet hesitating conclusions. Enough to say that, after spending two hours, which might be termed ages, if measured by the intensity of their feelings, poor Patty was startled by the laughter and conversation of a gay party walking on the greensward near, and who could not fail to perceive her.

Instinctive propriety checked the current of her thoughts: she adjusted her shawl, replaced her bonnet, and rose to pursue her way, but her distress was too evident to escape the eyes of the humane; and an elderly gentleman and his daughter had already detached themselves from the groupe, and were addressing her with a suavity that at once melted and soothed her. Though conscious that she was speaking to the

high-born and the wealthy, yet she told the sad story of her neighbour's wrongs and her father's loss with simple fluency, conscious that the more touching part of her personal sorrows ought to sleep itself to death in her own bosom.

"Be comforted, my good girl," said the gentleman, when her artless story ceased, "and return home as soon as you can, to comfort your parents. Tell them that Sir Thomas Singleton has this very morning, by a thing called a mortgage, enabled the marquess to pay poor Simpson, and insisted that he shall do so; and, the miller, being a worthy man, will soon set your parents at ease—can you think of all this now?"

"Oh! yes, your honour, I will take heart and go home directly, and—and—so long as I live——"

Patty could not utter her thanks; but her low courtesy, her whispered blessing, reached the hearts of her auditors: and, after they had left her, she pursued her way, meditating less on the benefit they had conferred than on the kindness with which it was communicated. She felt assured that patience, consideration, and humanity, were indispensable to *her* especially, accustomed as she had been during her whole existence to their gentle influence.

In spite of her wishes, it was evening ere she reached that dear home to which her shipwrecked hopes now clung so fondly. The sight of her parents recalled her to the pleasure which she felt ought to be uppermost, and she eagerly related the news of Dame Wells in the

first place, and that of the good baronet as its antidote. Before she had concluded, the good miller entered the house; for, being released, he was eager to relieve his friends. As soon as his voice was heard, his son James rushed from Mrs. Thornton's little parlour, overwhelmed with joyful surprise, and, after an affecting meeting, hastened to conduct his father home.

"How came James Simpson here?" exclaimed Patty.

"He came, poor fellow, in the first place, to assure us that we should be no losers, and to consult on the best way of helping his father and providing him a future home in case of the worst; which, thank God, he is able to do, for his own concern flourishes. James is as good as he is handsome."

Patty started: she had, to her own conception, known only *one* handsome man, and his features had lost all their charm. She sighed deeply.

"Do not think, my dear child, that, in praising poor James, I meant to reproach you for not liking him as we do. We are not cruel parents, Patty—how could we be to a daughter so good as you?"

"Dear mother, I know all your kindness, and I will never, never, leave you. I now know that William Hodgets is not the man to make me happy, therefore I promise you never to marry him; but forgive me if I am low at times—and if I refuse every body, and wish to end my days with you."

Patty's parents were wise enough not to press her with questions, and happy in perceiving that she resolutely refused to accept the farther addresses of William, whose vanity led him to believe that he could easily induce her to forgive him for what he now termed "hasty words." Had they been only such, her gentle bosom would have been quick to pardon; but that which shewed her his true character, as distinct from her own, as selfish, passionate, and unfeeling, placed a bar between them which no entreaties could remove.

The following Whitsun fair, Patty went to the town with her father, who considered himself her best guardian; but he did not object to young James Simpson seeing her safe home, and, what was better, Patty did not object herself. As she passed the well remembered tree, she spoke freely of her former sorrows and her recovered happiness; nor did she turn a cold ear to the friend of her youth, the chosen of her parents, when in his turn he spoke of deep solicitude, of long-tried fidelity and love, alike fervid and sincere.

Before the winter fair of Basingstoke arrived, Patty was the wife of James Simpson, and, as the royal poet of Judah exclaimed, "It is good for me that I was afflicted!" so does the happy wife of a truly worthy and affectionate husband now declare "that the most valuable incident of her life was that in which she experienced *a Disappointment*"

EPITAPH AND ELEGY.

BY CAPT. EDWARD PARRY.

[The following little effusions do credit alike to the head and heart of the gallant Commander of our Polar Expeditions. The Epitaph was copied by a friend, from a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Somerset, Bermuda, and the Elegy from the album of a lady in the same parish.]

EPITAPH.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ELLEN, DAUGHTER OF HECTOR AND ELLEN MACLEAN. DIED 10th DECEMBER, 1815, AGED 16 YEARS.

STRANGER! if ever Virtue claimed thy tear,
Pause here awhile, to weep o'er Ellen's bier;
If e'er thy bosom drew the generous sigh,
Here pour the balm of warmest sympathy.
Pious, sincere, affectionate, and kind,
Ellen was virtue's self in form and mind.
All, all was loveliness: but who can tell
The excellence of her we loved so well!
Too good to tarry long in this abode,
The heavenly spirit panted for its God;
Impatient hope resigned its earthly clay,
And winged an Angel's flight to realms of perfect day.

ELEGY ON THE SAME.

Why tolls the dirge of yonder funeral knell,
Deep sounding from the distant village bell?
Why walks yon sable train sedate and slow,
In semblance or reality of woe?
Bear they some patriot's corpse, whose ardent zeal
Once fixed the Senate for his country's weal,

Some hero's relics, who for Britain's pride
Once fought and conquered, suffered, bled, and died?

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, the tears they shed
Water the laurels on no hero's bed;
They fall for her, in whom was seen combin'd
All that is lovely, delicate, refin'd;
A soul as spotless, and a heart as true,
As ever Britain's loveliest daughter knew.
The face of Nature drooped, soft Pity sigh'd,
And Virtue dropped a tear, when Ellen died!

SCENE NEAR HYDRABAD.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

The butterflies are all abroad, the flowers
Are courted by them, and the bandit wind,
From every shrub, embathed in dewy showers,
Extorts its tribute of sweet things: enshrined
Within its leafy cradle sings its song
The lively mina; whilst, from tree to tree,
The tricksome monkey chases merrily
The squirrel, bounding the wet leaves among;
The sun throws slantingly on yon minār
Its infant beams, arraying in bright gold
The tamarind grove, whose every leaf a star,
Seems gilded fruitage in fair chains to hold;
And, like a lake of molten fire, the tank
Shows bright and gorgeously beneath this bank.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

"GRANDMAMMA," said one of three fine young women to a noble-looking old lady, who occupied a high-backed chair, in the warm chimney corner of an old-fashioned room in an old-fashioned house—"Grandmamma, will you turn chronicler to us three forlorn damsels, and tell us some tale of your younger days?"

"I thought I had exhausted my store long since," replied the old lady, "but this dreary winter's afternoon has recalled a similar one some fifty years ago, which made a forcible impression on my mind, and the conversation I then heard, and the events that succeeded it, I will relate for your amusement.

"I had been married about two years, and had buried my first-born, my fair-haired Marmaduke, whom, even now, I remember as the loveliest of my children. I was expecting again, early in the spring, to become a mother, when we were invited to spend the Christmas holydays at my husband's father's. It was in one of the northern counties, so far removed from the metropolis as to be considered a very formidable journey. This was my first visit, and, as we were to meet all our relations, most of whom I had never seen, in a large family party, we were invited to be there a week before the arrival of other guests, in

order that I might be sufficiently rested to enter into the gaieties of the time with safety and comfort to myself. The house was large and gloomy, furnished and established in what, at that time, was considered a very antiquated fashion; it was the mansion of a small and extremely ignorant hamlet, composed principally of tenants and persons in some way or other connected with the family. My father-in-law was a tall, stately, and remarkably fine old man, who, having been little from his domain for the last half of his life, seemed to have bounded all his interests by the narrow circle of which he was the centre. His sons were in busy life, it is true, and he might have been expected to feel its interests still for their sakes; but he was of an apathetic temperament, and, except making munificent entertainments for them when they occasionally visited him, he gave up all further concern to their mother, who was in ready and zealous affection his complete counterpart. Her children were to her her life's blood, and she kept herself in a perpetual turmoil of love and anxieties for them.

"These family-parties, which were convened every few years, were very important and interesting events: they were the epochs by which this otherwise monotonous household told the progress of their lives, kind seasons of bountiful hospitality, when every hand seemed open to give, and every heart warmed with the interchange of benevolent offices, and by means of which a friendly intercourse was kept up through all

the various branches of a widely spread family. At such times the quiet but ample establishment was doubled; all the rooms of the spacious mansion were fitted up with every old-fashioned comfort for the reception of guests, and the chimneys, 'those windpipes of good hospitality,' as our excellent old poet calls them, shewed to a distance the comfortable and liberal cheer of the house within.

"I had some anxieties about this visit; and the very event which I had apprehended occurred. I had not been there many days, and my husband was out on the moors with a shooting-party, when my baby was born, but it lived only a few hours. The village was small, and far from any considerable town; so that in the emergency I was attended by one Mabel Cowan, a Roman Catholic woman, who, for lack of a better, had undertaken to introduce the worthy inhabitants of the village and its neighbourhood into the world. The appearance of this woman was from the first repulsive to me. She was short and broad, with altogether the air of a mean person, who, nevertheless, had a great conceit of her own importance: but it was her countenance which was to me so unprepossessing. Without any deformity of feature, she had a crafty and sinister expression that I dreaded. She seemed incapable of being abashed, and fixed her eyes upon me as if, having detected my aversion, she would draw forth the very thoughts that passed through my brain. I reasoned with myself, and en-

deavoured to think her inoffensive, as I was convinced my mother-in-law considered her, or she would not have introduced her to my chamber; but my arguments were vain, and I believed her capable of any crime.

"After she had given me a nauseous mixture, which she called 'delicate,' but which, after having tasted, I loathed, she drew the bed-curtains around me, and desired me to lie still and take some sleep, adding that she would sit down by the fire, and be ready at my waking. I was rejoiced at the thoughts of the quiet which she recommended; my spirits were low, my heart full of many sorrows. I felt myself among strangers, and almost feared I might be considered a troublesome and an unwelcome guest at such a festival season. I had, too, the grief of a mother heavy on my soul, and the very absence of my husband was at that time a cause of sorrow. I was, therefore, glad to be still; but to sleep I knew was impossible, for the very presence of my attendant would have kept me watching. It happened that my bed's foot was opposite to the large chimney, in a corner of which the old woman, having drawn thither a low stool, had seated herself, and, through a small opening in the curtains, I felt myself irresistibly impelled to watch her movements. She sat for awhile, with her elbows resting on her knees; then, rising and softly coming to my bed, she gently unclosed the curtains, and, having satisfied herself, I suppose, that the sleep which I

feigned was real, closed them again and resumed her seat. Presently the door was cautiously opened, and a light foot passed the floor. Half-startled, I silently raised my head, and perceived it to be a woman called Phœbe, a singularly tall and almost terribly thin person, who was employed in the family as seamstress. I had often seen this woman, and occasionally conversed with her. She had at first excited my compassion, and afterwards my interest, by her wasted frame and sorrowful countenance; and, enquiring some particulars of her life, I had heard a tale of such a series of withering afflictions, such self-sacrifice and patience, as not only still further interested me for her, but excited my respect also. It therefore was to me a great relief to see her enter. The room was darkened, but still by the light of a large fire I saw all that passed. Phœbe brought with her a brown earthenware posset-pot of spiced ale, which filled the room with a warm aromatic odour. Presenting this to the old woman, she remarked, in an under-tone, 'I have brought it, you see,' so that I perceived it was a preconcerted meeting. Phœbe then drew another stool to the opposite side of the fire, and sat down, forming with her companion the most singular contrast of figures I ever beheld. Both sat with their elbows on their knees, after the fashion of country-women, and I thus heard the conversation that passed between them, during which they alternately sipped from the comfortable potation that Phœbe had furnished.

"'How is the poor young lady?' said Phœbe.

"'Oh, doing bravely!' replied the other, 'and might have been better had she not been so dainty. She has enough of that, however, which will keep her sleeping for the next four hours.'

"'Mabel,' said Phœbe, 'I wonder at your using such outlandish mixtures and compounds—why! they are made by Turks and heathens, and can be, I am sure, good for no Christian woman.'

"'Mistress Phœbe,' replied the old nurse, somewhat offended, 'I wish you would mind your cutting and stitching, and not meddle with other folks' business. What I use is made by neither Turk nor heathen, an' please you; it 's made by no worse Christian than myself, and has been used by me for all the quality in the country, better born and better bred, I trow, than such as she, who is one of your mushroom London gentry.'

"'She 's no Londoner, I promise you!' replied poor Phœbe tartly, and with vehemence; 'she 's a gentlewoman born and bred, and comes out of the very heart of England, out of my own native county, and I love her for it. Besides, Mabel, about those drops that you use——'

"'Say not another word about the drops!' very angrily interrupted Mabel; 'I surely ought to know what 's fitting and proper: and let me tell you, mistress Phœbe, if you can't behave decently to a body, walk back the way you came.'

"Poor Phœbe was not disposed to lose a gossip, the love of which was her besetting sin, so she resumed the conversation somewhat soothingly. 'Well, well, Mabel, have your own way, if you will. You know best, to be sure; and yet I, who have been the mother of fifteen children, ought to know something about the matter. But, at least, you must allow that it's a treacherous bed to be laid upon; and yet,' added she, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, 'sinful woman as I am, I wish now, and I have often wished, that I had died in childbed, for then I should have been sure of salvation; for every body knows, whether mother or child die, there's an angel standing at each bed-post to lead them to heaven; and, besides the promise in the blessed Scriptures, you know what the ballad says, which I take it is nearly as true—

'Their beds are made in the heavens high,
Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee,
Well set about wi' gillyflowers,
I wot sweet company for to see.'

"'Humph!' said Mabel, 'that's all as folks think: for my part I know better than to believe such tales.'

"'So, you don't believe it?' exclaimed Phœbe with every demonstration of horror; 'more shame for you then to use any unchristian means! But, however, Mabel, I mean no offence,' said she, on perceiving that a storm was again rising—'and I'll tell you a thing that shall make you believe. Before I was married, I

was maid to a lady of quality, and, being always very ready at my needle, was often employed by her in her own room. Now it happened once, as she was recovering from a very dangerous confinement, and was sitting, poor lady, propped up with pillows, the chaplain, a good old man, who had been reading prayers, sitting by her, that a lady, a friend of her's, called to see her. They had a deal of serious conversation, and, among other things, they talked of the uncertainty of life, especially at such times as these, and I heard the chaplain say that the salvation of those who died then was certain, which he clearly proved from the Scriptures; and the lady, who was a very grave and discreet woman, said she believed in the presence of angels on these occasions, and told from her own experience what I am going to tell you. I paid particular attention to all she said, and have since then often thought it over to myself, so that I can tell it you in her own words.

"'It was, she said, while my husband was abroad in Germany about the king's business that my fourth child was born. My other children were all dead, and I therefore was particularly anxious about this one, as I also knew his father would be, to whom, as the descendant of an old and honourable family, an heir was very important.

"'The child was three weeks old, strong and beautiful, and with every promise of life; and all but myself spoke positively of his well-doing; but I had

many fears: and, night after night, as he and his nurse, the kind old nurse who had cared for me in my infancy, slept sweetly and soundly in a little bed by my side, did I pour out my longings and anxieties to God in prayer. One night, after having listened to the regular breathing of my dear child, I felt unusually tranquil; I was assured and happy; I seemed to see, whether in heaven or earth I know not, the exceeding joy for which my little one was destined; I then believed it to be an earnest of his long life, though I knew differently afterwards, and with a thankful heart I prepared myself for sleep.

"'The room was large, and only lighted by a fire, which burned dimly, and yet clearly enough to shew me every object. My bed commanded a view of both the door and fire, and, as I lay with my eyes unclosed, I perceived the door slowly open, and my medical attendant, or what appeared to be he, in his usual grave and quiet way enter. He was an intimate friend of my husband's, a tall, dark-haired, and middle-aged man; and, as was his custom, he walked slowly to the fire and warmed his hands. Immediately afterwards I saw the nurse, whom I knew to be sleeping in the bed beside me, enter also. She wore a full-patterned, handsome gown, which had been my mother's wedding dress, and which, knowing I admired it, she always put on when desirous of pleasing me, or on gala days. I noticed at the time her dress particularly, because she had not worn it for many months, being then in

mourning. Notwithstanding her holiday apparel, her countenance was sad and anxious, and in her arms she tenderly carried the little one. I know not how it was that I did not speak, nor even feel surprised or alarmed; but I had felt so tranquil, and now was so much interested in what I beheld, that I was calm, yet I drew the curtain aside, which convinces me that it was no dream.

"'I saw the doctor sit down, and, drawing another chair to the fire, motion the nurse to do the same; the infant was laid on her knees, and upon it both for a time gazed in deep silence. I saw the old woman weep, and I saw too that the doctor spoke, but what he said I did not hear; indeed sound there was none throughout the whole vision. At that moment I beheld standing behind them two young men, not habited like men of our nation, nor like any I ever beheld; nor even as angels are represented, in white garments and with wings. I know not what to compare them to; their apparel was like a tissue of light; they had light staves in their hands, and it was impressed upon my mind that they were strangers, who had come from a far country on a benevolent errand, and that in their presence all would be well. Their countenances were grave, but ineffably beautiful; and with solemn composure they stood by, gazing upon the child. Again I saw the nurse weeping, and the doctor, bending over him, take his little hand, which he held for a while, as doctors do when they feel the

pulse of a patient. I felt sure that some change was expected, and as if for assurance I turned to the countenances of the young men. They stood calmly, yet I perceived a shade, as of compassion for human suffering, momentarily pass over their features, and, looking one at the other, some sentiment was silently expressed between them, which seemed to me one of sorrow. A moment afterwards I saw the child stretch himself out; I saw the convulsive agony of death; and immediately the strangers had vanished.

"'Agitated almost to frenzy, I started up, and, drawing the curtain which separated the nurse's bed from mine hastily aside, exclaimed, Good God! where is the child? The nurse, alarmed, sprang from the bed, assuring me that he was soundly asleep. Give him to me! I cried, and the poor woman, terrified at my earnestness, placed him in my arms. Oh! with what transport did I hold him to my heart! and yet I felt that that vision was sent to prepare me for his fate.

"'What I had seen I did not relate to any one, but pondered myself sadly and secretly upon it, yet endeavouring, I trust, to prepare myself the while for the trial that awaited me.

"'A few weeks passed on; my little one grew more strong and more beautiful, and I had almost persuaded myself to consider the vision only as a dream, when one day the nurse entered in the same dress that I had beheld. My heart immediately presaged evil.

I thought, said she, with an air of gaiety, which contrasted sadly with my feeling, that it was time to put off mourning. The child appeared then perfectly well; but sudden convulsions attacked him, and before many hours I beheld the nurse sit in precisely the same situation as I had before seen, with the dying child upon her knee.'

"'I saw no celestial strangers, but I was assured of their presence, and I dared not murmur. God pities human affection, which he sees meet to afflict, and I, who had seen child after child carried to the grave, was, I verily believe, in God's mercy, permitted to behold, what human vision seldom beholds, the invisible guardians of the living and the dead, that I might not sorrow as one without hope.'

"Scarcely had poor Phœbe thus concluded, and before any comments were made upon it, my mother-in-law's stiff silk dress was heard rustling up the stairs, and approaching towards the chamber-door. Phœbe started up, and, hastily attempting her retreat, met her mistress as she entered. 'How now, Phœbe?' said she angrily, 'must you always be gossiping and idling whenever you find any body as idle as yourself?'

"'I only came to inquire after the lady,' replied poor Phœbe, in the tone of a delinquent; and my mother proceeded to inquire after me from my official attendant, when I thought proper to announce my consciousness.

"'My dear,' said my mother-in-law, 'I am glad you have slept so well, I am come to bring you good news. Your husband is just returned, and has fortunately met with his friend Dr. Mead, who, still more fortunately, is come with him, and they now wait to see you.'

"'Thank God!' I instinctively exclaimed, but scarcely had I uttered these words when, on raising my head from the pillow, I perceived a vehement throbbing in my temples, my heart beat violently, and a dizziness and confusion of ideas immediately succeeded. I fell back upon my pillow, and, though my husband stood by my bed-side, I was for some minutes unconscious of his presence.

"On seeing me, the physician pronounced me in a high fever, and ordered the lights to be put away, the room kept quiet, and only the nurse to remain. I remember indistinctly comprehending this order, and immediately the most dreadful apprehension of evil seized upon me. I besought my husband in the most earnest terms not to consign me to her care, adding my firm belief that she had attempted my life. I also remember asking as earnestly that Phœbe might be permitted to take her place. Dreadful were the days and nights which succeeded this time: fierce, burning fever, horrible and appalling visions, miserable fears, and an indescribable sense of the power of some malicious being, filled my imagination. It was a delirium like madness; the most fantastically dreadful

countenances seemed to stare upon me from every fold of the bed-clothes and curtains, and invariably took the expression of Mabel's countenance. Every sound in that hushed apartment seemed to me magnified like thunder, or the rattle of a hundred wheels, and in every sound, however loud or dissimilar it might at first appear, I recognised at length the low and abhorred tones of Mabel's voice!—But why should I go through the horrors of that dreadful time?—God saw good to raise me again to life from the very brink of the grave, and I found myself, when consciousness returned, though weak as a new-born child, with an indistinct vision and nerves dreadfully wrung, still in the midst of peace and faithful and gentle affection. It was a sweet awaking, as from death unto life, when I slowly unclosed my eyes, after the long and refreshing slumber which had succeeded the delirium, and found my own dear husband supporting my head, and felt the gentle hand of poor Phœbe bathing my temples.

"I asked for an explanation of the mysterious and awful events that had occurred, and which I could not at all comprehend, but I received only vague answers, nor was it till many weeks afterwards, when I had somewhat recovered my strength, that I heard the whole particulars.

"It seems that the physician, judging from my symptoms, and from his own prejudice against Mabel, which, like mine, was instantaneous, immediately sus-

pected her; and, hearing what I repeatedly said in my delirium of Phœbe's knowledge of her design, he had questioned her, and learned from her what confirmed his suspicion. Mabel was immediately secured; and my husband, who was of a hasty and violent temper, rushed into the room where the miserable woman was, and thus accosted her:

"'Mabel Cowan, what has induced you to dare this diabolical act? what evil fiend, impatient of your wretched and sinful life, has hurried you to attempt murder?'

"The old woman was sitting on a low stool, bent nearly double, with her head resting upon her hands, as was her custom, and as I had seen her sit in the chimney-corner; and she replied doggedly, 'Let those answer for murder who have done murder!'

"'Woman,' said my husband, 'what do ye mean?'

"'What do I mean!—Ay, Colonel Fenton,' cried she, raising her body and looking him full in the face, 'do you remember in the month of April, 1716, who came to you in the town of Carlisle—and went down on her knees at your feet, and besought you to spare her only child—and you were drinking wine, and you would not hear her?'

"'Your son was a rebel!' replied my husband.

"'My son fought for his king, you fought for your's, and that was a difference between you—Ay, Colonel, but there was another difference—you were a boy—my Willy was a man—he was the father of seven

children and of an eighth that was unborn—I took his little children in my hand, and we knelt down on the bare ground before you—I bade them lift up their little hands and pray for their father's life—they prayed and I prayed—the old and the young besought you on their knees, and you were playing at dice—and you rattled the dice and would not hear us! D'ye remember it, Colonel?'

"'Good God!' exclaimed my husband, stamping with rage.

"'And I can tell you more,' continued Mabel; 'I took home with me the disfigured body of my poor son, and his little fatherless children sate weeping beside it as we went on our journey, and their mother, when she heard the tidings, lay down upon her bed and died!—You made me childless, you made my Willy's children orphans—and now, Colonel, I say to you—Let those answer for murder who have done murder!'

"'Murder I have not done!' exclaimed my husband; 'I tell you, your son was a rebel, and he died by the laws of his country!'

"'Ay, ay,' retorted Mabel fiercely, 'there's a difference between a white-handed lady with rings on her fingers, and gold in her purse, and a colonel for her husband—and a brave, kind-hearted man, with his old widowed mother, and his wife that loved him like the daylight, and his seven little children that looked up to him for their daily bread!—there's a

difference between the two, I grant it—No, no, Colonel, it was not murder to kill such a man as he!' screamed she, with an irony that was appalling.

"This conversation, which took place during my delirium, sufficiently unfolded the truth. The poor woman had attempted my life, in order to revenge herself for the execution of her son, to which my husband, in the discharge of his military duties, a few years before, had been, in her opinion, accessory. She was secured for a time, but on my recovery released. The news of her attempt was soon noised abroad; she was shunned and persecuted on all hands, and in a short time disappeared from the country; but in what remote place she found refuge I know not, for from that time she was never heard of.

"In the conversation which I have related as having passed between Mabel and your grandfather, you may have been shocked at the unmanly levity which she charged him with having shewn when she prayed for her son's life. I can say nothing to palliate it; it was thoughtlessly and cruelly done, and had nearly brought vengeance upon him. I believe he afterwards bitterly repented it. Mabel's words sank deep into his heart, and, as a small restitution, he provided, after her departure, for the orphan children of her rebel son, though it was not generally known that he was their benefactor."

SONG.

The nightingale is warbling
His anthem to the rose;
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming
Where the woodroof sweetly blows.
The rocks are clad in moonlight,
But the river sings in shade;
And the flashing rills, like fairies,
Go dancing down the glade.

It is the hour of feeling;
When the spirit pours its stream
Of happy thoughts, revealing
The light of Passion's dream.
Oh! the smile of Eve is lovely,
When it sinks on flower and tree,
And Twilight's reign is holy—
But the moonlight hours for me!

There is not a tale of childhood,
There is not a dream of youth,
But in those delicious moments
Resumes its early truth.
The hopes that once delighted,
The tears we cherished then,
Friends dead, affections slighted,
Oh! they all return again!

R. F. H.

LA PENSÉE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

What is her thought? may we not guess
What those eloquent eyes express?
May we not read in her tranquil cheek
All that her musical voice could speak?

What is her thought? sits she alone,
Watching the path of the absent one,
Eager to welcome him home again,
From the ocean-storm or the battle-plain?
If it be so, how blest is he,
The treasured thought of her memory!

Upon her knees, at dawn of day,
For him she fervently will pray;
And, when her midnight lamp grows dim,
Again her prayer will be for him.

What is her thought? of former days?
Of childhood's bright and flowery ways?
Of ardent hopes untimely crost,
And early friends too early lost?

No, in that calm and lovely face
Nothing of sadness can we trace,
For self-reproach is the cankerworm
That wears away the beauteous form.

When the first wild storm of grief is spent,
There are tranquil days for the innocent;
She hath assuaged, while in prayer she knelt,
The keenest wound that her heart hath felt.

What is her thought? of the time to come?
Of a cheerful hearth, of a happy home?
Of love unchanging? of a friend
Whose fond affection ne'er will end?
What is her thought?—whatever it be,
May thoughts as pure be in store for me!

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

Dazzlingly beautiful, majestic, strong,
And girt with gladness, from their mountain hold
Forth rush'd these waves—a veteran phalanx bold,
Armed for the battle-plain! With sounding song,
And streaming crests, an unresisted throng,
Their glittering hosts the volumed waters rolled,
Through sullen wastes and haunted forests old,
Unshelter'd moors, and ruined cliffs among!
Their savage character is here redeemed;
And, in the place of precipices rude,
Flow'r-tangled lawns descend, and oaks protrude
From gentlest nooks their branches. Brightly gleamed
The stream above; 't is brighter here, imbued
With the dear sabbath-calm of Solitude!

A SECRET ADVENTURE IN HIGH LIFE.

A TRADITION OF CARLISLE HOUSE.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

> This is the history of that wonderful mystery,
> And the way to find it out.
>
> SOUTHEY'S BALLAD OF BISHOP ANTIDIUS.

AFTER all the attention which has been so long and so laudably bestowed by the present generation in perpetuating every body's *Recollections*, and *Reminiscences*, and *Autobiographies;* and after all the devotion which has been of late so wisely shown to a host of highly interesting and meritorious "anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter;" it is greatly to be feared that much valuable and curious information of this kind is daily escaping us. The works of this age prove that it is certainly not wanting in either *proper* curiosity or talent for securing this knowledge, but the authentic preservers of it are perhaps not always duly sought out and courted to disclose the scenes which they have witnessed. As these are out-of-date beaux of the last century, who have gone a little to leeward in this, superannuated Ladies' ladies, and broken-down Gentlemen's gentlemen, a valuable consideration, or even the very pleasure of talking and being listened to, would generally induce them to bring out their stores, and thus enlighten the obscurity of some of the most important events of past times. Nor

let any one think it at all beneath them to consult such annalists; since, not to speak of their mysterious and curious arts of learning and influencing matters which do not concern them, their knowledge of all events in high life is well known to be incomparably greater than that of even the real actors in them. This I suppose to be the reason why so many knowing persons court the favour of second-rate gentry rather than that of genuine rank: and I am persuaded also that they are greatly consulted in private upon the politics of the fashionable world, from the accuracy and delicacy of those histories and pictures which are published of it's inhabitants and manners.

I feel that these hints will certainly be sufficient to quicken to a closer inquiry several of our living authors, whose profitable works of this nature have gained so merited a notoriety; but, that I may counsel by example as well as precept, I will endeavour to entertain the reader by an account of a successful discovery of this sort, made by the communication of one who was "a very pretty gentleman in his day," though he is now little more regarded than Richard Nash or Beau Brummel. It has most happily elucidated an event of the highest importance, which I dare affirm that no human being could ever make head or tail of before; though few things are known better than the slight notices of it which have been left to us. I refer to that interesting, though mysterious, conversation between Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina

Amelia Skeggs, at Farmer Flamborough's, before the excellent Vicar of Wakefield and his family; when Mr. Burchell so wickedly ejaculated "Fudge!" at every interval of the discourse, sitting all the time with his face to the fire and his back to the company. That the reader may have the very words of this remarkable conversation to compare with the ensuing narrative, and also that he may be sure of at least some wit in my story, the good Dr. Primrose's account of it is here transcribed.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I *can* assure your ladyship of, that the whole rout was in amaze; his lordship turned all manner of colours, my lady fell into a swoon; but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood."—"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe that her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan! bring me my garters. Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Doctor Burdock made upon the occasion."—"Fudge!"—"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs, "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—"Fudge!"—"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least, I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Doctor Burdock's little pieces; for, excepting what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature, —not a bit of high life in them."—"Fudge!"

This, then, was every thing known of these mysterious circumstances, previously to the communication of the following particulars; and, before we go any farther, let me ask any man to declare, upon his conscience,

what on earth can be made out of the above broken sentences? what lady fainted, and where was the rout which was put into so much astonishment? who was the valiant Sir Tomkyn, and who my Lord Duke that so solemnly called for his garters? Can any one now give us satisfactory information concerning the trusty Jernigan, or furnish a copy of the verses composed by that respectable divine, Doctor Burdock? Truly, no! nothing of this can be learned from ordinary authorities; yet the circumstances are all plain enough to him that understandeth; and, to be short, this is the sum of the whole matter, and the way in which the information was procured.

Everybody who knows any thing about high life in the last century must remember that, until the erection of the Pantheon in 1772, the most fashionable masquerades, assemblies, and concerts, in London, were held under the direction of Mrs. Teresa Cornelys, at Carlisle House, in Soho Square. In the close of that year she became a bankrupt, and her house and furniture were for a long time advertised for sale; but the enterprising arch-priestess of fashion, "the Empress of the Vast Regions of Taste," as she was frequently called, contrived to delay her fall, and was supported in her station, though with diminished splendour, until the end of 1776. Now, as I am quite old enough to remember Carlisle House in the days of it's last glories, the reader will easily conclude that I may have conversed with the later contemporaries of Drs.

Johnson and Goldsmith, if not with those celebrated personages themselves. One of the former I encountered at Carlisle House after Mrs. Cornelys had resigned it, when it was first opened, on certain evenings, as the Rural Promenade, about June, 1780. He was walking about the rooms, and looking around him with a mighty affectation of ease and vivacity, which, however, was continually checked by the stern mementoes of old age in his back and legs. His looks were pale, thin, and sharp, and marked both by the effects of age, early dissipation, and indifferent living. He wore a small, old, and discoloured, silk court hat, pressed into the smartest form it was capable of assuming; round his neck was a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, had grown yellow with long service. In describing this strange being I have used the very words of the wise and learned Chinese, *Lien Chi Al Tangi*, who first delineated his portrait upon paper, in the hope that the reader will recognise him as easily as I did, to be no other than the light-hearted Beau Tibbs, looking at the scene of his former pleasures, with much of the sentiment of Moore's song; though at this time it certainly had not been so well expressed:—

I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted;
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but life departed.

As the sight of Carlisle House in the last century was to many persons almost what the view of Fonthill has been in the present, I gazed around me in youthful wonder upon the richly-ornamented walls and ceilings, abated as they were in splendour, in roving through the many wide apartments which extended before me.

Whilst I was thus employed, Mr. Tibbs came smartly up, and, nodding his head with an attempt at fashionable familiarity, said—"Young gentleman, your most devoted. I see you 're looking about you at Cornelys' old house here; and truly 'twas a place very well in it's day, very well indeed, about an age ago, when I and Lord Jack Freakly were gay young sparks together, and used to make a party at being ridiculous at the Masquerades. It was called the Temple of Fashion then, and Madame the mistress used to say we were the pillars of it; and to be sure we did keep up the game for her most jovially, as long as she could float at all; but Hercules himself could n't have saved her at last. I hear that she 's going to be a purveyor of asses'-milk at Knightsbridge now, and means to keep public breakfasts, and female archeries, and Lord knows what, for the quality; and my dear friend the Whig member for Levelall, who affects to despise us of the aristocracy, though he 's of good blood himself, says, they may go there and suck one another; he, he, he! but that 's a secret.—And, talking of quality, my dear, I'm sure I ought to know your face somewhere. Ay, now I have it—you 're Lord Homerton's youngest, arn't you?"

"No, really, sir," replied I, "I have not that honour."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Tibbs, "well, that's strange, for you have his look to a wink; and I thought I could n't be deceived in any of that family: never was out in my recollection before. Then I 'll swear that you're the Honourable Paul Plaistow, the Earl of Saltmarsh's second son, whom I remember a fine bold boy going to Eton."

"Positively," said I again, "neither my father nor myself bear any such titles."

"Very extraordinary!" returned the Beau, "but it's of no consequence, for I 'm sure that you're the son of some consumedly dear friend of mine that I've forgotten the name of; and so I 'll patronise you here upon trust, and you shall be my lord's son for to-night, you're so prodigiously like him; I wonder nobody ever told you of it before. And so, my dear, as I was saying," continued Tibbs, putting his arm within mine, and grasping it tightly, "the old house is no more like what it was in my time than Whetstone Park's like Blenheim; and, to be sure, it's wofully vulgar to be seen here at all since the Pantheon's built; but we must e'en make the best of it, and walk through the rooms, and I 'll point out the differences I remember when I, and your honourable father, and Lord Jack Freakly, and Sir Papillo Primetwig, and half a dozen more of us, used to visit here. Sir Papillo was a wit and a macaroni of the first water;

but Lord Jack was always *my* dear friend. I remember that one night he and I came to the masquerade as a mile-stone and a finger-post, because his right honourable father, the old Duke of Merryweather, used to call me his *director:* and a capital parish-beadle in the party here wanted to take us both up, for robbing the trustees of the roads! very droll, wasn't it? Another time I came as a Swiss showman, and he as my dancing bear. Poor Lord Jack! he's gone now! but I used to joke him about that frolic prodigiously, and tell him I ought to be the bear-leader, because he was to have been my *bear*, or pupil, you know, at Brazennose; only I never went there myself, and so the matter dropped. But that's a secret; and now I shall be proud to be your bear-leader to-night, and once more do the honours of old Carlisle-House."

The age, vivacity, and harmlessly amusing character of the little Beau, added to my desire to hear something of that famous mansion from one who had known it in it's original grandeur, prevented my immediately and decidedly shaking him off; and so, merely loosening my arm from his grasp, we promenaded together through the stately apartments, whilst he related the following circumstances, frequently bowing to the best-dressed persons he saw, who, however, appeared to take no sort of notice of him in return. As my companion talked continually, I shall give his words rather than my own, which were limited to brief questions and still briefer replies.

"Ay, here," began Tibbs, drawing out a pair of tarnished and broken metal green spectacles, which I strongly suspect came out of the identical bargain bought by Moses Primrose, "this was the door of the old great Tea-room, where the horns and clarionets that my wife and the countess were so prodigiously fond of used to play; but smite me if it don't look like a Jew's tabernacle now, or Solomon's temple at Sudric fair. And up these stairs was the ball-room for country-dances, and down those, 'i' the cellarage,' as *Shikspur* says, was the endless Cotillon-gallery, where we used to dance till the sun put the candles out. It was all very well, as I said before, while we of a certain rank countenanced these places; but now, my dear, the Pantheon's beat them all to sticks; Festino, Cassino, Coterie, and old mother Cornelys' into the bargain. Not but what, as you said, or were going to say, the Masquerades here were sometimes immensely fine and consumedly humorous. I remember once laughing all the rest of the week at a frolic here, where I, and eight or nine more choice spirits—high-bred wags all of us, and of the Inner Temple—played one of the Quorum, a beadle, a night-constable, four watchmen, and some of their charge. It was the finest thing you ever saw, for the Honourable Festus Wagsby, the late learned Judge Wagsby, you know, touched off old Fielding so divinely in his examination, that the whole Masquerade was in screams of rapture.

"The highest sport, though, was when Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce, the Irish fortune-hunter, was going to fight the Duke of Dunmow, before all the masques in the Rotunda supper-room, about an excellent joke we played off upon that affected piece, Lady Grogram. I'll tell you all about it, my dear, but it's a profound secret, for, though it made a prodigious noise at the time, there was never any true account of it in either the *Westminster Magazine*, or the *Oxford*, or the *Town and Country*, or any other of the scandalous chronicles which used to entertain the town with what we did in high life. I remember, though, that two dear friends of mine, Lady Blarney and the Honourable Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, happening to be rusticating with cows and clodpoles, a world's breadth away in the country, in the course of conversation about the World of Fashion, merely to give the clowns a taste of their breeding, chanced to mention this very circumstance. There was a pert prig of a parson present, one Doctor Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield, as he called himself, though a dear friend of mine declared to me privately that he was only a Jesuit in disguise; and he wrote a long moral story of his own life, full of vulgar nature, and virtue, and sentiment, and such odious out-of-date things; and, sink me, my dear, if he did n't set down and print all that had been said by Lady Blarney and the Honourable Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, about Sir Tomkyn and poor Lady Grogram,

though it was as disjointed as a jugged hare! ha! ha! ha! I always laugh when I think of it, it was so immensely absurd; for you know that if he had wished to do the thing genteelly, he should have come to headquarters for information. Now, honest Jernigan Truss, the Duke of Dunmow's own valet, who knows all my lord's secrets, would have told him if he had inquired *properly;* or I could have given him the whole history; and my two dear friends, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, would have made it the wittiest tale in life for him, upon a proper recommendation: but there is a form in these things, my dear, there is a form in telling of matters of people of quality; and, for my own part, I 'm always mightily prudent about what I say of them—dumb as a privy-councillor, I assure you; so, let it go no farther.

" I see that you're an age too young to remember Lady Grogram, and, indeed, I knew her myself only when she was quite upon the fade, but even then she was positively a walking bale of gold tissue, and brocade, and diamonds, an absolute Queen of Sheba; and everybody's mark who was looking out for a long purse. But then, my dear, upon my gentility, she was a starched melancholy old dowager, as lank and as yellow as a wax flambeau, though poor Harry Smart used to say she ought to have been brown with so much toasting. However, brown or yellow went for absolutely nothing with her, for, smite me, if the old witch was n't vain enough to think she danced like Vestris, and looked

best as a sylph in white and silver! when all the time you would have thought it was an elephant's tooth dressed up! *Mais, n'importe*, as M. le Comte said to me this morning, every season she subscribed to Mrs. Cornelys' here, and, as no Countess could pay better or dress richer, there was no turning her quite out of our pale; though sometimes we contrived to cut her out of our most select parties, as the *Coterie*, the *Sçavoir vivre* nights, and so forth; but usually we pitied her, and let her go on fishing for a coronet, and making herself absurd. You've heard of the Thursday night's club at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall—a famous high set, I promise you, all of them your real rank and quality, and the wittiest dogs in town, and my very dear friends too—but that's a secret. On the 26th of February, ay, I think it was the 26th—I like to be accurate in these matters—but I know it was on a Monday, early in 1770, they gave a Masquerade at Mrs. Cornelys'; and I'll assure you that it was the most brilliant thing ever known in this country, for there was no buying or transferring of tickets, and 'twas thought that the King and Queen would certainly be there. It was decided by us who managed, that Lady Grogram should be left out, but she almost moved heaven and earth to get a ticket; and at last she did through one or other of your poor devil quality, for I'll swear she got it with a golden hook:—though that's a secret. Well, when Mrs. Tibbs, and those dear wicked creatures, the other lady-managers, found it

out, there was nothing to be done but to get as much fun out of the old girl as possible, and so they contrived to send her a letter, as if it came from Mrs. Cornelys' major-domo, desiring her to come as Hebe, and hinting it was the wish of a certain noble Jove that she should be his cup-bearer: and, strike me sensible! if she did n't swallow it like a whale, and come flying in, as if she were going to dance a saraband, all gauze and gossamer, bewigged and bewinged like a doll-goddess in a puppet-shew, and a hundred thousand baubles stuck about her head. My witty friend, the Honourable Tom Trant, said, that she looked like a roll of parchment covered with a cobweb; and asked if she were not the Dowager Hebe. I promise you it made a prodigious laugh at the time, for, he said, in a loud whisper, that if Mr. Jove must have his cup-bearer at his tail, she ought to have sent her great-grand-daughter, and not come out in the night-air to rake and catch cold at her age.

"But the worst of it all was, that my dear friend, the Duke of Dunmow, came that night as Jupiter, and she found him out, to the immense dismay of the Duchess, who was Juno, and was ready to expire with fright at the woman's horrid figure and assurance. And Lord! my dear, what a scene there was then! for, d'ye see me, up came Hebe with her nectar-bowl, and asked him to drink; upon which Lord Flitch, the Duke's eldest son, who was Momus, told her she had better drink it herself, and go home to bed. Then she

asked his grace to sit by her side at supper, as he had promised, for it was then about one o'clock, and they were going into the Rotunda-room, but at first the Duke only stared at her for a mad woman. Then, as I said before, she began to make quite a scene of it; and, between you and I—but let it go no farther, it 's a profound secret—the Duchess, though she *was* my dear friend, would be a little jealous or so, now and then, and she began to bridle, and—but that you know was classical; as that grave and pious divine the Reverend Doctor Burdock, his Grace's chaplain, who has served in the *Fleet*, and was also at the Masquerade in the character of Doctor Stripe, a schoolmaster, whispered me jocosely enough—'Tibbs, my boy, says he, this is Juno with a vengeance—

> Upon her wrinkled front and eyebrow bent
> Sit stedfast Care and lowering Discontent—

as old Homer finely says, the 'Duchess is *Odd I see*.' —'And will be *Ill I add*,' answered I, quite *degagé*, 'if we don't get rid of the old harridan, and part them.'—Well, by this time, my dear, there was a prodigious crowd about us of the cattle so common at a masquerade, friars and flower-girls, preachers and punchinellos, queens, quakers, and quack-doctors; and, as for any manners they had, we might as well have have been in St. Giles's: for, when your real quality *are* vulgar, may I be smothered if I do n't think they're a match for the lowest of them. However, says his

grace, with his usual air of dignity, 'Hark ye, woman,' says he, 'smite me, but I think you're either mad, or have been drinking too deeply of your dram-cup.' Whereupon she replied, 'As for that, my Lord Duke, belike I'm no more in liquor than yourself, and what's more than that, here's your own direction in black and white telling me how I was to come, which I suppose you won't go to deny;' and so, would you credit it? out she drew the letter and shewed everybody what a fool she had been. 'Poor soul!' said the Duke, 'this never came from me, but the devil trounce me if thou art not greatly abused!' 'So I think, my Lord Graceless,' said she, 'when the quality have no more manners, but I'd have you to know that I was never used so before since my name was Grogram; and whereas you talk of trouncing, I wish I could get somebody to do it to purpose, they should be well paid for their trouble:' and then she pulled off her mask in a fury, and began to fan herself with it in high dudgeon. All the crowd laughed immensely, but the whole rout was in amaze, my Lord himself began to turn all manner of colours, the Duchess stalked away indignantly, and Lady Grogram fainted. She fell very luckily into the arms of Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce, a great brawny Irishman, who had long been laying hot siege to her purse; though his only fortune was his knighthood, an ocean of debts, a swingeing sword, a pair of chairman's legs, and a consumedly impudent face of his own. Well, my dear,

this accident was the very thing for Sir Tomykn, who was always ready for a bottle or a duel, to shew his devotion and valour; and so, supporting her with one arm, he outs with his rapier, and says, 'Aisy, my jewel, aisy now, you've gotten your wish any way; for it's myself that will be proud to trounce any of this good-looking company you like to pick out, and ask no pay for it neither, but one of your own bright beautiful smiles. So, if any lady or gentleman here has anything either to declare or deny about you that you don't like, myself is the boy for a small tilting-match with them, behind Montague-house, before we go home to breakfast, and sleep out the rest of the night; for, by the Divil's best parlour poker, I'm your own to the last drop of my blood!'

"Sir Tomkyn's ready interference and bold speech were the very making of his suit, for he led off Lady Grogram in triumph, sat by her during supper, danced with her till the last cock-crow, and then saw her safe to her carriage, an accepted suitor, almost roaring mad with two hours' hard courtship and three bottles of bad claret. To finish the story as it deserves, I ought to tell you how Lady Grogram and Sir Tomkyn O'Trounce were soon after married by special license; in which I think that Doctor Burdock shewed his pre-eminence in the noble science of wheedling, since he contrived to make all parties friends, and even to perform the ceremony. It's very true, though, that the Duchess was not easily brought into trim again, as honest Jernigan

Truss, the Duke's own confidential valet, privately told me—so that you'll perceive this is a profound secret. The Duke and she parted with rather high words that night, for he was weary and she was unreasonable; but by the morning both were wiser, and when his Grace waked he called three times to his man, in a loud serious voice, 'Jernigan! Jernigan! Jernigan!—bring me my garters:' meaning that he intended to get up. It led to a prodigiously high joke, though; for my lady's own maid, Fanny Finears, or Fineairs, I'm not sure which, was listening for what she could hear, and away she runs to the Duchess, and tells her for the love of goodness to come quick if she would save the Duke from hanging himself in despair. In bursts her Grace to my Lord's dressing-room, and in three minutes more all was done and over. The Duchess, however, never went to Carlisle-House with any pleasure again; and we soon after left it quite, and patronised the Pantheon.

"Capital story of High Life, an't it? all true too, and a prodigious secret, for the only time it was ever hinted at in print was in Doctor Burdock's elegant verses which he gave to his private friends at Lady Grogram's wedding; and here they are if you've never seen them before. But if one of your sixpenny magaziners knew what I've been telling you, he'd make it as common as Wing's Almanack, and live upon it for these three months. By the by, speaking of sixpenny magazines, my dear fellow, you couldn't lend me a

crown for an hour or so, could you? I'll pay you on——."

I had scarcely put the well-earned coin into my narrator's hand, when he bowed to some one in a distant apartment, and saying in a loud voice, "Ha! Sir Jacob! I've been looking for you this age," suddenly darted from me and disappeared in the crowd, leaving with me Dr. Burdock's copy of verses; which, as they have certainly never been printed before, I have here subjoined, to complete and authenticate this secret anecdote of High Life in the Eighteenth Century.

COME, followers of Fashion, both young ones and old,
And the freshest of stories in town which are told
I'll relate to ye now:—not a sermon of stuff
About morals and virtue, and things well enough
In their way;—nor a touch from your pastoral tales,
Your rustical nature, fields, shepherds, and vales;
But a real scene of high life, embellish'd far smarter,
With lords, ladies, captains, and knights of the garter;
For belles, and for soft macaronis to handle,
With a sprinkling of wit, and a few grains of scandal;
An *a-la-mode* story, a whim of your own,
The cream at Cornelys', the talk of the ton.

When Pleasure and Fashion roam'd London about,
To find a place fitted for giving a rout,
When your dark English winter so freezes and hardens
The charms of Vauxhall, and sweet Ranelagh Gardens—
And a temple of splendour, wherein might appear
The high court of Folly the whole of the year;
Like sportsmen unwearied in tracking a hare,
Through the gay west they hunted street, passage, and square:
Then sought what the parts yet unpeopled might yield,
In Lamb's Conduit meadows, and Montague field,
Where duels are settled, and foundlings bestow'd,
And pass'd on towards Tyburn, and down Oxford-road:

Till in Charles-street they saw a fine square peeping through,
When, as hunters are wont, they both cried out "Soho!
On this spot will we settle, without farther fuss,
And Teresa Cornelys shall deck it for us.
The House of Carlisle shall our palace be known,
And Taste, Venus, and Momus, shall stand by our throne."

'T was said, and 't was done, and that place of delight
Is the mirth and the charm of your gay London night;
Yet, do not suspect vice and folly each freak of,
It has some dissipation—but nothing to speak of.
Better characters cannot be found than pervade
Cornelys' bright temple—at each masquerade;
And I'm sure there are worse than attend every rout
To be found—safe in prison, who can 't go about.
There 's a proof of the good of that bright coterie
In the valiant Sir Tomkyn and fair Lady G——.
There they met and they loved, and sure none can forget
How fitly his rank and her beauty were met;
His sword proved at least he 'd a gentleman's arms,
And none could deny she had ten thousand charms,
Which time cannot change, which the knight overcame,
Till through love and through passion he burst in a flame.
Then, with visage of flint, and his steel ready bare,
He set fire to her heart, till, to calm his despair,
With her hand she decided his destiny's strife,
And the rout all beheld him transported for life.

THE WORLD.

Oh World, thou art no resting-place!
My spirit longs to soar,
Far from thy vanities and strife,
To some more blissful shore.

But there are links so sweet and strong,
That bind my soul to thee,
I cannot break the golden chain—
I scarcely would be free.

Yes, there are loving hearts and kind
  Within my pleasant home;
Like merry music on the breeze,
  Their happy voices come.

And little hands oft clasp me round,
  And lips to mine are press'd
With such endearing tenderness,
  I feel that I am bless'd.

And one there is whose love has stood
  The test of many a year,
And shar'd with me a parent's toil,
  In grief, in hope, or fear.

And when maternal care hath fill'd
  This anxious heart with pain,
His hand hath wip'd the tear away,
  And bade me smile again.

Yes! Love's the strongest link that binds
  My soul, O Earth, to thee;
I cannot break the golden chain—
  I scarcely would be free!

E. P.

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